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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XXIII

Published Monthly
By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Can.

No. 3

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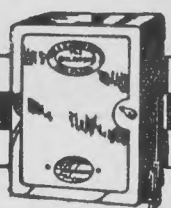
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Why Not a Walled Garden?

By G. E. Altree Coley



WHILE there is no question that our great Northwest is a mine of wealth, there is equally no question that the farmers—and the farmers' wives—who stay there and face its rigorous climate, deserve all they get. Anyway, this is what I thought as I watched some prairie people, just arrived from "forty below," wander around my garden by the mild Pacific and look wistfully at the snowdrops and violets that smiled cheerily at them from under the lee of bushes that were beginning to burst into leaf.

We who love gardens all have to contend with the weather in some way or other. If we live where apples are hardy and peaches are not, we at once set our wits to work to arrange some way by which we can grow peaches just the same. Therefore it is with the sympathy of fellow-feeling that I offer some suggestions to those who have the same problems which differ in degree but not in kind from my own.

The first object of a gardener is to entrap as much sunlight and keep out as much cold, as possible. He proceeds to accomplish this in part by screening his garden from the wind. A belt of trees or bushes will do this, but a wall will do more. It will reflect the sunlight back upon the ground and will absorb some of the heat through the day and so warm the air in its vicinity through the night. A walled garden fifty feet square will give two hundred feet of wall space on which to train trees or shrubs that are not hardy enough to grow in the open. It means that one can grow fruit in one's own home, and none else tastes half so good, that otherwise it is impossible to have.

Such a garden should be placed on the south side of the house which will give a good beginning as a wall. In fact there shouldn't be such a rich possibility as the south side of a house, barn or shed wasted in the whole of Canada. Something will thrive there better than it can anywhere else. The best wall for a garden is of brick. It absorbs more heat than stone and holds it better than wood. Where brick is scarce either of these other two materials can be used while concrete is equally useful. If stone or concrete is used, upright pieces of wood should be built in at intervals to hold the screws upon which wire may be stretched to support the trees trained against the wall. Better than this would be a wall of concrete with a facing of brick on the garden side into which nails may be driven as required. The wall should be eight feet high on the north and west if that is the direction of the coldest winds, and six feet on the south and east. The wall is best finished with a cornice projecting four inches beyond the surface of the wall, for even this will give added protection to the trees, a matter of importance particularly at blossoming time.

Inside the wall a border six feet wide could be made all round the garden and inside this a path four feet wide. A combination of fruit and flowers would be the best use to which to put the precious bit of ground. In this way the walls could be used for fruit and any tender shrubs or vines that the owner craves to possess while the middle space thirty feet square could be planted with such hardy shrubs as the flowering currant, lilac and honeysuckle, with hardy perennials surrounding them. A border of grass two or three feet wide would add immensely to the beauty of the garden even if the space is too precious to have a proper lawn.

The border under the wall facing south could have part of its space used for frames in which violets, hyacinths and other spring flowers could be coaxed into bloom. If the frames are made of concrete and placed near a shed in which the mats and other coverings necessary on cold nights can be stowed away, everything can be kept quite neat, which is essential in a garden.

The trees on the wall will depend upon the climate as to variety. It is safe to say that trees will do well in such a position that would be hopeless to attempt away from such shelter. Even where they will grow in the open, training on a wall much improves the flavor of the fruit. The choicest sorts should be placed against the southward facing wall, and even that facing north can be used for gooseberries, currants and morellos. The

trees can be set fifteen feet apart and until they have grown enough to require all the space between, it can be utilised for the smaller bush fruits.

Success in all this depends almost wholly upon the skill and interest of the gardener. Hooks may be fastened to the coping of the wall on which to hang curtains that can be let down on cold nights. Flued walls, and lean-to cold-frames against the wall, are other means by which the unkindness of climate can be averted. But great care and considerable experience is required if too great a contrast exists between natural conditions and the artificial. It is best on the whole to be content with a garden that is not too much in advance of the ordinary season. If one can walk in such a sheltered spot and exult over crocuses and daffodils while there is still a remnant of winter without the walls, a great deal has been gained.

The Doukhobors

By N. M. McClung

Cont'd from page 4

cases the women were induced to do Red Cross work, and their splendid contribution of jams and jellies for the soldiers' hospitals in England, was greatly appreciated. This was from the colony at Brilliant, in British Columbia.

Of a deeply spiritual nature, the Doukhobors, with their patience, industry, contentment, make a great contribution to the social life of Canada, but first it is necessary to win their confidence and establish the kindest relations. They are shy of us. They believe us to be worldly minded and wicked people, outside of the true religion. No doubt they pray that they may be delivered from our influence, and we must hand it to them that prayer has been answered.

They have escaped the evils of our social life, tight lacing, high heels, immodest clothes, painted faces, cigarettes, nerves, liquor, race-suicide, competitive business methods.

But we think we have many things to offer them. We could show them how to be more comfortable in their homes, with more air, less flies, fewer smells. We believe we could bring joy into the lives especially of their women and children, and show them many ways to find self-expression. But how to pierce that thick gray wall of religious prejudice, remains one of the unsolved problems!

When the first "musical soloist" was added to the year's program of the "Bushby Entertainment Course," there were grave misgivings as to the way in which he would be welcomed. The misgivings had not been wholly put to rout when the musical evening came.

Mr. Lemuel Howe met the pianist at the little station, and solemnly drove him up the hilly road to the inn where he was to stay.

"There's a good many of us to whom a concert is a kind of venture," said Mr. Howe, as they neared the inn; "but there's two or three families that'll appreciate you if you do your best."

"There's the Lane girls, Hattie and Mattie, that have been in the choir for more'n thirty years, and there's the Bowker family."

"Do the Bowkers sing or play?" inquired the musician, with as much gravity as he could bring to bear on the subject.

"Both," said Mr. Howe, proudly. "I don't suppose there's any music written they can't sing, solo or chorus, and I reckon they've only to put their hands to an instrument to bring out all there is in it."

"Have they many instruments?" asked the musician, feebly.

"M-m," said Mr. Howe. "All kinds. I've been there to a social when Ma Bowker would play the melodeon, Pa Bowker the flute, Eddie, the clarinet, Susie the banjo and Gus the harmonica, concerted; and after playing a piece or two that way, they'd change off,—Susie'd take the harmonica, Ma Bowker the flute, Pa the clarinet, Eddie the melodeon and Gus the banjo,—and if you'd shut your eyes you'd never know the difference."

"That's what I call talent. And they've every one of 'em got a ticket for to-night."

WHERE PRAIRIE PEOPLE MAKE HOLIDAY

Vancouver Island makes a very special appeal to all-comers on account of her climate, which may be termed her greatest asset. It is the climate which attracts so many Prairie visitors for a winter sojourn, for here there is never zero weather, and very rarely snow, except for an occasional light fall, which melts as soon as it reaches the ground. In fact the climate of the southern half of the Island has been likened to that of Torquay in Devon, and the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, over which places we have the advantage in more hours of bright sunshine throughout the year, and less precipitation.

One particular reason that this island is becoming more and more the mecca of Prairie residents is because they find here an entire change of altitude. Southern Vancouver Island, encircled by the sea, nourished by the life-bringing salt breezes, has an atmosphere which is vitally tonic in effect upon those whose nervous systems have been tried by too many seasons in succession spent several thousand feet above sea-level. This is apparent after only a few weeks residence in Victoria and vicinity, and so much is it appreciated that every winter sees an increasing number of visitors from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba sojourning on this favoured Island.

Victoria itself, which is the gateway to the Island, is a city of unique attractions. Set down in the midst of the young and bustling western towns, its old-world charm is the more apparent. Here no woodsman's axe has denuded the land of the trees, leaving the ground bare as a table, to be built upon, and regarnished with new growth. Instead one finds avenues and groves of oaks and maples centuries old, in the heart of the city. Looking down from aloft, airmen say that Victoria presents the appearance of a vast garden. Every home has its orchard and flower plot and grassy stretches. Every public building is surrounded with lawns, ornamental shrubs and trees. The old-fashioned lilac trees send forth their showers of colour and perfume from niches between buildings in the business districts, and not a stone's throw from the docks, where there is a procession of big and little boats going and coming all day long, lies in a garden for everyone to see, a pond of water-lilies, fed from a water-fall. Screen terraces are spread down to the very edge of the sea, and one's journey into Victoria from the Straits is all along verdant banks, where in the spring the broom lays a cloud of gold, and every season clothes with different coloured garment. It is these bits of enchantment that invest Victoria with so much graciousness of welcome. In most cities one must search for the beauties, but here the lovelinesses come in a throng to meet one, and they greet one at every turn. Victoria is called Canada's evergreen city, because winter does not mean bare gardens, and dry dead vistas. Though the maples and oaks and willows shed their leaves, the holly, the laurel, the madrona, the cedar, the yews, the ivy hedges, and the grass remain luxuriantly green, and chrysanthemums and roses are often blooming in the gardens at Christmas time.

Naturally people resident on southern Vancouver Island do most of their holidaying out of doors. There is never a day too cold, for a tramp over the hills, or along the sea, and even in midsummer the salt breezes keep the air fresh and cool. This all makes for good health and it is not surprising to learn that Victoria has the lowest death rate in proportion to her population of any city in America.

The presence of the second largest telescope in the world on southern Vancouver Island is another evidence of the superiority of the climate. Scientists spent two years searching Canada from east to west in order to locate the place which possessed the most equable climate and the best "seeing" atmosphere. They found it here, and the silver-domed Observatory on Little Saanich Mountain is proof positive of the fact.

It has become more or less of a habit with some Canadians resident on the Prairie, whose condition of health necessitates a change, to repair to California, in search of a lower altitude and a winter where there are no extremes. Victoria and southern Vancouver Island generally offer more and better inducement to those seeking rest and health than does California, unless one desires the excessive heat of San Diego or other points farther south. Add to this fact that they are within their

own territory; under their own flag; that they are surrounded by friends and compatriots with whom their interests are identical, and with whom they may have daily intercourse through the medium of the Prairie Clubs established in the Island districts, and that their money is accepted at par, and one can realize immediately why it is so many Prairie people are coming to Victoria and the Island to spend their holidays.

QU'APPELLE

By Hazel Bowie

Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle,
O'er hill and dell
The echoes swell.

I view thy charms, by night, by dawn;
Thou beauty of Saskatchewan.
Up o'er the hills, the rolling plain
Is turning gold with ripening grain;
And off, beyond, the prairies stretch
Far as the eye of man can reach,
But tho' the prairies may enthral,
I turn my back upon them all,
For lo out-spread before my eyes
The vale in quiet beauty lies.
I think that once, in days gone by
A mighty earthquake rent the sky,
And darkness covered all the earth
The while the valley had its birth;
And when once more the light of day
Had chased the clouds and mist away
There lay, in beauty, hill and dell
A place where fairies well might dwell.

Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle,
O'er hill and dell
The echoes swell.

The red man gave thee, so they tell
The mystery of thy name, Qu'Appelle,
But red and white together blend
To name thy lakes from end to end,
Katepwa, Mission, Echo, Sioux,
One after one a charming view,
Like jewels glistening in the sun;
In shadows when the day is done
The northern lights more radiant are,
The sun, the moon, and evening star.
And, as the twilight gently falls,
Again to me the valley calls
And echoes swell o'er hill and dell.
Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle.

YPRES

By John T. Ackerson

Myriad foemen pressing down
On devoted Ypres town,
Till the leaves are sere and brown
Canada holds fast.
"Break these few!" the war Lord said,
Be they living, be they dead,
Ere this autumn month is sped
My men shall have passed."

Can ye hold, ye Northern men?
Odds are full as one to ten!
Hark! Their ringing shout again—
"Aye! We can and will!
Marshal, O King, your driven slaves
Innumerable as ocean's waves,
We'll blast them even from their graves
Till they have their fill!"

Each Canuck minds the days of yore
With girl or wife on far, bright shore,
Perhaps he ne'er shall see them more
Save as a pale ghost,
And battle-morning sunrise sees
The gentle soldiers on their knees,
The winds bear up their litanies,
The Army takes the Host.

Clear-eyed boys and sturdy men
Face their God awhile and then
With their hearts at peace again
Turn them to the fight;
The Tyrant never reached his goal,
He lost his throne, he lost his soul,
And Canada keeps Ypres whole
By Incarnate Right!

DEAR ONE OF MINE

By Mabel Lockhart

Dear one of mine, you're far away,
Oh, how I love to dream of the day
When you will return to me and say
Dear one of mine!
Dear, all the sunshine went from the sky,
The flowers withered and seemed to die
That day when you came and said
"Goodbye,
Dear one of mine."

Dear one of mine, you will never know
How much I hated to see you go
Or, how I have loved and miss you so,
Dear one of mine!
It may be a year and it may be ten
Before I shall clasp your hand again
But I will be waiting until then,
Dear one of mine!



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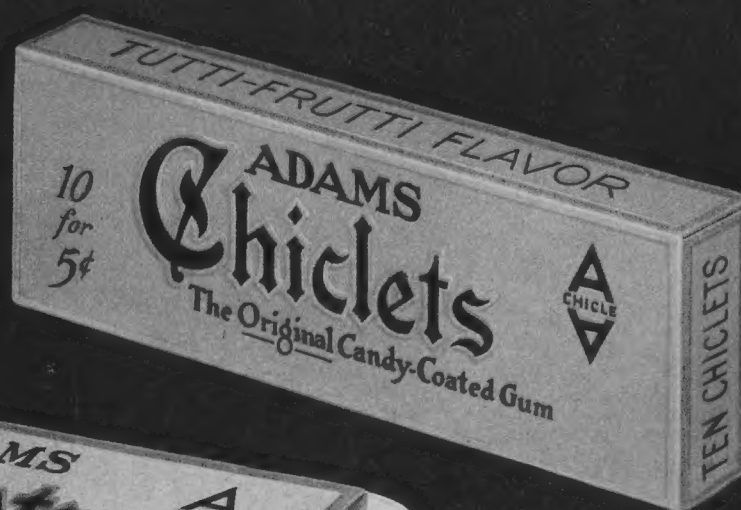
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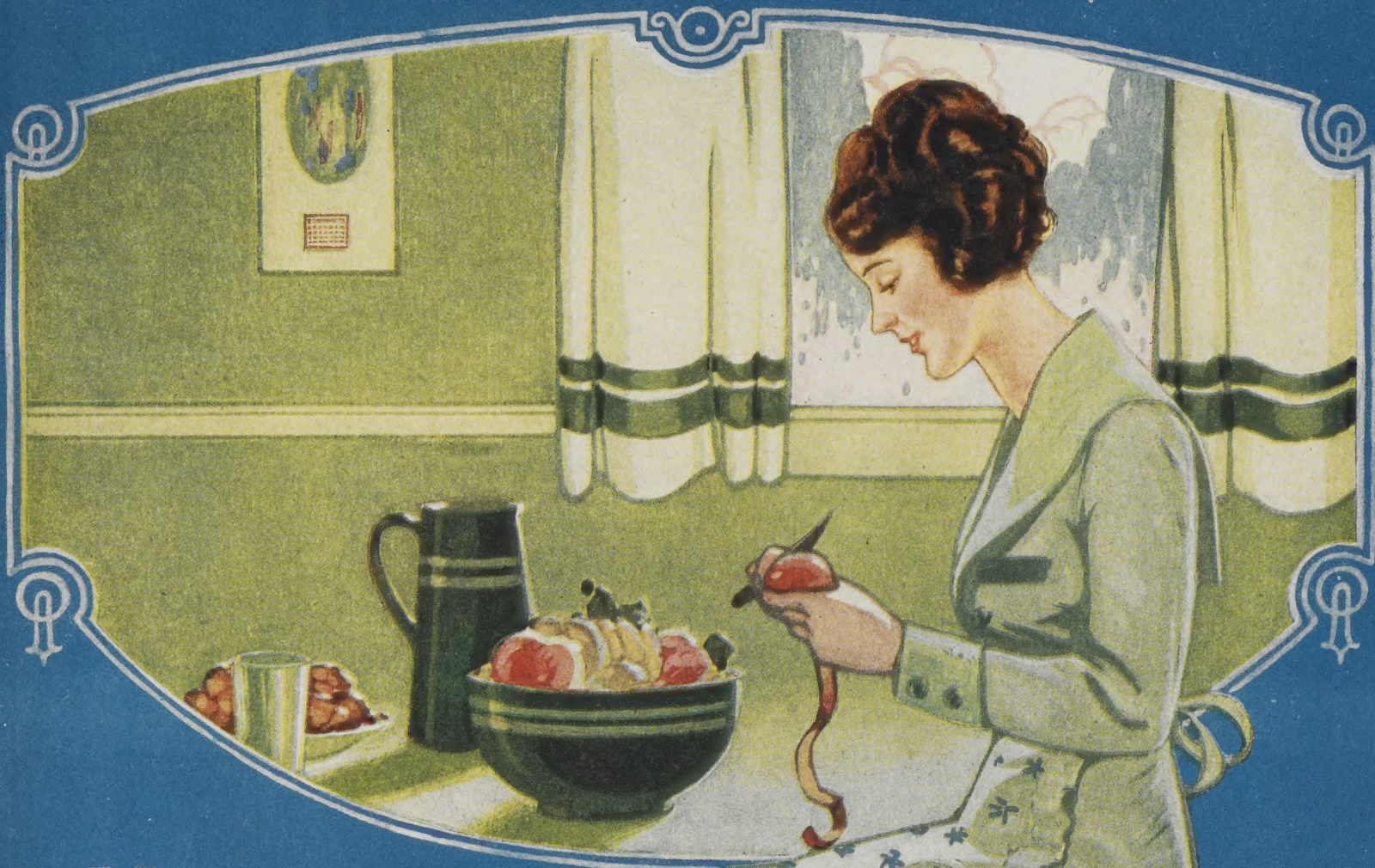
WINNIPEG, MAN., MARCH, 1921

15c per Copy

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Thee, and will
look up"*



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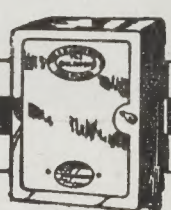
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The Alberta Stampede—A Link With the Past

Early Days in Western Canada Recalled

BY MRS. HUGO HARPER (Irene Keane)

"In the olden days when I broke the trail My muscles were strong and good, My eye was keen and my nerve was right, Acts of merit were the thing. The man who had the brawn and bone, Was hailed as the Western king.

The town knows not the love of men, Nor understands their pain, I'd give the last red cent I own To be back on the trail again."

The Cowboy's Lament.

Old timers in the Canadian West are frequently heard expressing regret that the engulfing wave of civilization to a great extent obscures the rough but more virile qualities of the pioneers. These qualities were almost inseparable from the hard and perilous life led by those who opened up a new country.

The cowboy was one of the most important figures on the plains up to a few years ago; but the rapid settlement of the country, the inrush of homesteaders, and the general change from ranching to agricultural and urban conditions, has lessened the number of cowboys and diminished their importance.

While many historians claim that the first horsemen and cowboys in Western Canada came across the border from Montana, Wyoming and other parts of the United States, into the Northwest territories, others maintain that in point of fact, the pioneer cowboys of the Territories were recruited from such native nations as the Blackfoot Indians, which nation was the first to estimate its wealth in terms of horses and cattle. In 1885, (the first date from which settlement to a marked degree can be dated), every "brave" of the Blackfoot nation had his horse, and more often, his bands of

horses. To those who casually behold the Indians on the streets, and regard them as a part of the picturesque landscape, and a remote adjunct of Western life, a peep at the fearless, clever riding of the men of this tribe comes as an awakening.

It was, therefore, particularly appropriate that a "Stampede," or revival of all the pioneer tests of horsemanship, (of which the way a man acted when in the midst of a stampede of a thousand or so cattle, mad with fright, was perhaps the greatest test of all), portraying as it does the frontier life on the plains, and affording the uninitiated a view of the horsemanship of the real ranches, should have been revived as an annual Western function. The first one was held at Calgary in 1912, and attracted thousands of fearless riders from all over the world. The second one was staged at Gleichen, near Calgary, in the center, not only of the vast Blackfoot Reserve, but also in the center of the original great ranching district of Alberta. In 1880, there were not many cattle ranches in this part of the N. W. T. There were a few hundred cattle at Morley, near the Stoney Indian Reserve, and a few at High River. In 1881, Senator Cochrane, Captain Winder and others gave public support to the leasing system. Soon after, a company was organized to secure leases from the Government. That was practically the beginning of the cattle grazing industry in Canada, and of the importance of the "O'1 Cattleman." In a few years, Southern Alberta had become noted all over the world for its great cattle and horse ranches and the brands on its cattle were known at every port. Among those within a hundred miles of Gleichen were the McHugh Bros., (H. 2); Hardwick

Bros. (Lazy H); Horsetrack Company (Horsetrack); George Lane (Bar U)—where the Prince of Wales was so magnificently entertained on his recent Canadian tour; Circle (O); Hill Bros. (Double X); and many smaller ones. The Stampede, which will be revived this year on a greater scale than ever, is the signal for all the cowboys, not only from these neighboring ranches but from the plains of the United States, and southward to Mexico, and north to the vast prairies of Peace River Crossing, and wherever else daring horsemen are found, to foregather in friendly but serious and narrowly contested tests of their skill and education in the arts of roping, capturing Mavericks (wild, unbranded cattle), breaking and riding outlaw horses, and similar feats.

There is a spirit at the source of life, which demands excitement, the element of uncertainty, and, above all, "thrill!" A wild steer will amuse hundreds of people for a long time, for he may outwit a dozen clever riders and swift horses, and defy capture, till the master hand of a more experienced roper tangles him up in a deftly-thrown lariat rope, and the steer is taken a sudden but helpless prisoner. Again, no one can prophesy what an "outlaw" horse will do once he discovers a rider on his back. He may "pitch" in a dozen different ways and directions; he may bewilder his rider by circling rapidly and continually; he may dash off at top speed and charge anything in his way; he may lie down and roll, or do anything else which suggests itself to relieve him of the ignominy of being ridden and mastered.

In selecting Gleichen as a Stampede headquarters, the promoters were following precedent. Years ago, before the advent of the C.P.R. this settlement was the headquarters for jollifications, when the cowboys were "paid off," for painting the town "red" and for fierce challenges between the local outfits. Each boasted of their prowess in roping and riding, which boasts they were then and there at the point of a gun, required to prove, with, say, a hundred cowboys a side. The losing side provided the entertain-

ment for the winners, to the great gain of the few business people of this frontier settlement, whose log cabins rang with the revolver shots as the supporters of the triumphant winners acclaimed their champions.

The procession on the opening day was picturesque in the extreme, and well justified the claim of the Stampede being a historical pageant and link with other days. Led by the usual perfectly-turned out detachment of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the famous scarlet-coated riders of the plains, followed by the band of one of the first Canadian regiments to take part in the Great War, the Canadian Mounted Rifles, the competing riders rode in fours. Every conceivable color and combination of colors was carried out in hats, shirts, neckerchiefs, and "chaps" of intricate design; saddles and bridles and quirts wrought with beads, with tooled leather, with brass fittings; gaudy Indian head-dresses, scarfs, soft, wide-brimmed sombreros, peaked Mexican straws, flat and high Stetsons; feather head-dresses and trim khaki brodericks; dashing care-free heroes of Western romance, frontier guides and the cowboys of every class, nationality and degree. The procession was given a final note of interest to the thousands of visitors, especially to those who had never previously seen a real ranch outfit, and whose previous knowledge of the cowboy and his life was derived from lurid novels or the "pictures"—by the camp outfit from the Hardwick Ranch (Lazy H), tents, wagons, cook and cookée, grub-wagon, cowboys and large herds of loose horses and cattle, portraying the actual system followed in moving large herds from place to place.

Over five thousand dollars (£1550) in prizes were donated and contested for at the last Stampede, and the rewards will probably be still more valuable this year. Much of this money returned to the province, of course, in the lavish expenditure indulged in by the cowboys and their friends. The barbecue afforded a side attraction of great interest, especially to the old-timers, who related fearsome stories to the tenderfeet (new-comers) of past and gone barbecues, of Indian feasts celebrating a good season, of tribal peace gatherings and of treaty payments.

Finally, the keynote of the past success of the Stampede, and the best guarantee for its future success, may perhaps best be found in that true little poem of Berton Braley (himself an old plainsman) which describes the advent into Western Canada of a young Englishman who had read such tales of the wild West that he was greatly mortified when he appeared a lone cowboy in battered Stetson and worn-out "chaps" at a Western dance, held at Millarville, near Calgary, and found everybody in correct evening dress, but was comforted, nevertheless.

"For all his folly in letting his fancy range, He wasn't so far mistaken in spite of our boasted change, For though we are up on fashions and all that sort o' stuff, 'Way down, 'way done inside us, there's something That's wild and rough, Something that's big and vital, that never grows tame, Whatever the kind of "Glad Rags" we hang on our outer frame, For the old West still is in us, And we mention the fact with pride, Though it's not in outward semblance, It's still hidden down inside."

A Mutual Mistake

Voltaire was rarely willing to admit that he had made a mistake. However there is recorded one instance when this famous French philosopher and writer was not only willing, but eager, to acknowledge his error.

A visitor one day mentioned that he had recently spent some time with Albrecht von Haller, the distinguished Swiss physiologist.

"Ah," said Voltaire, "he is a great man, a great poet, a great naturalist, a great philosopher; a man of wonderful accomplishments."

"What you say, monsieur," the visitor said, thoughtlessly, "is all the more creditable to you, inasmuch as von Haller does not do you the same justice."

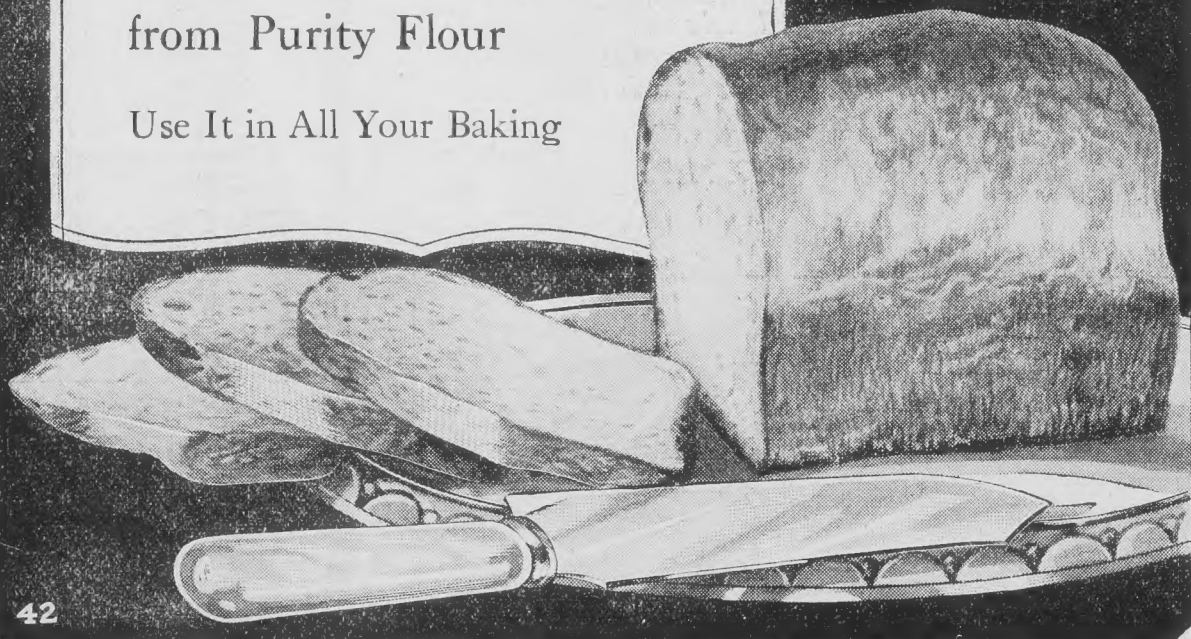
"Alas!" replied Voltaire, with a grim smile, "very likely we are both mistaken."

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COMPANIONSHIP

DURING the last few weeks the country has given itself over to the holding of "Father and Son" banquets. Leaving out of account the funny stories that were told and the useless sermonizing that was done, there was much of value in these meetings, for they made clear the one great fact that the most important business on earth is the proper training of children, and the greatest element in training is the personal relationship of parent and child. Theoretically most men will agree to this, but practically they deny it, for their supreme interest is in their business affairs or their social undertakings. As a matter of fact, all over the land are found men who because of neglect or fancied necessity have shut out of their lives the two great companionships that are vital—the companionship of the family and the companionship of God.

HUSBAND AND WIFE

The first companionship in the family is that of husband and wife. Happy the home in which that companionship remains unsullied to the end of the days. There is no sweeter song than that last verse in Burns' beautiful poem:

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill together,
And mony a cantie day, John,
We had wi' ane anither,
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson My Jo."

Nearly every man can recall the events of his courtship. Some regard it as the beginning of a happier and brighter existence, some look back upon it as a forgotten dream. Yet those who in fond friendship have passed their days, bearing with one another and cheering one another, know that the declining years are the sweetest. The most foolish of all men is he who for wealth or power neglects to foster that love which is worth more than everything else in life—the love of a good wife and the faithful mother of his children.

Needless to say such love is not fostered by studied or even unintentional neglect. The good husband never forgets, nor does he attempt to satisfy the natural desire of his wife for words and acts of appreciation, by little material gifts, a chromo at Christmas time, and a crayon portrait on the anniversary of the wedding. The greatest institution in civilization is the home. The foundation of all enduring relationships in the home is conjugal love. Wise indeed are they who take one another for better or for worse and who are content to share their common joys and common sorrows until death do them part.

FATHER AND SON

The second companionship of the home is that between parent and child, typified by the companionship between father and son. There are men everywhere who have spent their lives in acquiring wealth in the hope that they might be able to transmit it to their offspring. There is no material wealth that can compare with personal interest. What a growing boy longs for is not his father's cash, but his goodwill, his friendship. He is willing to give all obedience, all reverence, all devotion, but he demands in return some real attention, some genuine affection, some kind consideration.

If a man can be foolish in neglecting to retain the love of his wife, he can be just as foolish if he neglects to cultivate and retain the love of his boy. For the comradeship of a growing lad is valuable beyond all monetary considerations. One finds his life only as he loses it in the service of others. There is no sweeter service than that of a father to a boy who idealizes him.

Then there is the other side. There is no true education for the boy who does not give himself up to honoring and helping his father.

Hero worship is as necessary to-day as in the age of knighthood. All boys, indeed, are but young knights, for they love fighting and jousting and are given over to romance. The saddest thing in a young lad's life is that his father should be unworthy of reverence or respect. The most fortunate thing is that the father should be his ideal of honor, manliness and true worth.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH GOD

Apart from the companionship of home, there is the higher companionship of God. For some reason men are drifting away from old ideas, particularly old ideas of religion. The Divine is a semi-myth, to be taken a little seriously when death visits the home, but otherwise not worthy of consideration. The human being is becoming as he thinks more truly human. Let him see to it that he is not becoming inhuman. A man not linked up with God loses his distinctive quality. He is allied to the brutes. It requires no philosopher to reach this conclusion. It is written in the history of individuals and nations. The greatest need of humanity is God.

GOD IN THE NATIONAL LIFE

From God we came and to God we return. It is fitting that during our stay on earth we should live in Him. He who lives apart from Him does not link up his life with either past or future. He is a creature of the present, a child of circumstance. The most unfortunate thing in the life of a nation is that it should have no ultimate objective. The only worthy objective is Godliness or goodness. There is reason for thinking that this ideal is but secondary in the thought of many. Advocates of reform and improvements abound, but there is a continually decreasing number of earnest men and women among us who are urging goodness for its own sake. We are dropping God out of count not only in our private affairs but in our national programmes.

In Western Canada there are wide stretches in which religious services are never held either in home or public assembly. There was a time when men entered battle with prayer on their lips and in their hearts,

there was a time when they sought direction from God ere they cast their ballots, there was a time when in all things, sacred and profane, God had pre-eminence, but in many districts even in our own land that day has passed. That is the danger that faces us to-day, for it fore-shadows national ruin. A nation cannot live unless it believes in God and practices Godliness. Nor does it deserve to live.

This is no argument for formalism in religion. Formalism invariably does men more harm than good. People when they are at their worst can fill churches and say prayers. Turks can leave their mosques to slaughter the innocents. What is required is genuine Godliness that tolerates nothing but honesty, goodness, justice and all the other graces of the spirit. It is no religion at all which stops short of right behavior.

THE CHILDLESS FAMILY

In a home in a Canadian city lived a family consisting of a father, a mother and two lovely twin daughters. When these had reached the age of about ten years death suddenly claimed them both, and the parents were broken hearted.

Not being able to endure the loneliness, the mother went to an orphan asylum and selected two little girls as near the age of her own girls as possible, and undertook their adoption. In a little time they were to her as her own. They returned the affection that was showered upon them and grew into lovely womanhood, the pride of their foster parents. Then, as might be expected, they married and moved away and once again the sorrowing parents had to face loneliness and desolation.

Once again, however, they visited the orphan asylum and undertook the adoption of two more little girls. These are now the joy of the house and the comfort of the old couple, who live in the sunshine rather than in the shadow.

(Continued on page 17)

The Unfinished House

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

Canada is like a great big shell of a house, spacious, beautiful, with wonderful possibilities of development; just far enough on for any one to see what it may become. But the cornices are not on, the stairways are not built, the window frames are not in, some of the doors are hung, others are not. Some of those that are in place will not open, others will not shut.

The house needs finishing and furnishing. Every part of it must be made fit to live in. There are certain touches which distinguish a house from a barn, and these must be added. If we do not set resolutely at work to finish it, it will quickly deteriorate—we know what happens the unfinished house. The winds sweep through it. The rains beat in torrents through the unglazed windows, drenching and warping the floors, and how easily too it falls a victim to the incendiary's torch and the depredations of the wantonly mischievous! The partly finished house is a shining mark for destruction.

Here is work for the women of Canada. Women love to fix up things. There are women who can turn a shack not much bigger than a piano box, into a home. I have seen them. The women of Canada have a greater opportunity than any other women in the world to-day. Ours is the last great West, the last country of free land. Here is the last land to be subdued and harnessed to serve human needs.

It will be a hard struggle against heavy odds, but the women of Canada will not fail.

In Our Country, But Not of it!

the Doukhobors

Written Specially for
"The Western Home Monthly"

By
NELLIE M. McCLUNG

IT is strange to be able to step off the side-walk in a little Alberta town, and find oneself in an environment that is quite untouched by Canadian thought or traditions, an environment that is unchanged by time or locality, a little piece of Russia, in language, thought, appearance and smell!

"How long have you been in Canada?" I asked one of the women who stood before me, friendly-eyed, but foreign in costume, appearance and attitude.

All the women have short hair, and patient, kindly faces. I asked the man who was working upstairs if the women ever fought.

He spread out his hands with a gesture of masculine helplessness, and laughed long and loud.

"Sure they fight," he said, "lots of fight, no harm done, women like little fight, that all right!"

There was a suggestion of tolerance of this little weakness, which was very re-assuring. The men would humor the

into dresses for Toonia and Winnie, aged three, a solemn child, who kept firm hold of her mother, and looked at us through sober blue eyes. Winnie is a young lady who does not say all she thinks.

The Doukhobors do not naturalize, nor take any part in the life of their country. They have head men who do all their business for them. The horse-man buys or sells their horses; the gardener decides what they shall plant in their gardens; the farmer does the same for their fields. Everything that is bought is charged to "Paul," who is the head of the whole colony.

The only way they can be attracted to the world around them, seems to be through music. They will come to a musical concert, but have a deep-rooted objection to paying an admission fee. The Women's Institute in their programme of folk songs, have been able to get some of the younger people to attend, but the older members rarely appear. They work, eat and sleep, with calm and smiling faces, untouched by the spirit of unrest.

Such are the Doukhobors as they appear, a mysteriously detached people, who, to our impatient western minds, seem to miss the purpose of life. But, viewed in the light of their romantic history, with its tragic stories of persecution and suffering, we see them with new eyes and awakened sympathy; for the Doukhobors have a background of heroic devotion to their ideals of peace and non-resistance.

In the eighteenth century, they began to attract the attention of the Russian Government, which naturally resented their independence of thought and action. They had a new religion, it was a strange, fanatical one—it denied any leadership but that of the Holy Spirit. They bowed to no church, claiming that the church

the swamps and changed them into fertile fields. Tidy, white-washed houses appeared, with carefully laid out gardens, and soon the desert was blossoming as the rose. The savage hill men, finding out that the Doukhobors were entirely honest and harmless, became their friends, and years of prosperity brought wealth and ease to the exiles.

Then there assailed them a more subtle enemy than any they had yet known. Under the corroding influence of wealth, their faith began to flicker and pale. Ease and comfort did to them what persecution and want had failed to accomplish. They began to conform to the world around them!

A certain section of them, calling themselves "The Small Party"—the broad minded ones, rose to prominence and seized property belonging to the whole colony, while the devout ones were busy at their prayers. The "Small Party" obeyed the call to military service, too, and the Tsar Alexander transported several of the leaders of the old group to facilitate the process.

But following this came a great religious revival, and the "Great Party" arose in full religious fervor and ruthlessly separated themselves from all the snares of the flesh. Tobacco, wine, meat were renounced, with appropriate ceremonies. Those who had acquired property divided their possessions with their poorer brethren and the arms which they had used to defend themselves against the wild beasts, were publicly burned. Hereafter they would trust in God alone!

Then followed the most terrible persecutions. The Cossacks, most merciless of plunderers, were set upon them, with full authority to work out upon their unresisting victims the most fiendish punishments. It was a rich harvesting for the murderous Cossacks, who drove off the cattle, despoiled the houses and had



The community house at Cowley, Alta., where nine families live. Many were absent in the field when the picture was taken, but there is as you see still a quorum.

She turned to Toonia, her eleven-year-old daughter, who had been "once in a while" to school and knew some words of English.

"Twenty-one years!" said Toonia, after a heated discussion in their own tongue.

This was in Cowley, Alberta, one of the towns on the Crow's Nest Railway, about forty miles east of the mountains. The settlement of Doukhobors took place here four or five years ago, from Verigin, Saskatchewan, and Brilliant, British Columbia. To Cowley, came some of the B. C. settlers, because they did not like the warmer climate of the fruit districts. Five thousand acres of land were purchased for them by Peter Verigin, who transacts all such major operations, and on it there live about two hundred people, entirely oblivious of the world around them.

The Community House in Cowley, contains as near as I could find out, nine families, who apparently have all things in common, and stranger still, appear to live harmoniously. It is a great barn of a place, with only a kitchen entrance. There is a front door, but it has a bed against it, piled high with a feather mattress and quilts.

The front room has beds all around the walls, and was in a state of upheaval the day we visited it, owing probably to the alterations taking place upstairs, for the house was having a new story put on it, comprising nine sleeping rooms. This departure of private sleeping apartments for the families, may be an indication of the infusion of western thought, and it was with every mark of pride that we were conducted up the steep but wide stairway to see the rooms.

Most of them had a finish of brown rough cast, but the man who was plastering told us there would be wall paper finish later. In one room, a woman, with a home-made brush made of binding twine, handle and all, had put a coat of blue lime on her room, making a striking clouded effect which was quite pleasing.

Not a window was open, neither was there a screen, and the air reeked with a variety of smells. A few plants, healthy and blooming, were in each room, proving again what we learned in school, about plants being able to live without oxygen.

"Downstairs will be church," one of the men said proudly, "when all rooms get fixed."

The kitchen is a wide room, with a modern stove, flanked by a large Russian oven made of plaster and mud, where the bread is baked; a long, narrow table, painted a deep terra-cotta, is the common eating place!

women if they wanted to lighten their dullness this way!

At the back door, Saskatoon berries were spread on sacks to dry, and such clouds of flies I have not seen for years. They swarmed on the windows and table, on the walls and ceiling and over the babies that crept on the floor. They struck me on the face when we entered the door, but the inmates of the house gave no sign of noticing them, and I must say the children looked healthy and happy, in spite of them.

From underneath the mattresses were brought out the treasures to show us, Toonia acting as interpreter. There were lovely samples of drawn work, and hooked mats in brilliant colors, dyed by themselves from "store dyes" Toonia told us.

Spinning wheels stood beside the beds, and one woman told me her "machine" was at the "Ranch," borrowed by a cousin. Toonia helped her through with this. By "machine" I gathered she meant her spinning wheel.

Beside the Colony House, stands Paul's house, a very up-to-date dwelling, with Axminster rugs, oilcloth on the kitchen floor, and a fine black leather chair in the front room for Paul himself. Cinnamon colored tapestry curtains divided the front room from the bedroom beyond, where a fine brass bed, piled high with quilts, was visible in the gloom.

From this bed came forth Mrs. Paul's treasures, a beautiful woven rug, for which she had been offered one hundred and fifty dollars, made from the wool of their own sheep, with bright, pretty colors. A satin quilt of green and blue, with ribbon velvet edging, was shown us also, and when Mrs. Paul found out that we admired her work, she took us upstairs to see a beautifully embroidered silk tablecloth, which was carefully laid over the pillows on her bed.

Every room had flowering geraniums, and in one room there was a screened window, open to admit the air.

Around Paul's house were flowers in profusion, and the whole place was clean and well kept. At the back fence, flax straws were lying bleaching in the sun, out of which their linen would be made, and we were shown many handsome pieces of linen which Mrs. Paul had made. A bolt of white serge, woven in a sort of herring-bone pattern, she showed us, and told Toonia to tell us that this is intended for a suit for Paul, after it is dyed black. So in this manner the luxury tax will be evaded.

The linen towelling is of beautiful quality, and a lighter weave will be made



Mrs. Paul and her daughter Toonia, who has been "sometimes" to school, and the rug she made from the wool off her own sheep.

of God was wherever two or three were gathered together. The Book of Life was hidden in their hearts, and consisted of weird chants and songs, and passages of scripture.

Things reached a climax, when in 1840, they refused to bear arms and fight for the Little Father, and then it was that the edict went forth that they must leave their homes and farms and go to the most barren and unhealthy part of Russia, a pestilential swamp, near the Turkish border, where the benevolent Little Father had good reason to hope that their rebellious spirits would be broken. Behind were the savage hill-men, wild tribes of war-like men. If the Doukhobors escaped the pestilence and the famine, there was still the strong chance of the hill-men and their poisoned arrows.

So the Little Father believed he had solved the problem of these mild-eyed and patient people, who refused to kill at his command.

But a strange thing happened in the swamps of Caucasasia. The deadly fever germs, and poisonous insects seem to have lost their power. More favorable seasons came, and grass grew for the Doukhobors' cattle on what had been arid and desolate hillsides. By patient industry they drained

absolute authority to go as far as they liked, with their unprotesting victims. Four thousand Doukhobors were driven away from their homes, one quarter of these dying on the road.

Then it was that Count Leo Tolstoy became interested in their unhappy condition, and appealed to the Society of Friends in England for help. Through Tolstoy's influence, permission for them to leave Russia was granted in 1898.

The Society of Friends sent money to them to enable them to leave, and in January, 1898, eleven hundred and twenty-six of them left for Cyprus. This was as far as their money would take them, but in the following year, 1899, four thousand were brought to Canada, settling in colonies at Yorkton, Thunder Hill and Prince Albert.

After eighteen months' residence in Canada, the Minister of Justice, commenting on their exemplary behavior, made the statement that there had not been one offence committed by the Doukhobors since they came, and in the years that have passed since then that record has remained with few exceptions.

They take no part in community life neither do they become naturalized or in any way identified (Cont'd on page 48)

Yarns from the Fishing Province by the Sea

Written Specially for
"The Western Home Monthly"

By
BONNYCASTLE DALE

WHILE all the prairie provinces are blanketed by snow and the temperature hovers about zero, Laddie and I find moderate cold weather and open waters all along the Halifax and southwestern line where we travel by rail, or boat or canoe, to get our good readers of The Western Home Monthly actual fact stories to read.

If you go a bit further north into the Gulf of St. Lawrence you will find bitter cold weather and heavy ice and big bergs and groaners and field ice. Away out there lie the Magdalen Islands. While the storms and heavy weather lasts the settlers there are without steamboat service, and some years go mighty short of necessary supplies. The steamer Sheba just got into harbor with coal, and down heavy, too, looks overloaded to me. She was just one glittering sheet of ice from stern to stern, from masttruck to deck. Her ropes were now huge crystal festoons, her bow was an iceberg; she looked just like a massive Christmas tree ornament. She had bucked into a wester for forty-eight hours along our outside coast!

"See the three going past now!" yelled Laddie. Sure thing! It was our new navy on its way to Trinidad to engage in manoeuvres with the Atlantic Fleet. One tall stack and a big hull and two smaller hulls. Oil burners all by the rig. There was a noble "old sea" on and the three warships hockeyed up and down them like big sea fowl. The light cruiser, Aurora, will be a grand fleet lightening—fast special service boat in war time as she did some noble service in that North Sea squabble—and the two destroyers, Patrician and Patriot, were part of that never-ceasing passing fleet of fast destroyers that threw a guard line from England clear up to Norway, and never a boat, friend or enemy, but was halted by those

"Greetings from Olympic"
Radio Service.

S.S. Olympic at Sea, December 31, 1920
To the Editors of the Herald and Mail,
Halifax.

Wishing you and all friends of the commanding officers and crew of the "Old Reliable" A Very Happy New Year."
Hayes

It brings it all back, doesn't it, boys. That mighty ship pulling out or into Halifax, with the decks lined with soldiers. She is all refitted and in the first-class passenger service once more.

Now comes word that the little coaster, Euphrates, that plied those fearsome winter seas, from Belle Isle in the Gulf to St. John's, Newfoundland, is lost with all hands. She was but 45 tons. She left just in time to meet that nor-easter that swept the Gulf on the afternoon of the day she tried to cross it for the last time. The hull was fifty years old and the storm a severe one. You, my good readers, who live on safe firm earth, even if it is blizzard harried, can have no idea how each loss and wreck brings before every one here the loss of some ship in which sailed some loved ones.

Where a wooden ship or steam trawler would not live it sounds odd to hear of the "Permanecia," a concrete vessel, making her first trip. Oh! those stone boats! Down with never a gurgle if they are punctured, but men say who know that these new reinforced steel-grip boats are harder to pound to pieces than a thin iron hull. It is hard enough to be wrecked, but the poor sailors from the French trawler, Gabrielle, who arrived safely in New York homeward bound to France, were charged \$11.00 for entering the States and \$9.00 per man head tax. Isn't that rubbing it in. Get wrecked and then get charged for coming ashore. Oh! the grand old U. S.

day delayed, you can get an idea of modern trans-Atlantic service.

Our boys from this province are filling all the new places on the Canadian Government Marine, that's what C.G.M.M. means when you read it. We will have a fleet of 66 bottoms when all are completed. All big freighters with small passenger quarters. (Much different to the old days when the big fleets of fishing schooners started with their holds bursting full of fish for South America, and as many as 50 of our trim

shallows lie from fifty to a hundred miles off shore and are the breeding and feeding home of countless trillions of tiny food fishes and millions of big fat codfish that feed upon them, and many haddock, cusk and even lobsters. They have water from ten fathoms down and in a storm the furious tides which run there and the mighty seas build up new banks until there are shallows there, and God pity any fisherman driven on one of these roaring terrors. There the fleet lie at anchor night and day with small riding



Liverpool, N.S., one of the ports where the codfishers sail in to sell their catch.

fleet anchored in one South American bay, Buenos Ayres, at one time). It is a mighty fleet this C.G.M.M. to run in these days of lowering freight rates and high wages.

Even if we are the greatest fishing coast, and own one of the finest fleets and are building others, we have to go to U. S. ports or sail out of there to sell our catch of fresh fish. Boston alone bought 122 million pounds of fish last year. But we have our last year's fish yet dry in our fish houses. Prices are so low. High sugar taught the cubans to eat less fish and the negroes of the West Indies are turning up their noses at their regular fare of salt cod or herrings. They eat meat now, and our cod is lying waiting a sale, with prices down to six cents a pound. The lobsters we all worked so hard to catch and for which the buyers gave us as much as fifteen to thirty cents a pound, are now lying in their cans in cases, and the price has fallen from forty to twenty-five dollars a case. Oh! I tell you times are hard this winter of 1920-21 in Nova Scotia.

From the window where I write this I saw the fleets take wonderful catches of herring. A string of dories and a motor boat and four men could easily catch up to a school of shining herring and spin about them with the net flying out, and tie them in and dip out a hundred and fifty barrels in a day's work. With clear four dollars per barrel profit. But first the salt ran out, then the price of barrels went up to almost two dollars. So many men have kept their herring for lobster bait and it is worth five dollars a barrel this way.

What does a herring or a pound of salt cod cost you good people in Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan? Here the buyers pay about a cent a herring salted and a lesser price fresh. They pay six cents a pound for first-class dried and salted cod. So next time you buy a salt herring and the man wants five cents, or cod fish and he wants twenty-five cents a pound? Remember that modern conditions of life make man live everywhere and allows him to demand anything he wants anywhere, and get it, too, if he has the price.

The banks are crowded with fishing boats even as I write this wintry January day while the so'-wester howls. These

sails and by night lantern and flare and gun and cannon signals, and many a trim Nova Scotia fishing schooner has turned turtle under the cruel bow of a great black hull and all hands perished without a single chance for life. No wonder the crew often sleep in their clothes. One sailor just ashore told me, "Just flung a suit over. New when I left Yarmouth, cost fifty dollars, slept in her every night. No swimmin' around naked for me when a 'hoot' comes and we get flopped over."

I see the R.M.S.P. Line will take over part of the German routes next spring. Good British passenger ships will run between Montreal and Hamburg. No wonder it took until 1921 to get that route started again. They lost 130 bottoms during the war. You have heard of our apples down here. As I write this three Norwegian steamers are taking about 20,000 barrels each at \$1.50 per barrel. We raised close to a million barrels, and the big lines held us up for \$2.50. Now the tramp steamers are getting a share of the loads. They sell here for about \$5.00 to \$6.00 per barrel, and London is getting as much as \$18.00, and the C.G.M.M. is getting its share. Remember whenever you see a vessel called Canadian Trooper or Canadian any other name, that is one of our own national fleet, and mothers all along this coast are scanning the daily papers to find out where their boys are. For any young fisherman will jump at a chance of service on these fine big new boats. If you want to see the kind of fishing boats we use look at the General Plumer in the illustration as she lies at her wharf in Liverpool, our next harbor. See the men beside her unloading the universal codfish.

I also want to show you one of the harbors like the one in which I am writing this story. This one is Chester, a few miles north of me on the Halifax and Southwestern, one of the beauty spots where the tourist delights to spend the summer days.

Here comes Job Codkedge with something for us. Smelt as I live! Here is one of the sweetest little fish that swims and the bones are so small and soft you can eat them, and one odd thing, there is not a bit of slime on these fish, so if you good readers will excuse me I will quit and fry me a mess of smelt.



Chester, N.S., one of the harbors on the Atlantic side near where I write these tales.

active bits of the grand old navy. Just imagine a patrol line five hundred miles long, time of service four years, all day long and every day you could see your next destroyer ahead. From the bridge, all night long those secret signals told that the long throbbing, pounding, leaping line was unbroken, prepared.

I met a Jacky from that service whose boat ran on ashore reef full tilt and just settled under in a pitch dark night, with a big sea on, and left him floating there in his oilskins. He had been left behind in the hurried launching. About an hour after he heard a hail and back came his boat. There had been a roll call from boat to boat in that inky darkness and mighty seas, and back they came that not one of the crew might be lost.

"Could you tell me what the line did about that gap?" I asked him.

"It was signalled back over the line and they knew about it long before we landed in the drifter that picked us up."

'Tis a wonderful navy and a wonderful service. But war is over. Listen to this message from the boat that carried so many of you prairie boys over to and from the great adventure.

"Now you know," said the old fisherman to me. "It cost so much time and thread to get our herring out of the purse net and load them aboard. I was down in the States just lately an' I seen a new one, you bet! Thar was a net just full of big herring, and when the boat came alongside and I says 'I'll help you unload.' My nephew says to me, 'Help be hanged, just watch.' Purty soon a long black tube slid over the side of that tarnal bumpin fish buyer, and nephew he just laid it down in the net and, may I never spit another cod if it didn't suck them herring up slick and fast, until it got the last wee skitter in one an' then it tried to suck the twine up, too." This is true, as we are going to empty our nets in Nova Scotia this year by the new suction lift.

Those great wonderful passenger ships, Empress of France and Empress of Britain, the C.P.R. liners, pass this port. They stop at Halifax for 800,000 gallons of fuel oil per round trip, so it costs something to take a chap across now. Still they had each over 1,000 tons of freight, almost 2,000 passengers, and some ten cars of mail and parcel post stuff. When you figure that it costs a boat of this size some \$5,000 to \$10,000 per day for each

THEY PEOPLE

By H. MORTIMER BATTEN

DANIEL Drayten of the Carajon Creek Trading Post sat in his state room attending the hundred and one minor things that confront a Chief Factor just prior to his annual trip to the southern cities. The door opened and his son entered. Young David was not yet out of his teens, but already he promised to succeed his father as one of the ablest traders north of the Height of Land.

"Say dad," the youth began, "there's an Indian here wants cash for his beaver pelts, and won't take trade. What have I got to do with him?"

"Tell him to pack out and come back when he's ready to conduct his business in the ordinary way," replied the factor without looking round.

"I've told him that already," replied the boy, "but he won't go. He's got some nice pelts too, and it's a pity to miss them."

"Can't help that," replied Daniel Drayten with his usual abruptness of manner. "This is a trading post, not a gin mill. Which way is he heading?"

"Dunno. South I expect, towards the city."

"Yes," said Daniel, "and that's why he wants cash. It wouldn't be of any use to him if he were going back to his hunting range. No, my son. I once got an Indian locked up, and it wouldn't have occurred except that some trader gave him cash when he was packing in for the city. That was eight years ago, when I was in the North-West Mounted, and the poor devil's still in jug."

The boy turned to go. "O well, I'll show the man along dad, and you'd best talk to him," he said finally. "I don't know him—never seen him before."

Daniel Drayten grunted, and when a minute later the tall, dark heathen was shown in, the trader swung round on his pivot chair and looked the man up and down. He was thin, even for an Indian, and attired in much worn city clothing. The only article about him that was worth anything were his moccasins, which he had evidently made himself at a recent date.

"What's your name?" Daniel Drayten fired out the question with the brisk crackle of an old soldier, but receiving no immediate response he again looked up to see the red man's gaze fixed upon him with sullen enquiry. It seemed for a moment to carry his mind back to some scene of the past, yet Daniel saw thousands of Indians yearly, many of them hailing from the most remote creeks, and could hardly be expected to remember every face. Certainly this cadaverous, wasted wreck of humanity might have visited the trading post before, but often a spell of hunger renders such men unrecognizable after a few months.

"John Serox," replied the Indian finally. He laid his bundle of pelts on the bench at the factor's side and began to turn them over with long tapered fingers.

The trader did not know the name, so backed the first question by another: "Where did you come from?" he enquired.

The Indian waved indefinitely towards the north, said that he was a Cree and belonged to Little Valley.

"You been in the city, ain't you?" Daniel asked, and the red man nodded gravely.

"And you're going back to the city, I guess?"

Again the Indian nodded.

The trader thrust the pelts aside. He had no use for city Indians who spend their time sitting on the sidewalks and spitting voluminously. He preferred the forest type, but had not very much use for any of them in the moral standard of things.

"Then take my tip and don't go," he said, knowing full well that the red man would not understand. "The cities are hell!" he pursued. "Hell even for a white man, and more hellish still for an Indian. We trade—not buy—take 'em away!"

The Indian took up his furs and stamped proudly out. He walked straight through the trade room, ignoring young David's farewell salutation—ignoring even the gaudy crimson neck-cloth young David held out as a peace offering. David believed in treating the

Indians well, and moreover, he was anxious to engage the newcomer in conversation in order to find out what he could about the man.

At dawn next day Daniel Drayten, reclining in a mighty birch-bark with eight half-naked savages to propel it took his departure southwards, leaving the trading post to the management of young David till he himself returned from those southern cities which he so much hated, yet from which he never seemed in any particular hurry to return. Towards sundown the same day young David jumped on his pony, and with a bundle of musquash and beaver traps dangling from the saddle set off for his usual constitutional. Like most backwoods' youths he indulged in a little trapping on his own, and made quite a good thing out of it, and though the season was early and fur not yet prime he had several sets scattered up and down the creeks.

He had not gone five hundred yards when he found that one of his musquash traps had been pulled out and tampered with. From all appearances a fur-beaver had been taken from it, and there on the plastic earth close to the set was the long oblong imprint of an Indian cowhide moccasin.

Now when an Indian interferes with another man's trap it is a direct breach of an unwritten law which is more closely observed in the woods than most written laws, and the robbing of a trap in this way, leaving every evidence of the crime even to a clear impression of the foot, was obviously the picking of a quarrel. Indeed, had the thief struck David across the face his intentions could not have been more clear, and for a time the young trader's natural anger was swallowed up by the mystery of it all.

Many a time, when less experienced, he had unwittingly offended an Indian, but so far as he could recall nothing of the kind had happened recently, and he had fondly imagined himself on the best of terms with everyone. Clearly, however, some Indian wished to quarrel with him, and to treat this indication with contempt was impossible, as those who understand the Indian temperament will appreciate.

Presently David remembered the tall, lank stranger who had visited the store yesterday, and immediately he saw daylight. Evidently his father had offended the brave, and this was the fellow's way of showing it. David smiled in a half-amused fashion, then he merely re-set the trap, and on the imprint of the moccasin foot he placed an arrow, consisting of one straight stick for the shaft, and a shorter stick broken in the centre for the head—the arrow pointing in the direction of the trading post. This meant: "I have seen your challenge and invite you to come and see me." In the old days it would have meant "come and fight me!" * * *

II

John Serox, as he called himself, was a man with a grievance—a grievance against the white race in general, and one member of it in particular. Eight years ago he had been sent to prison for breaking a law which he did not understand—a law constructed by the white man and having for its purpose nothing more useful—so thought John Serox—than the robbing of the red man of his ancient privileges. He hated the law which had robbed him of the prime of his manhood, but most of all he hated the man who had enforced it. John Serox had taken his arrest as a personal affair, and seven years of concentrated hell, amidst white men of the worst stamp, had served to strengthen his hatred of the law and his longing for vengeance against the man whose unhappy duty it had been to carry the law into force.

No, John Serox had not gone under with tuberculosis like so many of his fellows. His body was still sound, but his spirit was broken. His final release had meant nothing to him, for the ordinary interests in life were dead. For him the birds had ceased to sing, and there was no laughter in the rivers. He had tramped his way northwards, dull-eyed and listless, with the vague notion of returning to his own people who would have

forgotten him. They upheld the white man's law because they had not run foul of it. They had been told by the priests and by the police that he, the outlaw, had done a shameful thing, and that his name henceforth must be unspeakable.

Dull-eyed and heavy, I say, John Serox was tramping back to his own land, which would hold no place for him. He had changed his name, partly to show that the man of the old name no longer lived, partly because he believed that a change of name would bring about some material change in himself. He did the thing formally at the water's edge, but he might have saved himself the trouble for it did not bring back the laughter of the brooks or the song of the birds, and anyway, the world had forgotten the old name.

At the railhead John was hungry, and knowing no better he went into the refreshment parlour, ordered coffee, and helped himself hungrily to the food on the counter, and when payment was demanded he had nothing with which to pay. Then the bar tender took up the empty cup and flung its dregs into the face of John Serox, and that counter jumper might have died but that an instant later John Serox found himself looking into the muzzle of a .450 Webley.

John Serox drifted into the employment of a white man who, like the rest, was up in that country sacrificing a certain term of years to make money—solely to make money. The white man promised to grubstake him in return for certain jobs, so that he could regain his own land in comfort. The Indian repaired a canoe, built a new window in the white man's cabin, renovated a tangled array of sled harness, and in return was fed on porridge and very cheap whisky, both of which made him ill. At the end of the month more promises were made if John would carry a bundle of mail to the railhead, so John went to the railhead, and when he returned he found only an empty cabin—white man, canoe, sled, harness, all gone. He then fired the cabin and he took himself to the woods, fearful of the white man's law which says: "If a white man robs or wrongs you, you must not fire his cabin or cut his throat or do any of the things which are worth doing and which you know how to do. In fact, you must do nothing at all, because you are an Indian, and therefore cannot comprehend the things the law permits."

One day John Serox, footsore and hungry, struck a Cree encampment, and whereas the white men, who had much, had cast him out, they who had little, took him in. The young men gave him leather to make new moccasins, the old squaws brought him food, the young squaws showed him their babies. They talked in soft voices to him and some of the music of life came trickling back as he sat in the warm firelight, with ruddy faces around him, the bright stars overhead, and the lone, sad call of a loon breaking now and then on the great stillness. The voices floated like atoms from another world far and dim in the distance, a world towards which his feet were set, though his soul was too weary to gain it. Then the old bitterness returned, rank with the gall of hatred, for they told him too of the land he had loved, the land of his golden boyhood, the land for which he was heading, for which he was living, now in the hands of the white settler. They spoke of wondrous and mammoth machinery, they told with wonder in their eyes of hissing steam and of a great iron horse panting along the valley where he had trapped, but for John Serox these things held no wonder. They belonged to the world which he did not understand, the world at the wheel of which he himself had been broken, the world he hated and was trying to lose.

He asked about his own friends. Kiatsee, his father, "him sleep the long sleep," Massee, his brother, "him go to Winnipeg. Him got many dogs and many dollars. Him live like a white man." And Takato—"little Takato—she go to trading post and work there for white factor. She got many beautiful clothes—Takato. Takato not married, but—" they said in effect that Takato was known to carry on violent flirtations

with the white factor's son when the old man was out of sight.

Serox rose and went his way. His people did not exist—his own land did not exist. All had been appropriated by the white race, and John Serox had nothing for which to live save his hatred of that race. He journeyed eastward, drawn magnetically in that direction. The Indians had spoken of a trading post, and of a woman whom they had called Takato. Serox had loved that woman—had loved her, I say—but that was in the golden age to which he no longer belonged. He did not realize that every age is golden, and that man's outlook, only, changes. To him the world had changed—it was no longer the same world. The analysis of himself was a thing beyond his comprehension.

He went to the trading post. He dallied in the ofing till the woman Takato appeared. It was sundown and the soft, red light softened all things—all things but Takato. The magic scent of the balsam was in the air, the little brown bush bird sang its native song—the song of his youth. But Takato was changed. She was of the red race, which changes quickly, and eight years had left their finger prints. She was no longer the Takato of his prison dreams—she was no longer a child.

Moreover, her clothing was different—such clothing! It belonged to the world Serox hated—the world he could not understand. She passed within nine feet as he stood under the tamaracs, and a crystal idol, the last of his poor, savage idols, shattered into a thousand fragments at his feet. He did not move and he did not speak and she passed him by, but through his memory floated a vision of the Takato of long ago, of the quiet little games played in the sand, the games all Indian children play, and which he and Takato, the darling of the tepees, had played together. Of her shining eyes, radiant as the stream, and which, like the stream, reflected every passing cloud—of the shining eyes of Takato when they drew up the fish trap together, or angled for the bass on the shores of Lake Taraga, known by some irony of fate as the Lake of Happy Promise. She belonged to the sunshine, that Takato of the past, the darling of the tepees, to the upper leaves of the forest; but to-night Serox saw Takato amidst the shadows of the pillars below, the shadows of the forest to which he now belonged, and in which he was interminably lost.

He watched her pass, then for a moment the old savage law rose up in the soul of Serox—he would have caught her by the hair and beaten her—she, a usurper, a traitor like the rest; but the impulse was swallowed up by fear—fear of the white man's law, lurking even in his soul, crushing all things into submission even as he was crushed—the law which forbids an Indian to follow his own promptings, to uphold his own traditions, old as the stars, and by which not the fittest but the low and despicable are enabled to survive.

John Serox had learned to read a little. He could read one name, burned indelibly upon his memory in letters of fire—the name of Daniel Drayten. He read that name on a signed notice outside the trading post—"Daniel Drayten, Chief Factor."

Then it was that John Serox found something for which to live—the thing for which many an Indian has lived, and died—vengeance! Next day he sought and obtained an interview with Daniel Drayten as we have seen. He wanted only to see the man and convince himself; he saw him, and was convinced.

Time had dealt leniently with Daniel Drayten. He was a fine man, and his meteor success with the Great Company had hardened little his features and added few autumnal tints to the hair of his head. He did not know the Indian, few would have known him, but the Indian knew him.

The mind of John Serox was made up. All his shattered mentality resolved itself into one savage purpose. Hitherto he had failed, but here he would succeed. He would slay the trader, and he would slay the trader's son!

Too late John Serox realized that he might have traded his pelts for a rifle and a few rounds of (Cont'd on page 14)

FELS-NAPTHA



What does "Fels-Naptha" mean?

It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

What is Naptha?

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. *Naptha* makes dirt let go, and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

Why combine Naptha with Soap?

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naptha is added to that of good soap, and together they do the work quicker and better than either naptha or soap alone.

Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it *does* mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naptha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naptha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?

No. The word "naptha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naptha soap. It contains *real* naptha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naptha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha holds its naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

What Color for Soap?

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to hold its naptha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naptha and water all thoroughly mixed.

What Soap for Washing-machines?

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them*. This gives you the added cleansing value of naptha in washing woollens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the *real* naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

Three things identify Fels-Naptha—the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naptha odor.



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Fels-Naptha safely cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

BILL'S BABY

BY CHARLES G. BOOTH

I WAS down at the end of the wharf watching the tide come in when I discovered the boat. I had not noticed it until the gentle thudding of its side against the wharf piles caught my ear. I watched it vaguely for a moment as it rose and fell at the mercy of the waves, wondering where it had broken away from.

Just then I saw the trunk. It was an old battered wood and tin affair, and it lay in the centre of the boat under one of the cross seats. Runaway rowboats are common enough on any sea coast, and this one would not have interested me particularly had it not been for the trunk. It had caught and aroused my curiosity. It suggested mystery, and I suppose I am as human as the rest of the race. Anyway I decided to investigate the contents of the trunk, and incidentally salvage the rowboat. I picked up a boathook and tried for my prize, but the waves had carried it slightly beyond my reach. It came a little nearer, and I tried again, but just as the hook touched the boat the reflex action of the tide again carried it back.

I noticed it had shipped a considerable quantity of water, and was rapidly taking in more, and I knew if I did not get it soon it would go to the bottom. Once more the tide brought it in, and I reached for it again. The hook grazed the boat's gunwale, and I leaned a little further, and this time succeeded in getting the hook over the side, when the boat backed away again. The slight jerk was sufficient to upset my equilibrium, and I took a beautiful header into the Pacific.

I came up spitting salt water and profanity, angry at my own carelessness and the innocent cause of it. I clambered aboard the boat just as a burst of uproarious laughter reached my ears. There was Bill Ramsden, the mill planer boss, laughing as only Bill can laugh. His huge six feet three of muscle and bone shivered and shook like a spruce in a gale of wind.

"Shut up, you idiot!" I shouted angrily. "Grab one of those boathooks and help me out of this!"

His only reply was to laugh the louder.

"What are you doing?" taking a bath or chasing the fishes?" he spluttered out at last with the aid of a quantity of unprintable adjectives. Bill swears unconsciously, yet scientifically on all occasions and at all times. His vocabulary is lurid and comprehensive, fitted to all emergencies and ingeniously original. While he rarely swears at men, he frequently swears to them, and, if necessary, for them. Yet he is generous to a fault, and possesses a heart his huge body is none too big to contain.

"Help me out of this, you—jack-ass!" I yelled. "Get a move on! I don't want to stay here all day!"

"But what did you jump in for?" he demanded. His mirth had subsided to a grin.

"I wanted to get the boat and the box," I explained as well as my chattering teeth and my wrath would permit, "but—"

"And you jumped in after them?" he interrupted, the grin on his face expanding again.

"No, I fell in!" I retorted angrily, my temper rising.

"You fell in! that's a good one. What's in the box?" he queried tauntingly.

"I don't know and don't care! Are you going to help me, or am I to swim for it?" I fairly shrieked. The boat was riding sluggishly on the waves now and threatened to sink at any moment.

"Oh, sure, I'll pull you out," he replied, and went for a boathook.

The water was none too warm, and a sharp wind was blowing; I was shivering with cold and had lost all interest in the box.

Bill and his boathook soon had me on the wharf again, which at that spot

I started off at full speed for the mill store, leaving a trail of salt water behind me.

"Are you coming back for your box?" shouted Bill at the top of his voice.

"You can have it and whatever's in it," I yelled over my shoulder.

His great laugh rolled up to me as I entered the store building.

* * *

It was lunch hour and several of the mill boys were standing round a cheery looking stove.

"Bin doin' the Jonah stunt, Bob?" inquired Fred Marrs.

"Give me a pair of overalls!" I snapped and began stripping off my dripping garments.

Two pair of overalls, an overcoat and a pair of dilapidated boots was the best I could muster. Before I had gotten into them Bill entered lugging the trunk in his brawny arms.

"See what Bob's salvaged from the cruel sea, and he's quitclaimed it over to me!" exclaimed Bill. "Gimme a crowbar, someone," he went on. "It's not locked, but the lid's jammed."

The lid creaked under the pressure of Bill's hands, and then came away with a rush. I was getting on my overalls at the time, but the silence that greeted the lifting of the lid could almost be felt; it was uncanny. Then I heard a feeble cry.

"Bob, come here!" whispered Bill. Teddy Friar gave a queer gasp.

Lying snugly in the trunk among an assortment of garments was a baby not more than five or six months old! A baby! It had just awakened from sleep. Its eyes were open, eyes that grew round with friendly wonder; eyes as blue as the sea that had brought it to us. We looked at one another, each of us seeking confirmation in the eyes of his fellows that the baby lying in its strange cradle was real flesh and blood, and not the mad concoction of a delirious imagination. The astounding knowledge that what we saw was a real human being very much alive dawned on us by degrees. Billy timidly touched one of the baby's tiny hands as if to satisfy himself that he was not seeing things. The little mite's baby fingers clutched his big thumb; then it go goo-ed at us pleasantly. Bill gasped profanely and pulled his hand sharply away.

"It is alive," he observed looking at us sheepishly.

Then he lifted the little one out of its makeshift cradle while I examined the contents of the trunk. A disconcerting array of garments belonging to the child, and a woman, presumably its mother, was all I found. The trunk was watertight, so the garments were quite dry. There was nothing to tell us the child's parentage, where it had come from, or anything about it! I turned my attention to the trunk again and discovered something I had not noticed before. Half a dozen narrow cuts had been made in its lid, evidently by some sharp pointed instrument. In one of the holes I found the broken off point of a sailor's knife.

"Looks as though the kid had been set adrift by some skunk who wasn't particularly interested in its living," growled Bill.

"Then why put it in a trunk, take the trouble to punch holes in the lid and sacrifice a boat?" I objected.

Bill did not answer, for the simple reason that the baby had succeeded in putting one plump little fist in Bill's capacious mouth and the other in his right eye—and the amazing thing was that Bill appeared to enjoy the situation.

"What are you going to do with it, Bill?" demanded someone with a snicker.

Bill removed the kiddy's exploring hands and glared at the speaker.

"Me!" he ejaculated.

"Yes; you've adopted it, haven't you. You said Bob had given you clear title to the box. You'll have to come through."

Bill did not answer at once. A

thoughtful expression came to his face. "I guess I could do that, too, boys if it became necessary," he said after a moment. "If no one claims him I'll look after him all right," he added.

I knew Bill meant what he said. He is of the kind that generally stick to what they say.

"Maybe he's a she," put in Fred Marrs.

"No he's not!" returned Bill emphatically.

"What you goin' to call him?" Little Moses would be kinda suitable."

"That's enough from you," snapped Bill with an angry glare, and the speaker subsided. "And remember this, if no one claims the boy at once, I'll look after him till someone does. Anyone that's got any objections shoot 'em quick!"

No one had.

Bill replaced the little one gently in the box, picked up the trunk and strode from the building.

I returned to the buttoning of my overalls while the sounding of the mill whistle sent the men to their duties speculating on the mysterious arrival of the blue-eyed baby.

* * *

The days passed and became weeks, but no claims were put in for the child, and true to his promise Bill appointed himself the boy's guardian. He rented a small cottage on the mountain slope overlooking the sea not far from the mill, and engaged an elderly woman as housekeeper and nurse. The little fellow thrived wonderfully, and seemed none the worse for his strange experience. I think there must be a special Providence, whose business it is to guard the lives of little ones.

Bill and I have always been pals, and his simple kindly nature was like an open book to me. The child's baby fingers seemed to get a powerful grip around the big lumberman's heart. Bill was aware of this and gloried in it to anyone who would discuss the boy with him, and there were many.

"I wouldn't part with Johnny for all the money in the world," he told me one day. "I hope no one ever claims him, yet I'm afraid he'll go one of these days. His parents have a bigger right to him than I have—if they can explain his being in that trunk to my satisfaction," he added grimly. "I'd sure feel bad to let him go, though; he means a lot to me, and he'll mean more in time. If I'm able to keep him I'll have it fixed legally as soon as possible, and then he'll get the best. Bill Ramsden can give him."

But that special Providence I mentioned still held a controlling interest in the future of little "Johnny" as Bill had named him.

* * *

Old Rod Durham, the owner of our outfit, was one of the first lumbermen on the Pacific Coast. He had emigrated from the Old Country to the New England states as a boy, where he had gained his knowledge of the business. Later he had made his way south, walked across the Isthmus of Panama, and sailed north to the bit of Pacific coast around which his chief interests had since centered. Pluck and tremendous endurance had won out, and the old fellow had long gathered the fruits of industry. It is probable he did not know just how much he was worth.

There was only one weak spot in the old man's toughened make-up—his son. The elder Durham had married late in life, and the boy, Gordon, was born at the price of his mother's life. Durham showered on his son the love and affection he had so bountifully given his wife. But the boy grew up bad through and through. He became an absolute rotter! The seed of the fine old oak ran to weeds, most of them wild oats. Yet somehow Durham could not see what was patent to every eye. Though no one dared go to the old man openly, rumor must have reached his ears, yet he refused absolutely to believe anything about the boy.

Young Durham went to college, pre-

sumably to learn; unless one accepts acquaintance with a fine assortment of vices he came back knowing little more than when he went away. After a year or so in various branches of the mill, Gordon Durham was made general superintendent.

Just about the time of Johnny's mysterious arrival airplane spruce contracts were handed out to the coast mills and business began to hum. The old man had foreseen the necessity of Pacific coast spruce to the enormous allied airplane building programme, and had sent Gordon up to the Queen Charlotte islands two or three months before to open up some timber limits belonging to the company. For some reason known only to himself Gordon Durham had tried to evade the trip, but the old man, who can be pigheaded when he likes, insisted that he go. Young Durham had been up north a year or two before superintending the inspection of certain limits the company contemplated purchasing. I suppose the old man thought the experience thus gained fitted him for the work to be done.

We were all glad to see him go. His absence was a decided relief to everyone. As I have said he was bad through and through. Despite his handsome face and figure, his heart was as black as the devil's. Soul—he had none!

Young Durham's reports came through gradually; then his communications suddenly ceased. Weeks passed and nothing was heard from or of him until a telegram from the North-West Mounted Police head-quarters in the Queen Charlotte's told us that Gordon Durham's dead body had been found. From further particulars we learned that examination of the body disclosed that Durham had been killed in a hand-to-hand combat. Robbery had not been the motive, as a large sum of money in the dead man's pockets had remained untouched.

The blow shook the old man; none of us knew how much, and he said little. Bill Ramsden was appointed general superintendent. He was the best man the company had, and he deserved the promotion.

Shortly after this, Hendricks, the purchasing agent, died, and I found myself in his place.

* * *

I was in Bill's office one day talking over with him the proposed purchase of some new planing machinery. There was a photograph of little Johnny on his desk, and as we talked I could see Bill's eyes wander again and again to the smiling baby face before him.

A timid knock sounded on the door which slowly opened in answer to Bill's "come in." A girl, young and pretty, stood on the threshold looking at us with inquiring eyes. She was plainly though neatly dressed. Her eyes were blue like the Pacific when it is warmed by the sun and stirred by a gentle westerly. A touch of fear lurked in them and a touch of something else, rather hard to define yet suggestive of shattered ideals, rudely dispelled girlish innocence—worldly wisdom if you will. Her chin was firmly rounded, her mouth expressive, her nose straight and finely moulded. She could not have been more than twenty-three or four.

Her face was turned toward me as she opened the door, and my mind unconsciously recorded these details of her appearance. She impressed me favorably, and somehow I connected her with the subject of my thoughts a moment before—little Johnny. I think a premonition of what was coming entered Bill's mind at the same moment. A pencil he was holding snapped and splintered between his strong fingers.

"Which is Mr. Ramsden?" she asked.

"Will you sit down?" said Bill, indicating a chair. There was a slight tremor in his voice.

"I have come for baby—for Phil," she began simply.

There was a (Continued on page 10)

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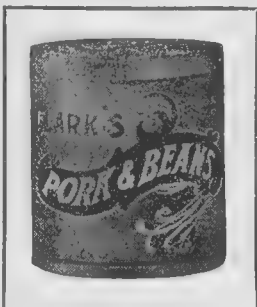
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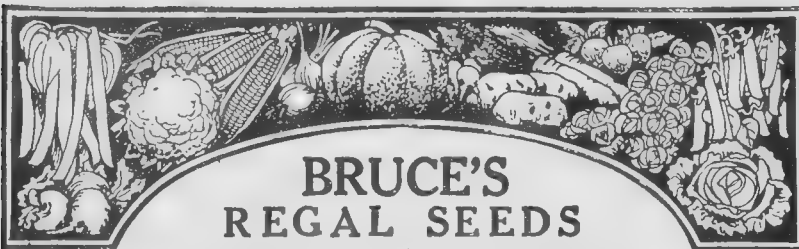
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Bill's Baby

By C. G. Booth

Cont'd from page 8

making for the door.

"No, stay, Bob! It was you that found him, you know," Bill returned gruffly. I reseated myself on the window ledge.

Bill turned to the girl.

"His name is Phil, then," he began weakly, "and you are his mother?" She flushed slightly as she answered. "Yes," I am his mother."

From then on I played the part of a listener, and I remember quite clearly the conversation that passed between Bill and the boy's mother.

"Jh—Phil's other name, your name; what is it?" asked Bill.

"Landis, Phillip Landis," she returned quickly, a little too quickly, I thought. "And of course you are Mrs. Landis" he went on. "This is Mr. Gore," turning to me. "It was Bob that found him, you know," Bill exclaimed.

"Yes, I know how he came to be found, and I am unable to express my gratitude. I—"

"Don't try to," Bill interrupted. "Do you want the boy?" he snapped.

"Yes, certainly. He's mine; I am his mother," she cried proudly. Her eyes shone as she spoke.

"Why did you wait all this time before coming for him? How did he happen to be alone in that boat? Where is his father?" questioned Bill rapidly, when she interrupted him.

"My story, which you are entitled to hear will answer the first two questions, and I am going to tell it to you now. His father—" she hesitated a second while an expression at once tragic and horror-stricken, leaped for a moment into our eyes. She went on slowly, "his father is dead; he died up north," she added hurriedly.

"My father was a doctor in Sitka," she continued. "He had been there for a number of years, and I had always lived with him. It was there I met Phil's father. During a scurvy epidemic among the Indians, which Dad was doing his best to fight, he contracted the disease and—he died." The girl lingered for a moment at the memory of her father's death.

"I had very few friends in Sitka, and Phil's father and I—well, we were quietly married. Shortly after Phil came his father met with an accident—he died." Her voice trembled, yet a peculiar hardness incompatible with the sentiment of her narrative crept into her voice. "I hadn't very much money and Sitka offered nothing in the way of employment. Phil and I took passage in a small tramp steamer going south. It was hardly that—a sort of glorified tug would be nearer. You know the kind, manned by the scum of creation; used for carrying Chinamen and Japs to and from the canneries. The tramp was going to San Francisco, and so was I.

"However we got along fairly well until we ran into a storm, and the ship began to leak. She would never have been allowed to make the trip, but for the high freight rates on account of the war. Shipowners, unfortunately, sometimes have peculiar ways of looking at human lives when freight charges are the stake.

"We had run into the storm during the night, yet badly as the ship was leaking I am sure we would have pulled through all right, because with the coming of the dawn the storm died away, had the engines not broken down. The strain they had been subjected to during the ship's battle with the heavy seas during the night proved too much for them. Of course, the pumps became useless and the leak gained rapidly.

"Asiatics and the world's nondescript comprised our crews, as I have said. This last disaster was sufficient to spread panic from one end of the ship to the other. Fear became the dominant emotion; it paralyzed all effective action and banished discipline. Then came the mad rush to the boats. The first one lowered pitched the mob that had fought madly for its possession into the sea. I watched, realizing what little chance a woman had among that mob of crazed fiends, then I went to

strained silence in the room which I presently broke.

"Perhaps I had better go," I suggested,

my boy who lay sleeping in the den I called my cabin, determined to stay with him until the end came. Screams, curses, revolver shots mingled with the creak of the ship. Death seemed near."

Her lips trembled, her eyes mirrored the horror of the dreadful experience. It was impossible to doubt the actuality of those moments of terror.

"Apart from Chinese and Japs the vessel carried no other passengers than Phil and I, excepting one other—a man."

Here she became confused in her story, so it seemed to me, as though some detail of her experience had been left out.

"He—the other passenger—came to my cabin and said he would do his best to save Phil and I," she went on. "I thanked him and promised to follow his instructions. He told me that if we could get away safely in a boat there was little or no danger, as the sea was not running high, and though he did not know just where we were, the coast could not be far away, and we were probably in the path of coasting vessels. He picked up my trunk which held my few belongings, and told me to follow him with Phil.

"There was one small boat swinging drunkenly from its davits. An attempt had evidently been made to launch it which had only succeeded in entangling the tackle. My companion worked at the blocks and ropes quickly, and managed to free them. No sooner had he accomplished this than a number of Chinamen, seeing what he had done, rushed for our craft, which was not big enough to hold a third of them. Two of them he knocked down. Then he pulled out a revolver. They drew back at the sight of the weapon. Threatening them he forced several of their number to the tackle and made them lower the boat. He put Phil and I and the trunk in and we dropped toward the black depths below. Up to then I think those fear-stricken men thought he intended to let some of them at least into the boat; I thought he did at any rate. Curses and screams broke out again, and then revolver shots. As we reached the water I unhooked the tackle and looked up as we pitched and tossed about. I saw him and he waved to me for a second. Then I realized that he had sacrificed his own chances of escape to strengthen mine. All at once he became engulfed in a clawing, struggling mass of humanity. Three of the figures detached themselves from the rest. They seemed to slip over the rail and plunge, fighting, into the sea. One of them was my champion. I saw the waters close about his head. . . . Clutching Phil I sat frozen physically and mentally.

"A sharp ping as of metal striking against metal brought me to life again. A sailor's knife with its blade in the lid of the trunk quivered like a live thing. I looked up and saw a face contorted with passion and fear, diabolically devilish, with the play of changing emotions, glaring down at me. I knew the man had thrown down the knife at me, and I also knew that I must get quickly away if we were to live.

"At first I did not know what to do with Phil. Then the trunk with the knife sticking in it suggested a way out. I think the man who had given his life for mine and Phil's had baby in mind when he put the trunk in the boat. I pulled the knife out of the lid and thrust the blade through the trunk under one of the boat's cross seats, so that it would be shielded from the wind. It was the best cradle I could give my boy.

"Crazed with fear and horror my one desire now was to get away as fast as I could. There was no sign of the man who had saved us. He had gone to the bottom with the two men clinging to him. I rowed and rowed until I could row no more. I remember seeing a coast line loom up through the gray morning mist just as the sun began to break through the clouds. Then a coasting steamer appeared, then a small boat, then voices. And then things slipped.

"When I woke up I was in a San Francisco hospital, and had been there for nearly two weeks. My first inquiry was for Phil. But no one knew anything of Phil. No one had heard of

him. My trunk. As far as the hospital authorities knew, nothing had been taken from the boat save my insensible person. The heart-breaking news of my baby's fate brought on a relapse, and I did not leave the hospital until two months later.

"Yet somehow I could not rest until I had personally verified what I had been told in the hospital. So I sought out one of the crew of the vessel that had picked me up. I found the man in Seattle and he told me that he had himself helped to man the boat that had been sent from the coaster. They had been too busy rescuing me to examine the rowboat, he said, and I suppose they did not notice the trunk where I had put it.

"What slender hopes I had raised were buried by this time, and with heart and soul numbed by a succession of horrors and bereavements I began to look for employment, which I eventually found.

"Then I heard the story of Johnny. It seemed incredible that it could be Phil, yet I knew it must be. Then I learned that he had been found the morning I had been picked up. There was no doubt in my mind now, and I came up here. But I had to make quite sure before I saw you, Mr. Ramsden. I found Phil with your housekeeper this morning, and I have come for him. You—you have his photograph on your desk there. You—you will let me have him—won't you?"

Her eyes had remained dry through her strange tale, but now they were soft with tears and tender mother love. Phil's mother had come for Phil.

Bill did not answer at once. He seemed to be fighting for the control of himself that threatened to slip away.

"Yes, you shall have your boy, Mrs. Landis," he said at last. "He is yours. I would not hold him back if I could. You—you are a brave woman, and—that man on the boat—I'd like to grip his hand. He—he must have been a white man—a real man." Bill's voice cracked just then. He could say no more, and somehow the lump in my throat tightened around what I might have tried to say. I think she understood how Bill felt. She turned to him with a little smile.

"I'll come for him to-night" she said simply and left us.

"A fine woman! wonderful!" said Bill more to himself than to me, and then "Johnny, boy, what a mother!"

A few minutes later Bill left his office and I could see his bowed figure walking slowly up the winding road leading to the house on the mountain-side where Phil ruled supreme.

The girl's story was unusual, almost incredible, but I could not doubt its essence, though later, when coherent thought returned, I detected, or imagined I detected, one or two false notes.

The departure of the child worked a subtle change in Bill Ramsden. I watched him closely, and it seemed as though the substance of his life had gone with the boy. While I had known all day along of his deep attachment to Phil I had not suspected the extent to which his splendid nature had poured out the love of a soul unsoiled by previous ignoble contact. The booming echo of his laugh ceased to vibrate through mill and office. Even the carefully balanced stream of unconscious profanity we had always associated with Bill ceased to trouble or amuse us. He forgot to laugh; he forgot to swear.

He said very little, but to me he had become an open book. Once I caught him with the boy's photograph in his hands and tears in his eyes. Strings tugged sharply at my heart, but I said nothing. Bill is a man one cannot easily sympathize with.

Six months passed away during which time I heard nothing of Phil; if Bill heard anything he said nothing. Then I think that special baby's Providence I mentioned before must have decided to take another whirl at the wheel spinning out little Phil's destiny.

I had not intended to go to Seattle, but a sudden hitch in the purchase of a quantity of new machinery the mill was badly needing sent me off at a couple of hours notice. When I got there the hitch had developed into a full sized knot, and I had to wire for Bill.

I always stay at the State hotel when I am in Seattle. It's clean and quiet and comfortable, and Fred Overton, who runs it, is an old pal of mine. I was in the dining room reading my paper and waiting to give my order when I became aware of the waitress at my elbow.

"I'll take soup," I began, "consomme, roast beef, potatoes and—" I forgot the rest. My eyes reached the startled face of the waitress.

"Mrs. Landis!" I gasped.

"It—it's Mr. Gore!" she stammered. "What are you doing here?" I cried, though it was quite plain what she was doing.

"Waiting for your order just at present," she returned with a little smile.

"I did not expect—I—but where is Phil? Is he all right?" I cried awkwardly.

Her face softened and a touch of anxiety grew into her eyes.

"I—think he misses Mr. Ramsden," she said. "He's not very well. Unfortunately I can't give him the attention I would like. You see I am here most of the day, and Phil needs me; I have to leave him with someone while I am working. It is hard, you know, but it is the best I can do—under the circumstances."

I watched her closely as she spoke. Six months makes few changes in a woman's appearance under ordinary conditions. But with nothing definite on which to base my conclusions I decided that life was giving her little else than hard knocks. Perhaps it was the weary look in her eyes, or the drawn down corners of her mouth, that told me this. Anyhow I got the notion that a square deal was coming to one who had been through so much, and I decided that I would try and straighten out the three-cornered tangle which was threatening to spoil the lives of a good man, a good woman, and an innocent child. And there was only one way out of the tangle as far as I could see; its very unlikeliness commended it to me. I think.

"Why not let him go back for awhile?" I suggested.

"To Mr. Ramsden?" she quavered.

"Yes," I returned.

"Oh, I can't; I can't; not there of all places! You are very kind, but you—you don't understand, and some things are hard to—explain. How is Mr. Ramsden?" she asked suddenly.

"He misses Phil," I replied watching her keenly. A funny expression leaped to her eyes for a second, which puzzled me at the time.

"I must go now," she said abruptly. "I—"

"I want to have a talk with you this afternoon," I interrupted, and then added, "about Phil. Mr. Overton is an old friend of mine. He will let us use his private office for an hour or so. I will arrange matters if you will allow me to," I went on.

"But why—" she began.

"Please!" I urged.

She hesitated for a moment, then agreed to my proposal. I gave her my dinner order and she went away.

I did not mention that I expected Bill on the one-thirty train.

Nor did I tell Bill that I had discovered the whereabouts of Phil and his mother. I had a little plan of my own I intended to try out. If it failed no one would suffer—and it might succeed.

I had arranged with Freddy Overton that Mrs. Landis should go into his private office at four o'clock. After making sure she was there I and Bill followed her into the room without the latter suspecting who he was to meet.

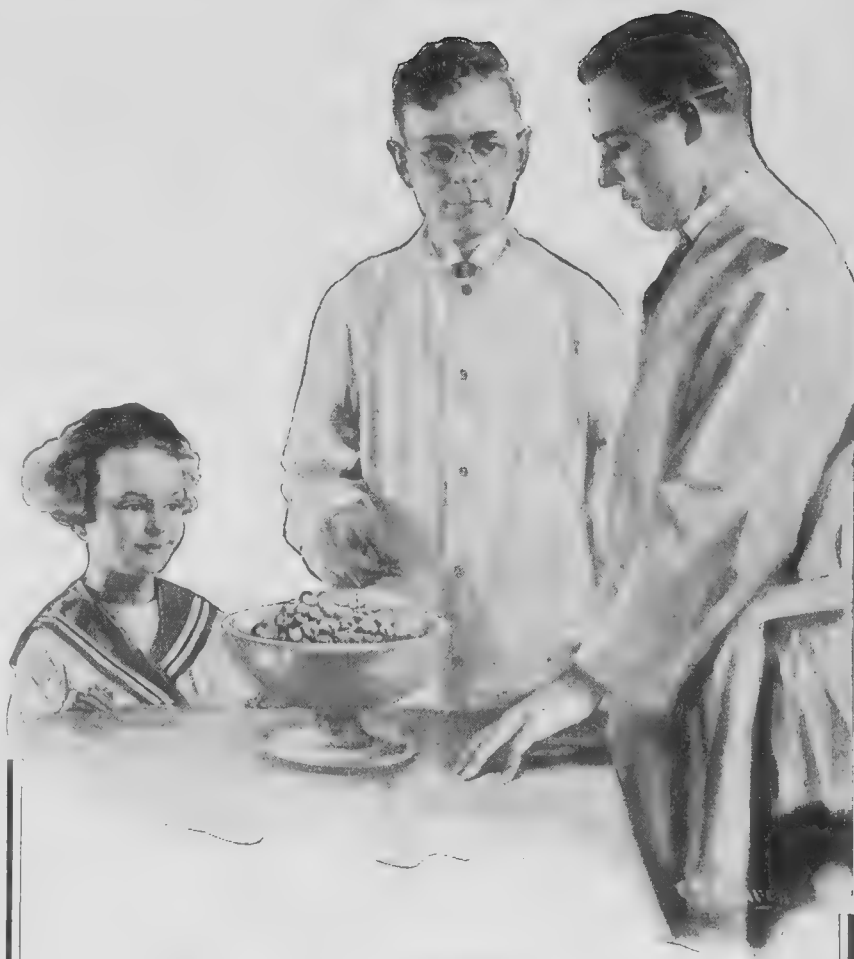
I entered the room first, then stepped aside so that I could watch both their faces as they met. When Bill saw the girl staring at him with wide-open eyes, a shock seemed to go through his big body. His face lit up in a smile such as I had not seen there in many months. His big frame straightened up and his hand went out to the girl before him.

"Mrs. Landis!" he exclaimed.

Her surprise was none the less pleasurable than Bill's as she took his big hand in her small one.

"This is a surprise, Mr. Ramsden!" she said quickly.

"Indeed it is! and (Cont'd on page 12



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GIII



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Bill's Baby

By C. G. Booth

Cont'd from page 11

a pleasant one—to me, at any rate," he added. She smiled a nice pleased little smile that seemed to drive the suggestion of bitter memories I had noticed before from her face.

"Mr. Gore did not tell me you were coming," she began.

"Nor me, either." Bill's great laugh filled the room. "You put one over on us both, Bob," he cried turning to me.

"I thought you might like to hear something of Phil," I replied, and Bill threw me a look I shall never forget.

"Phil, yes! Is—is he here, Mrs. Landis?" he asked wistfully.

"No, Mr. Ramsden," answered the girl. "Mr. Gore has not told you that I am working here. But if—if you wish you may see Phil. He—he's not very well, I am sorry to say. He—that is—I think he misses you; I am sure he has reason to."

"Poor kiddy, but I can't help being glad he thinks of me. He—he means a lot to me, does the little fellow. You will let me see him, then, before I go?" he cried eagerly.

"Of course you may," replied the girl. I withdrew to the window. I was feeling quite pleased with my experiment. I watched the two closely. They were sitting down discussing the subject nearest their hearts—Phil.

"Why not let me take Phil away for a month or two?" asked Bill suddenly. "The change will do him good," he added.

The smile left the girl's face and the old weary expression returned.

"I can't let him go! Oh, I—I don't know what to do," she cried, "what to say. Things are so—so muddled, so—strange, so—terrible. You have been too good; you don't understand; my life has turned upside down. Everything is all wrong. A load of sorrow and anguish—tragedy—seem to have fallen on me and crushed everything I ever cherished into the mud. If I had come through clean it would not matter so much, but I—haven't!"

The words suddenly rushed up from the girl's heart laden with a poignant agony that burned into my brain.

"Perhaps it might help if you were to tell me about it," suggested Bill gently.

She covered her face with her hands. "God help me!—I do not know what to do; I—yes, I will tell you; you will go then," she burst out bitterly. For a moment she seemed to grope blindly for words.

"What I told you six months ago was only a part of the truth," she began. "I deceived you—more by misrepresentation than by actual lies—for I could not bring myself to tell you the entire truth then. The events on the tramp steamer occurred as I described them, except that the man who saved my life at the expense of his own was known to me. He—he was my brother. You see he had to get away from Alaska. He—he had killed a man there and they were after him, so we came away to-

gether under assumed names. He was away in France fighting with the Allies when my father died, and he did not return until long after the funeral. My name is not Landis; that is the name I went under when I left Alaska. Phil's father—oh—God help—he was not my husband. He promised. When my father died life seemed to become cold and empty and I was alone. He offered me marriage. I—I thought I admired him. He was handsome, fine mannered, and a cur. His sympathy during my bereavement weakened my resistance, though I did not love him. It's a common enough story—of a man's promise and a girl's fall. The details don't matter. He left me—went away—south.

"Soon after Phil was born my brother Don came home. He had been wounded. After he heard my story he disappeared for a time. When he returned he told me the man had come back, that he had found him. They had fought. My brother killed him. Perhaps his wound had unbalanced him mentally, or perhaps fighting for an ideal changes a man's perspective; I don't know. That's all; you had better go, now," she concluded.

A tremendous silence filled the room. "His name?" whispered Bill Ramsden after a time. I think we both knew what was coming.

"His name?" she echoed. "It's one well known to you," she cried wearily. "His name was Gordon Durham."

Bill seemed to crush a curse between his strong teeth. Then the passion left his face and a radiant tenderness took its place. I think it was then I learned to love Bill. The bigness of his soul was revealed to me for the first time. The man of muscle and bone seemed to glow with a kindly charity that lit up his face and sang in the ring of his voice. I realized then something of the refining influence the coming of Phil had had on Bill's roughened exterior. Bill had always been a diamond in the rough; the boy had only done the cutting and polishing.

"Poor little girl," he murmured softly, "poor little girl. The world is a hard place to fall down in, but it takes grit to get up again the way you have done." His arms gripped her shoulders, they both stood up. "You were going to take me to Phil, weren't you?" he said.

"Do you still?" she began.

"Do I!"

"Come then," she answered simply after a moment.

They left the room together. I chuckled to myself at the progress my experiment had made, though the girl's disclosures had temporarily stunned me. Then I laughed out loud. They had forgotten me altogether.

We had a wedding two months later. It was a very quiet affair. Phil and I were the only guests. Bill is the happiest man I know, and he deserves to be. His soul was too big for convention's dog-kennel when, irrespective of circumstances, (Cont'd on page 15)

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The Bishop's Command

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN

Author of "A Fellow in Trinity," etc.

The ordination service in the cathedral was over. There had been fewer candidates than usual for ordination to the office of deacon. The church has ceased to attract young men in the numbers that it used to draw them into her service.

In the small party of newly-made deacons that gathered round the hearth of the Bishop's library, when the evening meal was over, were not many earnest faces, although there had been a great "Laying on of Hands," and the candidates had received the Apostolic grace in no stinted measure.

The Bishop, a worn old man, small and thin, sat in the midst of the group.

"If any of you would like to ask any questions, if you have any difficulties," he said, looking round at the unlined youthful faces, "I shall be happy to give you my opinion."

The men were silent and fidgeted. The awe of the services in which they had just taken part, was still upon them, and their minds refused to work.

A pink-faced young deacon, who sat at the end of the row, leaned forward.

"My lord," he began nervously, and stopped, "my lord, suppose we were called to any case of infection, what should we do?"

"Go!" said the Bishop with emphasis.

"But suppose it were diphtheria, or small-pox, my lord, what should we do?"

"Go!" thundered the Bishop.

"But suppose we were to catch it—and die?" stammered the pink-faced young man, paling at the thought.

The Bishop shrunk deeper into his big leather chair, and folded his lean hands, and his pale eyes had an upward glance in them.

"Suppose you were to take the infection—and die," he said, "what then?" his voice no longer thundered, it had softened strangely, "it would only be passing within the veil a little sooner."

Years after that little gathering in the Bishop's library, that same deacon, now a priest, sat by his fireside, thanking God for an unexpected piece of good fortune that had just fallen to him.

He had toiled in the vast industrial diocese, amid sordid surroundings, and discouraging work for seven weary years and no preferment had come to him; no patron had been sufficiently impressed to offer him a living. In the early days of his work, before he had become embittered by neglect and indifference, he had fallen in love.

He had fallen in love with his vicar's daughter, the eldest of a family of six dowerless girls. The vicar had not looked favorably on his suit, he had not recognised an embryo Bishop in his matter-of-fact curate. He thought Helen might do better. He did not hold out any hope to Helen's suitor when he dismissed him. He only relented so far as to say that if in the future he should have a living that would enable him to keep a wife in a suitable position, he might come again. This did not seem at all likely at the time.

Helen had taken a different view of the case; she had remained faithful to her lover through all the intervening years.

Her brown hair had become streaked with grey during the seven years, and her step, he had once remarked when they met, was not so buoyant and elastic. A woman cannot always keep the buoyancy of her first youth. Disappointment and delay had left their mark on Helen's patient face.

Now this was all over. There was no longer any reason for waiting. What unappreciative patrons had failed to do, his college had done for the Curate of St. Benedict's. It had offered him quite in the ordinary course of things, a rich college living, rich as livings go, that would enable him to satisfy all his old Vicar's requirements.

The offer had come to him unexpectedly. As he sat with the letter in his hands, he could hardly believe it was true, that he had not been dreaming.

There was only one thing to do after

he had thanked God for the piece of good luck that had fallen to him, to make Helen a sharer in his joy. The dusk was falling when he set out for the distant suburb where Helen dwelt. He did not know how he got there, how he covered the dreary miles that lay between. He trod on air, an *Io Paean* was sounding in his ears all the way.

When the Curate reached the Vicarage gate which he had opened of old with a faltering hand, he flung it wide, and ran up the steps. Something in his hasty summons, a note of insistence in the demure Vicarage bell, brought one of the sisters in haste to the door.

"Helen! Where is Helen?" he demanded. "I have great news for her."

He passed through the quiet hall like one demented, and Helen was in his arms, and the sisters were gathered round, when the Vicar came upon the scene.

Helen was sobbing on her lover's breast, and there was a glad murmur of congratulations from the sisters, tremulous with joy and wonder.

"What is the meaning of this? What—" the Vicar demanded.

But the Curate was past explaining. He could only flourish the letter which bore the impression of his college crest.

What the Vicar read in the letter explained the situation. Only the part of the heavy father remained to him. He could not refuse his blessing. He came round handsomely.

He shook the Curate's disengaged hand—the other was around Helen—with emotion.

"I congratulate you, my boy! I congratulate you heartily," he said, and there was a mist before his eyes as he spoke.

Before the Curate of St. Benedict's left the Vicarage, the date of the wedding was fixed. There were various other things settled, but that was most important.

It was to be within a month, and the happy lover was arranging preliminaries all the way back to his lonely lodgings. His life would be lonely no longer. The lean, lonely years that make up so much of a man's life, had passed; the blossoming time had come.

He sat late, pondering his good fortune. When he had written the letter to his college formally accepting the offer of the living, it was long past midnight.

Even then he was not prepared to go to bed. His mind was too full of the events of the day.

While he sat dreaming of the future, a ring came to the bell of the front door. He answered it in person, treading softly on the stairs with slippers feet not to disturb the other inmates of the house.

A man was waiting on the steps when he opened the door, a working man, ill-clad and thick of speech. He was in doubt at first if the man was sober.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir," he said, "but my wife is took bad, and is uneasy in her mind; she wouldn't be pacified till I came for you."

"Who is your wife, do I know her, is she in my district?"

"You knows her very well, she lives in the Mews; you often calls at our house, and are always worrying her, axing your pardon, about the children going to Sunday school."

"Oh! I remember now. She does not attend the church—"

"She's got something else to do of Sundays, with five children to look after, and not a decent rag to her back fit for church," the man grumbled.

The Curate ignored his excuse. "What is the matter with your wife, has she been ill long?" he asked.

"She have got something in her throat; one of the children died of it last week, and she was took the next day."

"She has got a doctor?"

"Oh yes! she has the parish doctor; she wouldn't send for him until she was too bad to be moved, or he would have sent her to the hospital. He says she can't last till the morning, an' she's crying out for a priest." (Contd. page 14)



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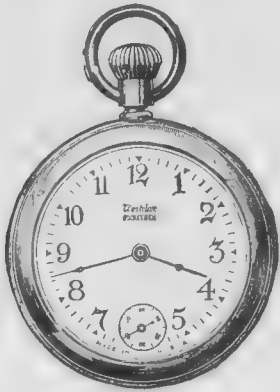
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The Bishop's Command

By A. St. Aubyn

Cont'd from page 13

"She belongs to the church, then?" the Curate asked sharply. "Yes, she belongs to the church, leastwise she was married there, and she used to go there sometimes. It is something she heard there that is on her mind." The man paused, and the Curate began fumbling among the coats on the rack in the passage.

"I'm bound to tell you, sir," he went on gruffly, "it's infectious, mortal infectious; they sent the children away at once—"

But the Curate was not listening; he was fumbling among the coats hanging up in the passage. Something happened while he was fumbling there with the man's gruff voice in his ears.

Another voice was speaking, and another scene had risen up before him; a group of men in the firelight and a shrunken figure huddled up in a wide chair in the midst, and a pair of lean folded hands. The voice was in his ears as he heard it that night, the same insistence.

"Go!"

He heard it distinctly.

He followed the man out into the mist and the night swallowed them up.

His mind had been so occupied with the scene in the Bishop's library that the summons had recalled, that he had not once remembered the joyful meeting at the Vicarage, the letter to the Master of his college that lay unsealed on his desk as he stood in the passage. He had time enough to think of his wonderful happiness as he followed his guide through the chill murky streets.

Suppose it were all a dream—that something were to happen to prevent it—he shivered as he stifled the cruel doubt, but he kept on his way.

The man stopped him as they entered the Mews.

"You'll remember, sir, I've warned you it's infectious—an' you know the risk—" he said.

"I know," said the Curate. What has a priest to do with risk. What is he called for, but to spend and be spent in the service of the church?

A few days later his old Vicar, Helen's father, called at the lodgings of his former Curate. He had had no word from him since the night when he had brought the news of his good fortune to the Vicarage. Could there have been a mistake?

The Vicar asked the questions with some doubt in his mind while he stood on the steps of the lodgings waiting for his ring to be answered.

His doubt was soon dispelled.

The Curate had been removed to the hospital three days before, with some infectious fever he had caught in the parish.

At the hospital he learned the particulars he sought. The patient had not been conscious since the day of his admission. He had relapsed almost at once into delirium. He appeared, the house surgeon informed him, to have something on his mind. Whenever there was a gleam of consciousness he would search the faces round his bed for some face he missed, and call for "Helen! Helen!"

It was always the same cry, "Helen!" The Vicar returned sadly to his house in the suburbs.

Helen met her father at the Vicarage gate. She had been waiting for him, pacing up and down the path outside, watching for his return.

He saw her waiting there, and a cry for help went up to the darkening skies. He took her arm silently in his, and drew her up the steps.

She had met him with a question in her eyes, on her lips.

"Well?"

He did not answer her, he took her arm silently and led her into the house and closed the door.

When he had got her inside, through the dusky hall into his study beyond, he told her to kneel down.

She knelt down unquestioning, and he folded her hands, and held them between his own.

"Now," he said, "repeat after me 'Thy will be done.'"

Helen repeated the words meekly, a

light gradually breaking upon her.

While she knelt there, with upraised hands, her father told her of her lover's sickness.

The next morning, when the hospital gate was opened, Helen and her father were waiting outside.

The house surgeon coming out of the ward met them at the top of the stairs, the white-haired old man and the young girl clinging to his arm. He took in the situation at a glance when they enquired for the patient.

"He died an hour ago."

The Curate had obeyed the Bishop's command.

He had passed within the veil.

Thy People

By H. M. Batten

Cont'd from page 6

ammunition. That was where the red man came out. He realized it next morning when, lying under the shadow of the cedars, he saw the trader depart for the world of the south—saw him glide by within easy range of even such a rifle as Drayten would have traded him.

The Indian would have followed, but that he had no way of following, so thereafter he turned his attention towards the boy—the boy who was to marry Takato. Here something rose up in the soul of John Serox—perhaps his very manhood. The boy was only a boy, joyous in the golden age of life, as he himself had been ere he went to prison. He could not do the thing in cold blood. They must meet man to man, each with a fair understanding, and then—well then, the fittest would survive.

When David Drayten found the sign awaiting him that evening, he little dreamt that it was a life or death affair. He gave the answering sign as we have seen, then cheerfully proceeded to forget all about the incident. Next evening he took his canoe and crossed the river, intent on visiting some musquash sets in the lonely beaver meadow across the way.

John Serox watched him go, and it occurred to the Indian that the lonely swamp was a suitable place for the meeting. He himself had no canoe with which to cross, but in places the creek had been partially dammed by the beavers, and was deep and sluggish.

John Serox chose one of these places, and fully clothed, he stepped down at the beaver landing, when from the soft mud there rose a grip of steel, closing upon his moccasined foot, and like a flash John Serox knew that he had stepped into a beaver trap set just below the surface at the edge of deep water.

Long confinement had perhaps dulled the edge of the Indian's senses for now, too late, he saw his error. The pain of the vise-like grip and the sudden detention of his foot threw him headlong into the depths beyond, where he sank heavily.

The trap was set in accordance with usual custom to catch and drown an imprisoned beaver. A trapped beaver instantly dives, and therefore the trap is attached by its interconnecting chain to a stake driven into the bed in the deep water beyond. At the bottom end of this stake a single snag is left, so that when the beaver dives, the chain slips down the stake and over the snag, which effectively prevents the unhappy creature from rising and so drowns in the depths ere it can tear away its imprisoned limb.

So it was with Serox, who, by life's crowning irony, was caught in the trap set by the very man whom he had designed to kill. As Serox sank the chain slipped down the stake, and as the Indian rose he found himself fast to the bed of the pool.

Serox did not struggle or try to free himself. He knew the helplessness of his position. With one hand he clutched the stake and drew himself up till his face was clear of the surface, but by then the chain was taut holding his imprisoned foot down in deep water. He dare not move lest the stake should yield, yet he could bring no force to bear to drag it from the clinging clay of the creek bed.

For one hour Serox clung there, pierced through and through by the clinging cold. Then he felt himself sinking, and with the frantic strength of a drowning man he would have fought to free himself, but that, in the silver moonlight he saw the figure of David Drayten on the opposite shore. He would have cried out, but his savage manhood forbade it. He was sinking again, and instinct bade him fight against that cold embrace of death. He struggled to free himself,

and David Drayten saw the movement in the water.

When next John Serox opened his eyes he was in a bed in the trading post. David Drayten stood over him, and the girl Takato held something warm to his lips.

Then it was that the strength of John Serox crumbled away like a pack of cards—the strength that for eight long years had bound him steadfast in purpose, bidding him live when many an Indian would have perished. For five weeks he raged in delirium, and all that a sick man could desire the trading post found for him. But Takato it was who sat by his bed at night time, talking to him in the soft lingo of his tribe, which somehow bore the music of running waters and the song of birds; and with the passing of the fever dreams the love of life awoke in the soul of John Serox.

* * * *

Spring was near. Again the wild geese honked and boomed their way across the heavens, and the velvet green of the woods was stirred by the Chinook winds. At dusk John Serox and the girl Takato sat side by side on the cedar landing stage. At their feet was the painted prow of a native birchbark, piled high with all the

things an Indian needs when he hits the long trail for the lands the white man knows not. The fading light softened their features, infinite in its purity, boundless with the joy of life, endless in the youth of a world that cannot grow old.

Then John Serox spoke, and as he spoke the intervening years slipped out of time, and his youth, his glorious youth, was his again. He spoke slowly and gravely of the far-off hunting grounds whither he was bound, where the trail of the trader's snowshoe was a thing unknown, and where the crack of the white man's rifle never yet disturbed the twilight quietude.

After a time the girl answered with words as old as history, "My master" she said. "we have drunk deeply of the cup of the white race, and these things we have come to know. We know that the red man cannot be white, nor the white red, for deep waters lie between them. The Indian who tries to be white belongs not to the white race nor to the red. He belongs to no one, which is to everyone, and sorrow befalls him. My master goes to a far-off hunting land where the sun shines and the birds sing and the fat deer are in the grassy bays, and whither he goes I will follow. His land shall be my land, and his people my people. His children will

I serve and his word shall be my sacred law. Takato has spoken."

So northwards they turned together, and for them the birds sang and the sun shone while around them the blossoms drifted.

Bill's Baby

By C. G. Booth

Cont'd from page 12

it came to taking the girl he loved, and had loved, since first seeing. We decided it would be as well to let old Durham into the secret of his son's death. The old man came through the heart-breaking realization of his son's rottenness like the Spartan that he is. I was in his office the other day, and I noticed a photograph of little Phil on this desk. No one knows why it is there, but Bill and his wife, and the old man and I. No one else will ever know, either.

"You know," said the lady whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years."

"Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for fifty-four years."

A Dainty Dish

She was a young missionary to China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal, she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room.

Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers!

An Irish farmer, waking up in the night, saw an apparition at the foot of the bed. He reached out for a gun and perforated the ghost with a bullet. In the morning he discovered that he had made a target of his own shirt.

"What did you do then?" inquired the friend to whom he told the story.

"I knelt down and thanked God that I hadn't been inside it," said the farmer piously.

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Some Impressions of "Modernists"

By Edith G. Bayne



RE we ready for art?" the West has always asked itself, dubiously, and it has at least been sincere and candid, in this attitude.

"How can Art flourish, how can it even exist, on the bald prairie?" cry some supercilious critics, both from the East and from the West. "How could we expect color and charm and proportion and variety and life and most of all that indefinable artist's sense, from people whose lives are lived on the drab plain?"

There is something in this. If there is a prairie artist we have yet to meet him. But to assume that there is no art, spelled with the small "a", on the vast bosom of the prairie is wrong. There is ineffable beauty in a field of growing wheat and uninterrupted perspective in the contemplation of horizon lines, while many a coulee and poplar-ringed slough has the most arresting kind of charm, especially in the autumn of the year when the reds and yellows and russets of the leaves and ground-vines make a glory of the earth. To the animal lover a huddle of cows or sheep in the lee of a strawstack make a picture second to none unless it be horses drinking in a willow-fringed pool. A collie bringing home cattle, or cattle fleeing before an oncoming storm, a prairie fire, a harvest scene, a covey of September ducks, a farmer plowing—these are a few suggestive studies.

Art should make a universal appeal. If it is too subtle, too complicated too "advanced" in expression, it cannot reach or touch people as a whole and is therefore a failure or a distortion. Just as the simplest music has always touched the most hearts so with pictures. One cannot look at a "modernist" study and think of it as standing the test of time in the sense that the old, well-loved music has.

Speaking from the viewpoint of the "crude West" and as one who possibly is lacking in that artist's sense spoken of a moment since, but who loves good pictures, nevertheless, we can truthfully assert that the recent "modernist" art exhibit left us unimproved and unimpressed. The most of it filled us with a feeling of bafflement and this sensation seemed to be rather general. One mild old lady with a lorgnette went about shaking her head in a wholly puzzled and non-plussed way. A serious-looking middle-aged gentleman held a hand to his temple almost continuously as though to still some of the throbbing induced by contemplating this new and inexplicable form of painting. He put the whole question into a nutshell when he said to a neighbor, as he indicated a cryptic study:

"When it would have been so much easier for the artist to do it the right way why did he choose to do it the wrong way?"

A very old man stood it as long as he could, and then wheeling suddenly he leaned across the brass rail and quavered in semi-shrill tones:

"Will some one be good enough to come and tell me what these pictures do mean? I reckon my eyesight ain't as good as it useter be!"

But if he received any satisfaction from the various explanations tendered him he failed to show it, and finally we saw him hobbling away with his cane, his shoulders a little more bent we fancied, and mumbling sorrowfully to himself. Art, as exemplified by the exhibit he had just seen, had done nothing for him. Nor for a pathetic-looking old lady in black who had been an artist in her day.

"Who," she inquired in a faint voice of the passing curator, "who painted these—these—pictures?"

He regaled her with a list of names, adding much enthusiastic eulogy.

"Call my car, please," she requested in a weary voice, after she had thanked him.

One woman fainted. "Poor dear, she's been on her feet too long!" exclaimed a sympathetic friend, as she eased her to a bench.

But we knew better. The poor creature had been bowled over by too much "art"! She said as much, upon recovering. Norah M. Holland, a poet and a friend of ours, wrote us in a personal note her own impressions of a "modernist" art exhibit. She speaks frankly and fearlessly and altogether Erin-go-Bragh-ishly, handling the case sans gloves:

"I went up and had a look at the 'new

art' exhibition. Ye gods! I suppose I'm not modern enough to appreciate modern art. It was the most horrible collection of nightmares I ever saw in my life! Imagine two very convincing bright yellow polar bears playing about in a bath of tomato soup! The artist called it Autumn Sunlight! A little way off was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius which the artist had christened, "An Old Red Barn"! A really striking picture of a side of beef in a thunderstorm, the meaty texture done to perfection, but without enough yellow in the fat, was masquerading as a 'Storm on Algoma Bay! What with brown sunsets, purple trees, green cows and scarlet water, my head was soon in a whirl. I had to go out into the hall and look at a collection of old English water colors before I recovered. A modernist is too violent, whether in art, literature or life! It is Bolshevism, this free verse and futurist painting, and I think each of those 'artists' should get six months in jail."

We missed the bright yellow polar bears but saw what looked like a reindeer sitting on his haunches on a huge washtub or vat. It was entitled "The Pond in the Woods!" There was another masterpiece that drew the fascinated gaze of everybody from a distance of thirty feet. A man in a Roman toga was clutching a lady bareback-rider by the scruff of the neck as though about to fling her from a cliff in true melodramatic-villain style.

"Why don't circuses hold their rows in camera," complained a man from behind somewhere in a resigned and yet slightly pettish voice, "instead of trying to immortalize them like this!"

But the picture, it appeared, had nothing whatever to do with the sawdust ring. On the contrary! It was called "The Infant's Prayer!"

A very edifying picture of two kittens out for a sail had a circle of children around it nearly all the time. The pussies reposed in the stern sheets and were most realistic, seeming, too, to be thoroughly enjoying themselves despite the incontestable fact that the feline world regards a wetting in about the same degree as a certain personage is said to like holy water. The spray was flying and the waves were washing rather high. It made one spectator seasick, he declared. But what was the title the artist had seen fit to bestow upon this strikingly convincing study? "Lady Millicent in the Library!"

Were the kittens her feet? But if so, where was the rest of her? And where were the books? A grave-looking young man, part-student, part-rancher one guessed, scratched his firm young jaw reflectively and hazarded this:

"Maybe this Lady What's-her-name lives in one of these here duplex apartments and she's forgotten to swing the bathroomette back and bring the library-ette into view!"

So that's all the good the artfest did us! We were continually getting things mixed as it were. Nobody looking at all arty—or guilty—was to be seen anywhere about. One man said that perhaps the "artists" hadn't yet drawn out life insurance and were timorous about venturing abroad. Another, wearing the tense look of one who has eaten things verboten at eleven p.m. and fears he'll have bad dreams before the night is over, declared that Los Angeles had better look to her laurels for everything he had beheld was now "reeling" past his vision.

"It is very moving art," he said. "But to ban it would only mean to boost it. So I'll say no more, but here's where I quit!"

When the West asks itself: "Are we ready for art?" there is still doubt and hesitancy in the question and in the implied answer. We may be all that they say we are—crude, materialistic and practical to a degree. The westerner's creed is spoken in terms of wheat, 'number one hard,' of town subdivisions and of oil-stock and cattle perhaps. But it is only in the matter of buying and selling. That primitive yearning in every human breast for the good, the true, the beautiful, cannot be effectually smothered and Art will come into her own on the colorless prairie as truly as it has in the refulgent East. The West may have only a skyline at present. But give her time. The aesthetic will be hers, too, some day, when Bolshevism Art is a thing forgotten.

Editorial

Cont'd from page 3

When other families saw the experiment a number followed the example. As a result, no less than twenty orphan children have been given homes, and almost as many homes have been cheered and comforted.

Possibly one reason why people without families hesitate to adopt children is the fear that they might never care for them. Those who have adopted children have quite a different story to tell.

The fact is that no family is complete without children. It is as true of parents as of men and women generally that they save their lives by losing them in the service of others. The best thing a man or a woman can do to develop personality and character is to "get lost in some one else." A couple living alone in a home are likely to become selfish, and consequently unhappy, and this because their lives are incomplete.

A Dangerous Attitude

Mr. John Calder, manager of industrial relationships for the Swift Co., Chicago, made a remarkable speech in this city last week. Pointing out that native-born Americans and Canadians are showing a tendency to avoid manual labor on the ground that it is demeaning, he said that "Our whole civilization rests upon an army of minor task workers who now perform much work which the native man refuses to undertake." He considered that it was necessary to admit people of this kind. That is just what the railway builders of Canada and the Pacific Coast adventurers said some years ago, and they loaded up the country with a lot of undesirables who are now a menace to our national development.

A far better argument for Mr. Calder would be to tell Canadian and American young people that unless they get down to honest hard work they should prepare to starve, and to tell American and Canadian employers that the present industrial system can continue only if workmen are given such treatment as will make toil honorable rather than demeaning.

If native born refuse to work they will lose their manhood and their power of government, and these despised "minor task workers" will become in the next generation the masters. That is what is taking place right here in Western Canada. The best thing native-born Canadians and Americans can do is to set their own young people to work in their own factories. Then if the prices are wrong everybody will know it. When an employer puts his own children at work in his own factory, on the same level as other workers, he may learn a few things to his own advantage. So also this son of his being in close contact with the father may be enabled to enlighten the mass of workers as to real business conditions. One of the causes of unrest to-day is the fact that workers have often altogether wrong information as to what the masters are making out of their investments. Clear

and definite statements are very desirable. Mr. Calder well says:

"The question of industrial relationship must be dealt with on both ethical and economic grounds; there must be honesty and justice on both sides; terms and agreement must be free from arbitrary demands not in accord with sound business judgment. Whatever work of improvement is done should be done along purely constructive lines as a policy of wisdom and justice."

Provincial Politics

In all Canada there are evidences of new political alignments. This is particularly true in provincial affairs. The feeling is growing that a legislature should be conducted somewhat like a City Council, rather than like the Parliament of Canada. A body of good representative men chosen without regard to party or class affiliation could freely choose their leaders and committees and there is reason to believe that these could work together harmoniously and with due regard to public welfare. It may be that minority government such as now exists in some of the provinces will lead to the overthrow of party government in provincial affairs. Would it be a misfortune?

National Resources

Another great source of wealth has been found in the far Northwest. Canada has unexampled wealth in oil. It is for the Canadian Parliament to use this oil for the Canadian people. It should be no gift to private companies. The Dominion is as able to explore the field and develop mines as any private company. We have given away coal fields, forests, water-rights, fishing rights and nearly everything else. Let us keep our hands on our last resource. There is enough wealth available to pay our national debt. Why not keep the wealth for the Canadian people?

A Candid Doctor

Physicians and lawyers are sometimes charged with protracting profitable "cases" through months, and perhaps years, that could have been disposed of in a few days or weeks. One medical man, who had no temptation to that kind of practise, was frank enough to take advantage of the impeachment, and put the blame where it belonged.

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifle made her uneasy, and the doctor was called immediately.

The doctor was a skilful man, and consequently had a large practise. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing, and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

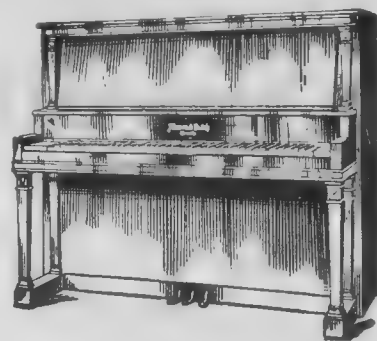
"You did well to send for me early."

The lady looked alarmed, and asked:

"Is it dangerous, then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor.

"To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."



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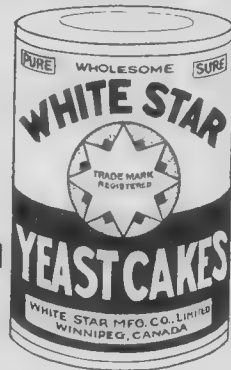
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Beware the Income Tax

Canadian people do not like being ordered around by officials, and a feeling of resentment has been aroused by the very drastic and autocratic regulations which were included in the Dominion Income Tax last year, and which are now in force. However, the law is the law, and those subject to income tax will be well advised to study the requirements of the Act, as the time is drawing near for returns to be made to the government.

Those persons subject to the Income Tax must not wait for the forms which they have to fill up to be sent to them, they must go to the nearest post office or Income Tax office and get them. Employers must send in a statement to the government on the forms provided showing the names and addresses of the persons they employed during 1920 and the amount of salary or wages paid to such employees. This statement must be sent in by March 31.

The tax payer must send in his own return on or before April 30, and is given greater responsibilities in this connection than in previous years, for he must figure out the amount of taxes he is liable for, and pay at least one-fourth of that amount when filing his return. A special form will be supplied to farmers upon which to make their return. The government has fixed heavy penalties for those who fail to live up to the regulations. A man who sends his return in late will have his tax increased 25%. If he understates his income from 10% to 20%, half of the unreported income will be taken from him, but if he underestimates it more than 20% all of the unreported income will be taken from him, and he is also liable to get six months in jail and to be fined \$10,000 for a false statement.

Imperial Bank Providing Increased Facilities

With that well-balanced optimism which is so characteristic of Canadian banking institutions, the Imperial Bank of Canada is planning to extend its operations in the West in order to keep abreast of the demand for banking facilities. It is understood that this bank is particularly desirous of extending its operations in rural districts where banking facilities are not now available and it is said to have already made arrangements to open new branches in the Peace River district. This is very encouraging news and demonstrates the faith of the officers of the Imperial Bank in the future of the West, and also denotes that the bank's officials look for a marked increase in business activity within a reasonable time.

While discussing current events with a representative of the Western Home Monthly, Mr. J. B. Priestman, the assistant manager of the main Winnipeg branch of the Imperial Bank, referred to the splendid services which women rendered to the banks during the war period, and which they have continued to render since. It will be remembered that there was considerable doubt expressed in the early days of the war as to whether women could fill men's places in banking positions, but in this as in many other activities formerly confined to men, Canadian women have proved their worth with the result that many women have been able to hold these positions and fill them to the utmost satisfaction of banking officials.

What Investment Yield Means

When reading the financial news or when examining the advertisements of stockbrokers and bond dealers a reader will often see a statement which states that such and such a bond can be bought to yield the purchaser a certain rate of interest. Although such a statement is well understood by financial men it often creates a wrong impression in the minds of men not acquainted with financial terms. As an instance, bonds of the Province of Saskatchewan, which are payable on February 1st, 1936, are being offered to the public at 99.03, and accrued

interest, at which price the yield to the investor is 6.10%. Now what does this mean? It means that you can buy a bond worth a face value of \$1,000 for \$990.30, plus the interest on \$1,000 from February 1st, 1921 at 6% to date of your purchase. The face value of \$1,000 is the amount which you will receive if you keep the bond until it falls due on February 1, 1936, and in the meantime you will receive \$30 on the first of February and August in each year up to that date. Now if you go to the trouble to figure this investment out on a mathematical basis you will find that if you keep that bond until February 1, 1936, you will get back your original investment of \$990.30, and in addition will have received interest on your investment at the rate of 6.10% per annum. The important thing to remember is that when a bond dealer states that an investment bought at a certain price will yield upon a certain rate of interest he is figuring on the assumption that you will keep that investment until it falls due. If you sell it before the due date you may get a greater rate of interest on your investment or a smaller rate. This depends upon the price you get when you sell.

The Investment Bargain Counter

The rapidity with which good bonds are being snapped up by investors is plain proof of the golden opportunities which the investment market offers to investors to-day. It has been possible during the past few months to buy gilt-edged securities such as bonds of the various provinces, Victory bonds and many first class municipal bonds at prices which will yield the purchaser from 6% to 7%. Even now these excellent securities can be bought at prices which yield the investor over 6%. When this return on an investment is compared with the yield of from 4% to 4 3/4%, which prevailed just prior to the outbreak of war, it can readily be seen that a change has taken place.

It is significant to note in this connection how the rate of yield has steadily declined during the past month or so. A few weeks ago the province of Alberta sold a bond issue and the price paid by the purchasers gave them a yield of 6.35%. A few days later the province of Ontario sold an issue at a price which gave the purchasers a yield of 6.28%. This was followed by the province of Saskatchewan selling an issue which yielded 6.24% to the purchasers. Still the yield dropped down, and a week or so ago the city of Winnipeg sold a bond issue at a price which yielded only 6.185%, to the purchaser and last week the city of Toronto was able to sell a large issue at a price which reduced the yield to 6.11%. This gradual decline is very interesting and instructing for it shows very clearly the direction in which interest rates on first class securities are travelling.

Well-Known Judge Discusses Life Insurance and Trust Companies

His. Hon. Judge Myers, of Winnipeg, recently gave the public the benefit of his experiences as Judge for many years in the Surrogate Court at Winnipeg. It is Judge Myers' duty to examine the financial affairs of the people who die in his district, and his experiences have been many and varied. As a result of them the Judge states that he has made his mind up on three things, namely:

- (1) Every person should make a will.
- (2) Every person who makes a will should name an executor therein, preferably a trust company.
- (3) Every person should carry as much life insurance as he or she can afford.

In dealing with wills the Judge pointed out a number of important matters which are not generally known. For instance, if a man makes a will before marriage, as soon as he is married the will is cancelled. This is an important thing to know because sometimes people make a will on the eve of their marriage. A person who is a witness to a will cannot benefit by

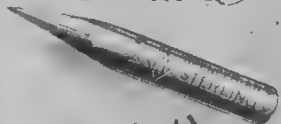
IN WITNESS WHEREOF,

The parties to this agreement have hereunto set their hand, the day and year first above written. Signed and acknowledged in the presence of

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the will, and if anything is left to them by the will they cannot claim it, but such a circumstance does not affect the rest of the will.

The Judge's experiences confirm his belief that it is usually much better to appoint a trust company as executor or administrator of an estate, as such a company is able to handle the business involved to much greater advantage than an individual can.

He is also very strong in his recommendation of the value of life insurance. He gave a number of illustrations of actual happenings where men had died leaving nothing but mortgaged homes and unpaid debts to the sorrowing widows and children, and on the other hand he gave several instances of men who had carried enough life insurance to pay all their debts when they died and still have a very satisfactory balance of ready cash available to tide his family over the misfortune which his death occasioned.

These tributes to life assurance and to trust companies coming from a man with the experience which Judge Myers has had are worthy of careful consideration by all business men and should make them realize to the fullest extent the debt which they owe to those depending upon them.

90 Years of Age and Still Going Strong

Way back in the early years of the nineteenth century when Western Canada was comparatively unknown except for the few adventurous souls who made their way West, a group of far-sighted business men got together and decided to form a bank. In those days such a movement required courage, patience and money. But these men persisted and in 1832 laid the foundations of what is now the Bank of Nova Scotia. After nearly ninety years of active service this institution stands to-day in the forefront of Canadian banking institutions, and its branches spread from one end to the other of the Dominion. It now has approximately 300 branches including offices in Newfoundland, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Porto Rico, Jamaica, Boston, Mass., Chicago, New York and London, Eng.

The financial position of the bank is particularly strong, for it has a reserve fund nearly twice as great as its capital. The paid-up capital now amounts to \$9,700,000, and the reserve fund totals \$18,000,000. It has paid dividends at the rate of 16% for the past two years and its \$100 shares are worth around \$260 each. Now a word about these dividends would not be out of place at this point. For every \$100 share held the bank pays \$16 each year to the shareholder, but this does not mean that he gets 16% on his money. If you buy a share in this bank to-day you must pay \$260 for it, so you will only get \$16 interest on \$260, which works out at the rate of 6.15%. The same reasoning applies to the earnings of the bank. Some misinformed people say that the bank makes 16%, but it does nothing of the kind, because its profits are earned on the capital of \$9,700,000, and the reserve of \$18,000,000 combined, which brings down the rate of earnings to about 8%.

Needless to state the present splendid position which the bank occupies has been the result of careful, conservative and shrewd management, and the facts that the bank has assets of \$240,000,000 under its control and holds deposits from the public totalling \$184,745,845 reveal the high position which it commands in the public confidence.

King George and Lloyd-George

Although David Lloyd-George, the statesman, has achieved much fame and success since he left Criccieth, the little town in Wales where he first practised law, he would hardly lay claim to any such triumphant career as a compatriot attributed to him.

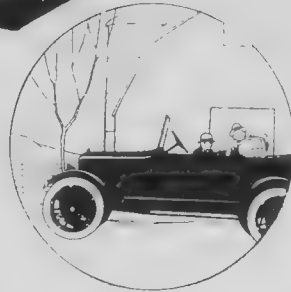
Shortly after the death of King Edward, says the Boston "Transcript," an Englishman traveling in Wales got into talk with an elderly Welshman. The traveler happened to be the first to tell the old man of the king's death.

"And who might be king now?" asked the Welshman.

"Why, George is king now."

"George!" exclaimed the old man, in surprise. "Well, how he has got on, to be sure—and I remember him as a little lawyer in Criccieth!"

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	1917	1918	1919	1920
Business in Force	\$535,350.00	\$1,212,300.00	\$1,874,994.00	\$3,179,968.00
Total Assets	216,134.95	398,946.02	583,378.12	647,382.69
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TYPEWRITERS for sale, cheap. Slightly used but good as new. Trial allowed. Easy monthly payments. Write Bertha Payne, Shawnee, Kansas. 3-21

FOR SALE—Silver, patch and red foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N.S. 3-21

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THE DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS for America; the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in America, A.D. 1620; size 26 by 34. Mrs. DeSilver, Liverpool, Nova Scotia. 3-21

COLLECTORS—Package free! Postage 3 cents. Roach Brothers, Dept. E., Britannia Beach, B.C. 4-21

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IMMORTALITY CERTAIN—Swedenborg's great work on Heaven and Hell, and a real world beyond. Over 400 pages, only 25c. post-paid. H. S. Law, 486 Euclid Ave., Toronto. 5-21

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235 SILK PIECES \$1.00—500 for \$2.00, assorted colors; velvet, 25 pieces, 50c., 60 for \$1.00; cotton-prints for quilting, 1 lb. 60c., 4 lbs. \$2.00, postpaid; one gold filled ring with stone, warranted two years; one bottle perfume, one silk handkerchief, 5 fine postcards, complete set, \$1.00 (regular price \$1.60); one stereoscope and 36 views around the world and a guide book for \$1.50, post-paid; fine gifts. Allen Novelty, St. Zacharie, Que. 3-21

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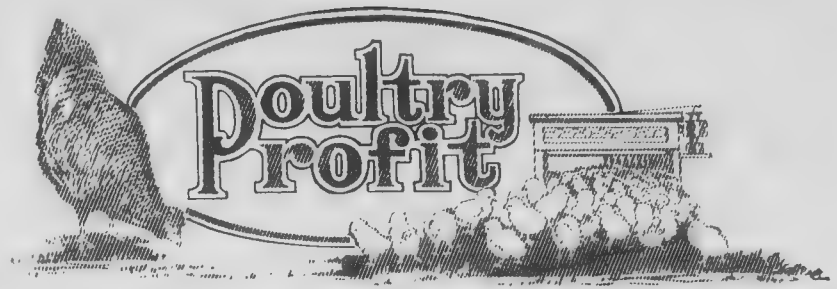
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By Helen E. Vialoux

THE BIG FAIR AND SPRING WORK IN THE CHICKEN RUN

The Annual Poultry Show held in the Winnipeg Board of Trade Auditorium from February 2 to February 8, had three outstanding features, namely: The most magnificent birds ever shown in Winnipeg, the largest number of entries, around 3,000 birds, and a record attendance of 10,000 people in the eight days of the show.

A number of rare varieties of fancy breeds were shown, imported stock, Silver Grey Dorkings, Hamburgs, crested Polish, Black Javas and La Fleche. Sidney Cross, of Killarney, was the chief exhibitor of rare breeds, and won many prizes.

Four Mahogany Russian O.lóffs, owned by Percy Whitebread, Winnipeg, a breed recently introduced from Russia and shown for the first time in Winnipeg, were quite an attraction to the curious.

The spacious auditorium is such an excellent place for a large poultry show. Each bird or group of birds cooped in airy compartments, can be seen in a good light. The largest class shown were the White Wyandottes, a truly beautiful collection of snowy birds. The Barred Rocks were a splendid class, out in large numbers. The Manitoba bred birds in this class shown by Geo. Wood, and A. F. Earle, won many coveted prizes. The Buff Orpingtons and Rhode Island Red classes were also well filled. In the light breeds the White Leghorns were a splendid exhibit, and as usual a great attraction. The S. C. Anconas (really a black and white mottled Leghorn), a somewhat new breed in the West, were a large exhibit. W. H. Howe's pen of 10 Anconas, champion layers in the Dominion-Wide Egg Laying Contest, and Thos. Lund, White Wyandottes, who took second place at Brandon, were the centre of attraction to many visitors, who are interested in egg production. The veteran Barred Rock hen, from the M. A. C. poultry plant, was again on view, with a string of her famous sons and daughters and granddaughters. The mother Rock looks none the worse for her heavy egg-laying and may produce another 200 odd eggs this year, though she is four years old.

An electric brooder, full of wee chickens aged (2) two days, was a source of never ending delight to the children. The chicks were White Leghorns, and hatched at the College.

Each day of the big show various contests were staged, the plucking contests for professionals, as well as amateurs, were most interesting, many entries being made in each class. In the professional contest, D. Robinson won first prize plucking three birds in nine minutes, second, A. Parker, 13½ minutes; L. Gronbach, third, 14½ minutes. Amateurs' class—A. Chumley, first; D. Berchill, second.

The crowing contest was a novelty introduced this season. Each evening crowds would gather to hear the roosters crow. The Bantams taking the lead. A Buff Cochin bantam, owned by J. Yellowlees, Winnipeg, came off with flying colors, crowing twelve times in five minutes.

The attendance trophy of a pen of prize Anconas won by J. Tapley, of Charleswood, who held the lucky ticket in 10,000 issued at the gate.

Great credit is due Prof. Herner and his directors for the success of the show. The interest in keeping good poultry was keenly shown by the thousands of visitors and now that all foodstuffs have dropped to a fairly reasonable price the poultry industry will grow by leaps and bounds, especially in the towns and cities. The back garden hen has come to stay. Owing to large importations of southern eggs and some shipments of Chinese eggs, the price of new laid eggs declined somewhat sharply in February, but, up to the end of the month, there were really no Manitoba new laid eggs to speak of

shipped in from country points, and the strictly new laid product retailed at 70 to 75 cents in Winnipeg, and I predict around 50 cents per dozen for new laid eggs all this spring.

We must needs turn our attention very shortly to hatching and rearing chicks once more, and I hope some timely hints along this line may prove helpful to beginners especially. Do not try and secure your machine hatches too early, April or the last week in March is quite soon enough to hatch chicks that will develop into good fall layers. Our climate throughout the West is too variable in early spring to raise broods of incubator chicks without a great deal of trouble and expense. Then again these early birds, especially of the Leghorn breed (the most fertile in early spring) mature rapidly, and when they should be laying in winter, are very liable to begin to moult after laying a few autumn eggs, much to the disappointment of the breeder. There does not seem to be "any best" machine incubator on the market at present as there are so many excellent makes advertised in all the farm papers. All that is needed is a sane method of handling, coupled with fertile eggs gathered as fresh as possible.

Many persons seem troubled in regard to inter-mixture of breeds, where two or more pens of fowls are allowed to run together during the winter months. If each breed is penned up and properly mated, one cockerel to 12 or 15 hens of the heavy breeds, and a few more females, say 20 Leghorns to one male in the light breeds for 14 or 15 days, there will be no mixtures of breeds whatever, but often a beginner has not the proper pens and runs, then cross breeding will result as a matter of course. I should advise the amateur either on the farm or back garden to keep only one breed, choose your favorite, as greater success will follow your efforts if you think you have the best breed going! Following this reasoning I have kept the Barred Rocks for over twenty years, never use a bird in the breeding pen that has been sick or is ailing. Select for the pen the alert, well set up female, a pullet, hen or old timer that has made good. The number of grandmothers that managed to take prizes at the big Winnipeg show was surprising.

A close observer can pick out the really good layers in a small flock without a trap nest. The hens that have been fed plenty of vegetable food in some form, even potato peelings are not to be despised, and have had buttermilk or any kind of beef scrap and ordinary care, will lay fertile eggs in March and April. Egg fertility, by the way, is not inherited, but, needless to say, heavy egg production is to a marked degree.

In building up a farm flock secure a pure-bred male of a good laying strain always. The Manitoba Agricultural College plant is breeding hundreds of these cockerels each season to ship out into the country wherever required. Many persons prefer to buy baby chicks and raise them in brooders. Sometimes splendid results are obtained by this method, but, again, there are others who cannot raise the chicks with any success. One worried lady telephoned me last spring begging for a remedy for her ailing chicks which she had in an electric heated brooder in one of her sitting rooms. The food and care was ideal, yet these ungrateful little mites were just dying off for no apparent reason, showing little sign of sickness before death. This is most harrowing to a beginner, but I am afraid it is a common experience when chicks are, perhaps, shipped a great distance and perchance take a chill or have become overheated. Personally I would prefer taking chances with three or four mother hens, set them with care and let them do the raising of chicks themselves until some experience has been gained in the business.

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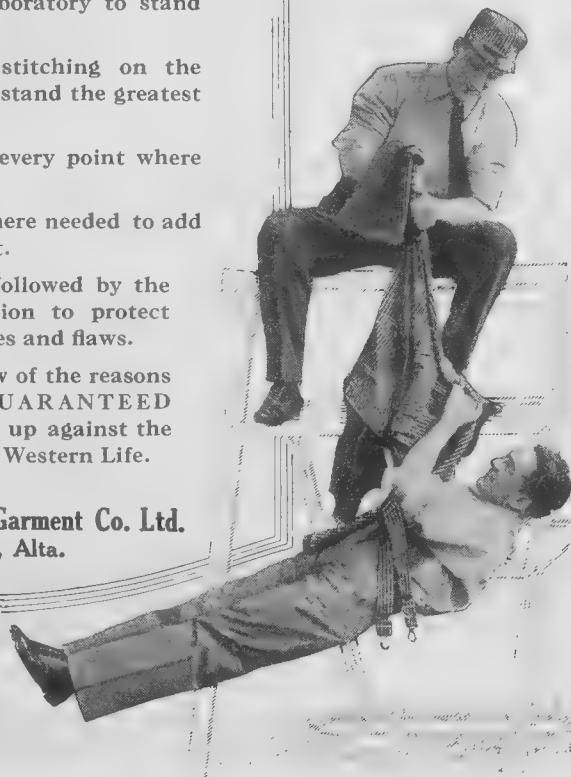
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DORCHESTER, MASS.

Find a good sized packing box such as groceries come in, 18 by 24 inches and a foot deep, is suitable. Find a grass sod in the garden, turn it upside down and make a hollowed nest with soft leaves, or chaff, or other material that will hold the eggs in the nest. The dampness from the sod will keep the eggs from drying out during incubation. The hen should never have a nest she is obliged to hop down into, as she will break the eggs or make them roll under the filling, and, therefore, she will be unable to have all of her eggs register 102 fah. as they should do.

In April hens should not be given more than 10 or 11 eggs to hatch. Cool snaps are frequent and better hatches will result. On the farm May is the ideal hatching month. Set the machine the end of April, or as many hens as can be induced to get broody, then a fine lot of dependable pullets can be secured ready to lay in early winter. Keep on setting hens until the last week in May then call a halt, unless a few chicks are raised as late roosters and broilers for family use.

The Cool Stranger

Business was brisk in the village store, says the London "Answers," when the stranger entered.

"Any of you drive up in a trap?" he asked casually.

"Yes, I did," said Farmer Greenacre. "Why do you ask?"

"Grey horse, and an old lady inside?"

"Yes, that's right. But —"

"Can she manage him all right?" said the stranger.

"I should think so," replied Greenacre. "Why, my wife's druv that horse ever since he was a three-year-old!"

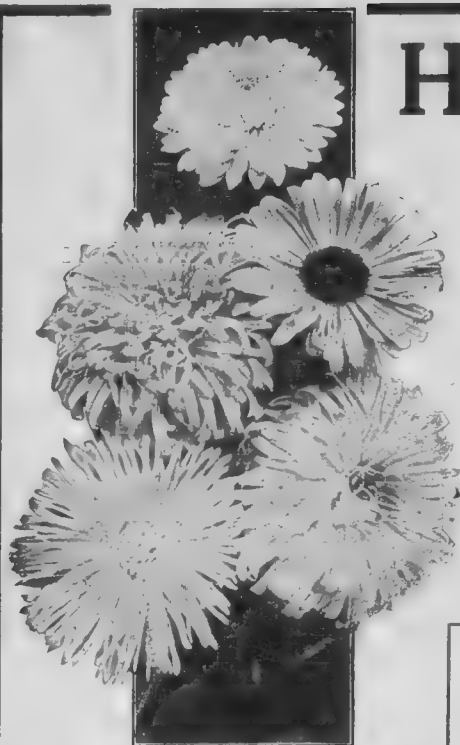
"That's all right, then," said the stranger. "I merely asked because the grey has just gone down the street like a mad bull, and the old lady's hanging on to the back of the trap, screaming 'Murder!' Still, if she can manage him, there's nothing to get excited about. How's the price of potatoes down your way?"

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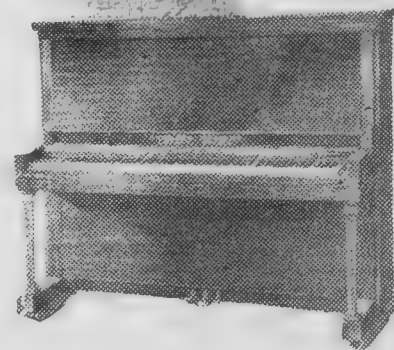
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EASTER MUSIC

BY LILLIAN SCARTH

Winnipeg has had a heavy music season during this last winter, but the advance schedule of concerts looks as though the bigger end of it were still to come. In March we are to have Rudolph Ganz, the Swiss pianist, give a recital with the Winnipeg Male Voice Choir on the 9th. March 21 we shall hear Miss Mairi Matheson's recital of Hebridean folk songs in Gaelic and English; R. Craig Campbell, of New York, formerly of Winnipeg. March 28 marks the arrival of the San Carlo Opera Co. for a two weeks' visit.

In April Kathleen Parlow, famous Canadian woman violinist, will be heard on the 20th, when Fred M. Gee, of Winnipeg, will return with her after an eleven weeks' tour as her piano accompanist. The annual Manitoba Musical Competition Festival, under the Men's Musical Club, will start Monday, April 11 and continue during the week.

Announcements from the Winnipeg Oratorio Society on plans for the Western Spring Festival will shortly be made. This festival of music has hitherto meant the visit for three days every spring of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and accompanying noted guest soloists, making it the premier music event of the year for the city and country. At the Festival, the Oratorio Society Choir under John J. Moncrieff, its leader, presents some great choral work, the orchestra accompanying.

Easter tide will soon be here, the festival of the Resurrection, when paeons of adoration will ascend to the Heavenly Father from the multitudes of His erring children on earth. In the churches the scent of Easter lilies will mingle with organ, harmonies and songs of thanksgiving for the Paschal victory over death and sin. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord," says the Psalmist.

Back in that dim, olden time of our pagan, Saxon forefathers, Eastertide meant the celebration of the coming of spring, the worship of the goddess, Ostra or Eastre, personification of the east, the morning, the opening of the year. The early Christian church, wisely realizing what was ineradicable and deeply rooted, turned the Saxon rites into Christian significance and found the conversion easy in this case. Joy in the awakening of nature from the long cold sleep of winter, joy in the natural rising of the sun, became joy at the Resurrection of the Christ from the grave, joy at the rising of the Sun of Righteousness.

From the remotest times music has been associated with rejoicing. Praise is the essence of religious worship and in song, the union of melody and words, the grateful heart finds its natural utterance. And on the other hand, by its very indefiniteness of expression and because it is of all the arts, the one most closely bound up with the feelings, it seems peculiarly fitted to be the channel for all the vague yearnings of man, his questioning of the mysterious laws that govern life and death, the cry for eternity, which find their greatest solace in religion.

Thus music, like all the arts, has been brought into close association with the church, has been profoundly influenced by its spirit and has been tremendously stimulated by the demands the latter has made upon the art. The early history of music is almost entirely a history of sacred music which is now but one branch of it but that one of the highest importance.

Martin Luther, father of the Reformation, knew what music meant to the worshippers, and he set to work to arrange for the people to have a recognized part in the musical side of the service. He wrote and adapted hymns suitable for introducing into the liturgy and composed and arranged melodies for them. He did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes he said, so he freely used secular ones. Many of the most beautiful hymns in the German hymnody have been taken from the popular songs of the day. Bach in his magnificent St. Matthew's Passion borrowed a love song for the melody of the chorale which recurs so often in it.

This work, the St. Matthew's Passion, with performances of which great Christian

choirs inspire worshipping congregations in Holy Week, is one of the supreme masterpieces of the human mind. Its text, which is the unaltered version of the 26th and 27th chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel, is divided into two parts, the first ending with the capture of Jesus and the fleeing of the disciples. The musical scheme of the work is very grand. There are two choirs, each with an orchestra. The Evangelist is taken by the tenor voice, Jesus by the bass. Bach has made the recitative full of beauty and pathos, that assigned to Jesus has a strong quartette accompaniment which makes his impersonation stand out from all the rest.

How much would the omission of the Psalms mean to many an Easter worshipper? They are a lasting monument to the genius of the Jews who were profoundly susceptible to the power of music. The Psalter is made up of hymns of praise used in the temple service, the singing done mostly by the Levites, the congregation occasionally joining in with such responses as "Amen," "For His mercy endureth for ever," (Psalm 136). Though damsels played in the religious processions there apparently were no female voices in the temple choir. Later in the Gentile Christian Church the Psalms held as warm a place as they had with the Jews and were sung on all occasions. Other portions of the Bible were used as lyrics and composed on freely and these hymns became a part of the service. There was hesitation on the part of some of the ancient Catholic fathers about allowing the women to join in the chant. One proposed that they should lower their voices so as not to be heard, and a later writer thought they should be permitted to sing lest they might indulge their love of gossip and talk during the service. The women seem to have managed both, however, talking and singing.

Our Easter hymns are beautiful. They breathe the very spirit of joy and hope and absolution from sin. Down through the ages they come, bringing their messages of faith. Listen to the concluding verse of this well known one, with its voice from the far 6th century, the translation by Rev. John Ellerton, of the Latin of Fortunatus:

"Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see!
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee;
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say;
Hell to-day is vanquished! Heaven is won to-day!"

The music carries out all the happiness of the words.

Awake glad soul! awake, awake!
My Lord hath risen long;
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal spring.

And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His resurrection power;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.

A celebrated modern English composer, Vaughan Williams, has written a great new orchestral work, the London Symphony, which is a tonal picture of the great capital city of the world. Albert Coates has recently been conducting the symphony in New York, and the public of that city has been much interested in the presentation of it. It is full of the street cries of London. H. E. Krehbiel, music critic and writer, on the New York Tribune in an article on it says: "To Londoners, at least, the cry of 'Sweet Lavender! Who'll buy sweet lavender?' will awaken memories, if not of yesterday,

at least of their childhood. And when imagination is asked to conjure up in the music a picture of the Thames Embankment there is the booming of 'Big Ben' in Westminster Tower to help.

Even in London the folksong collectors are lamenting that the street cries, which used to be the delight of former days, are all but hushed. Many of them had the proportion and beauty of perfect little songs. "Sweet Lavender" for instance, was a song of well proportioned numbers, textually and melodically:

"Will you buy my sweet blooming lavender?"

They are sixteen full branches for a penny. They're all cut from the Mitcham Valley, They are sixteen full branches for a penny!"

All kinds of street vendors or purchasers sold and bought all kinds of things and each itinerant class had its characteristic song: "Young lambs to sell," "Primrose!" "Old lead or old glass!" "Hearthstones!" "Toy Lambs!" "Fish!" ("Mack, mack, mackerell!") "Chelsea buns!" "Cockles and mussels!" London must have been vocal with cries like these down to the early Georges at least. Said Miss L. E. Broadwood, in the Journal of the Folk Song Society two years ago: "'Caller Herrin,' the Scottish song, owes its birth to the Edinburgh fishwives' cry as mingled with the church bells at practice. It was Nathaniel Gow who made this combination of sounds into a piece for the harpischord, and this, Lady Nairne used for the air of her song."



HEAD OF MANITOBA MUSIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION
Miss Eva Clare

The Manitoba Music Teachers' Association of which Miss Clare is the president, was organized in Winnipeg last April. Miss Clare, who is one of the city's leading pianists and music teachers, is well known for her enterprise and energetic interest in all matters relating to the music welfare of the community.

She will be absent from Winnipeg during the summer, which she will spend in England and France. She will sail April 6, and expects to play in London a few weeks later.

A matter of great interest to everyone concerned with music in Manitoba is the Fall Convention of the Manitoba Music Teachers' Association which will be held in Winnipeg, October 25 and 26. A feature of it will be a lecture by a famous visiting pianist who will also give a recital for the public. Some of the city's most prominent musicians and educationists will give addresses which as arranged up to the present will include:

"Interpretation," Professor Wright, of Brandon College.

"The reminiscences of a concert artist."—Watkin Mills.

"Music as a high school option."—R. Fletcher, Department of Education.

"Common faults in singing."—Rhys Thomas.

"The missed lesson problem."—Mary L. Robertson.

"Psychology of musical talent," Sea-short test—Leonard D. Heaton.

"Report on the proposed normal school for music teachers."—Dr. W. A. McIntyre.

"Manitoba music option and its relation to the I.O.D.E. National Memorial Fund."—Mrs. Colin Campbell.

These addresses will be followed by round table talks on subjects of interest to music teachers.

For the music program, Mr. and Mrs. John Waterhouse with a string quartette will give one of the chamber music works with which they have been delighting Winnipeg concert audiences for a long time.

On the executive of the Association besides the president, Miss Eva Clare, are these well known musicians of the city and province: James W. Matthews, past president; Rhys Thomas, secretary-treasurer; both of Winnipeg; Mary L. Robertson, Prof. W. L. Wright, Pearl Tucker, presidents of the local Music Teachers' Associations of Winnipeg, Brandon and Dauphin, respectively; and Leonard Heaton, Winnipeg, convener of the program committee.

At the organization meetings of the Association, April 5 and 6, 1920, the constitution adopted declared the aim of the Association to be: To raise the general teaching standards of music, to uphold the interest already aroused in music credits in the high schools and as occasion arises, to extend the same; to hold an annual music teachers' convention, to assist the promotion, extension and development of the art in Manitoba, to promote friendly relations and unity in the profession, to encourage time limits for stated terms of lessons.

The need for a provincial association was brought to a head by the introduction of music credits into the high school curriculum. C. K. Newcombe, former Superintendent of Education, one of the speakers, said to the gathering:

"Music, like all the arts, helps to build up for us an ideal world into which we can retire from the humdrum round of everyday life. Music teachers should be distinctive personalities, handing on the quenchless torch of civilization to the world."

A SIMPLE SONG OF THANKS

By G. G. Bostwick

We give Thee thanks, O Lord of all, this night,
For homes both near and far where love abides
And for the windows glowing wide with light
That to the door the weary footstep guides!

We give Thee thanks for children's glad-some mirth,
For music and the soothing sound of song;
For all the simple joyousness of earth;
The presence of those rare ones who belong!

We give Thee thanks for green and growing grass,
For humble herb and tree, those quiet friends,
For broader roads that lead one on to pass
To greater usefulness beyond the bends!

We give Thee thanks for cool and peaceful woods
Amid the spacious playground of outdoors,
For flowers, autumn leaves and nature's moods,
The visioning hills, the sea, the restful shores!

We give Thee thanks for neighbors' cheering words,
The daily greeting, dry and homely jest,
The love of faithful dogs, the song of birds,
The promise of the day, the sunshine's zest!

We give Thee thanks, O Father of us all,
For courage to confront the grayling clouds,
For strength to keep our simple trust in call

Amid the hurry of the thronging crowds!
And last of all, we thank Thee humbly,
Lord,
For eyes to see, the listening ear to hear
The loveliness, the sounds of sweet accord
Of all Thou hast created, far and near!

THIS is an illustration of the Brunswick Console Table, Stratford Model, which is finding enthusiastic acceptance among those who love artistic home furnishings. Made in Adam Brown Mahogany or American Walnut. Priced at \$450. Illustrated Catalog sent on request, describing many other beautiful period models.



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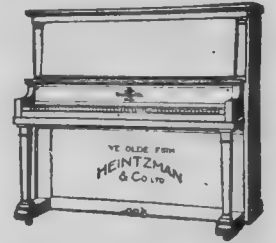
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Brunswick Records are referred to by music lovers as "Artistic Companions Of The Brunswick Phonograph." They have unusual musical quality. Each one is made under the personal supervision of a noted musical director, thus giving you the genius of the composer and the artist, reinforced by the highest skill in arrangement, direction and orchestration. Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph using steel or fibre needles.

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Special Clearance Price, including Bench and \$15 worth of Player Rolls **\$765**

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Send me full particulars, with terms of payment, of instrument marked above.

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General Manager

WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE

By
H. J. RUSSELL, F.C.I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

THE YOUNG MAN AND BUSINESS

One of the popular conceptions of business to-day is that it may be considered as an area in the form of a square; the one side representing the executive part; a second side representing the producing part; the third side, the financial part; and the fourth side, the selling part. The area within this square is representative of the field of business, which, properly interpreted, should always be thought of in terms of service.

Although every business must have its executive, producing, financial and selling sections, the idea is just as applicable to the individual, and particularly to the young man, even if he is a student, or is working for another. The executive side represents his will power, and control and direction of plans and thoughts; the producing side represents his services, skill, labor, ingenuity and so forth; the financial side indicates his ability to conserve and use his financial resources; and the selling side affords him the possibilities of disposing of his services to the best advantage of himself and the community.

With particular reference to the financial section, Dr. Charles W. Gerstenberg, Director of the Department of Finance of New York University, has recently published what are styled "The Ten Commandments of Finance," and these are given briefly as follows:

1. Don't engage in a new business until you have made a careful, unprejudiced estimate of its capital requirements and of its chances of making money.
2. Don't try to raise money until you have demonstrated your ability to use it.
3. Take all available means for acquiring all the capital you and your business can profitably use.
4. Don't engage in unprofitable side lines.
5. Don't count your profits until you have repaired your capital.
6. Keep your property on the firing line.
7. Keep cash enough on hand to meet emergencies and to seize opportunities.
8. Don't be penny wise and pound foolish.
9. Watch your investment closely.
10. Know when to stop.

CREDIT

Some months ago there was a meeting of an organization named the Retail Credit Men's National Association, and at this meeting some interesting information was furnished as to the nature of credit.

Credit, it was said, has been defined as a "reputation of character, a good name gained by upright conduct in business." It has also been said that a good name and credit are better than great riches.

Credit is based upon confidence supported by contract; that is, by tangible security which safeguards the seller.

The credit that concerns the retail merchant in his relations with customers is generally termed "personal credit." Personal credit is the oldest form of credit, and at the same time the most difficult to determine, for the individual's assets are not as tangible as those of the business house, and are not as easily brought to light.

Credit, said Daniel Webster, is the vital air of modern commerce. It has done more, a thousand times, to enrich nations than all the mines of the world. It has excited labor, stimulated manufacturers, pushed commerce over every sea, and brought every nation, every kingdom and every small tribe among the races of men to be known to all the rest; it has raised armies, equipped navies and, triumphing over the gross power of mere numbers, it has established national superiority on the foundation of intelligence, wealth and well-directed industry.

ASSET OR HANDICAP

Personal Efficiency magazine suggests that the name under which a firm does business is either an asset or a handicap.

The business man might well heed the method literary people use in selecting the titles of stories, plays and articles, for their problems are very similar and have much in common. It is by the titles and names that the wares of both are distinguished and become known. And a good title, which is likewise true of a good name, should be short, fitting, easily pronounced, and fresh if possible, that is, something out of the ordinary.

Too little attention has been given to this phase of the incorporation plan in the past, whereas it is really a matter of great significance when it is borne in mind that thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars will be expended annually to advertise the company's name and make it a byword with the public.

This suggestion has something of value in it, too, for the young man who is about to begin business for himself. There is much to be said for the retention

of the ordinary surname of the owner, backed up as it should be by a sound reputation, but if, for any reason, it is necessary to select a special name for the business, that name should embody the qualifications already suggested.

LEADERSHIP

The publication quoted previously, suggests that the growth of a great business is governed by the supply of minor executives to carry on the branches of the business.

There are three sources of supply:

1. They may be chosen from the ranks of the employees in the business.
2. They may be appropriated from other concerns.
3. They may be created by means of special training.

The first process is experimental and the supply is usually insufficient.

The second is costly and breeds disaffection in the ranks.

The third is the scientific method. It affords a source of supply as large as the needs of the house. It encourages the rankers to rise by making it plainly possible for them to do so. It engenders greater skill all the way down through the house, and breeds better work. It creates loyalty and, in addition to all this, adds to the value of the new generation of the leaders-to-be and so enables one to discharge his debt to civilization.

IDEAS

"One single idea," wrote Emerson, "may have greater weight than the labor of all the men, animals and engines for a century."

On this point an interesting incident is related in a little pamphlet recently circulated by Pretinice-Hall, Inc.

The head of the public library in a large steel-making community in Western Pennsylvania ran into the chief chemical expert of a huge rolling mill one day not more than a year ago.

The librarian was fairly expert himself on the theory of making steel, and to him the chemist confided some of the details of an important new experiment that he had just finished.

"It must have cost the firm something to put through that experiment," ventured the librarian.

"In fairly exact figures, something like \$10,000," the chemist replied.

The librarian smiled.

"That entire experiment was made in Europe some years ago, and with precisely the same results," said he. "The whole thing, right down to the fine details, is on the shelves of our library. You might have saved a lot of time and money."

What was this \$10,000 paid for? The experiment, or for not knowing that the experiment had already been made?

WILLS

If you should write to one of our modern trust companies for literature on the subject of wills, you would receive some very interesting and practical literature concerning the manner in which a man should dispose of the accumulations of a lifetime. Some specimen will forms would be supplied to you, but you would receive nothing like the will that follows. This will is but little known and has rarely found its way into print. It is the last will and testament of Charles Lounsbury, at one time a lawyer of Chicago, and who died in an asylum in 1900. Its beauty and grace, and the virility of its style, make it worthy of frequent publication.

"I, Charles Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, in order to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"That part of my interests, which is known in law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account. I make no disposal of it in this my will, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath.

"Item. I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint pet names and endearments, and I charge said parents to use them justly, but generously, as the needs of their children shall require.

"Item. I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all and every flowers of the fields and the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely, according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odors of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave the children the long, long days to be merry in a thousand ways, and the

night, and the moon, and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"Item. I devise to boys jointly all the useless, idle fields and commons where ball may be played, all pleasant waters where one may swim, all snow clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood, and all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, the woods with their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds, and the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures thereof.

"And I give to boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance, and without any encumbrance or care.

"Item. To lovers, I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, and aught else that may be desired to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"Item. To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness, and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude, I leave to them the power to make lasting friendships and of possessing companions, and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave choruses to sing with lusty voices.

"Item. And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers. I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets—if there be others, to the end that they may live the old days over again, freely and fully and without tithe or diminution.

"Item. To our loved ones with snowy crowns, I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children, until they fall asleep."

DEPENDENCY

What are your chances of independence in old age? According to the statistics of our own government, as published in the handbook describing the Canadian government annuities, they are not very good. We hope, however, that industry and intelligence coupled with the great resources of the West, will do much to turn aside the purport of the figures presented.

According to the handbook, ninety-five per cent. of men at sixty are dependent upon their daily earnings or on others for support, and not one man in thirty who retires with a competency is able to retain that competency to the close of his life.

With few exceptions, however, the handbook claims that under the government system, every person who is capable of earning wages until middle life can provide an income that will enable him or her to retire with an annuity, of which he cannot be deprived, at the age of 55 or 60.

It is regarded as an ideal state of society that a person who has worked and taken his share of the responsibilities of life until he has passed the middle age should be enabled to retire and spend the last twenty or thirty years without toil.

THE CARE OF THE BODY

A man must often exercise, or fast, or take physic, or be sick.—Sir W. Temple.

You will never live to great age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.—Sir P. Sidney.

It is exercise alone that supports the spirits, and keeps the mind in vigor.—Cicero.

A physician uses various methods for the recovery of sick persons; and, though all of them are disagreeable, his patients are never angry.—Addison.

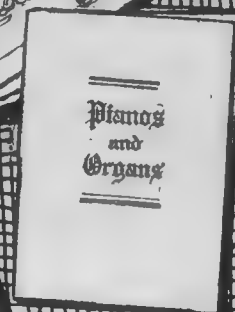
Time and abstemiousness is generally the best sort of medicine.—Franklin.

RELIGIOUS DISQUIET

In religion and education there is rightly a great unrest. If people are to live together in Heaven, why should they not begin to live together on earth? If there is to be no denominationalism in the hereafter, why should we make so much of it here and now? So, too, in the field of education, why should there any longer be an effort to foster individualism only if the curse of our civilization is individualism run mad? If the great need of society is mutual consideration, should not an aim of schools be to teach pupils what has been termed in one of the magazines, "the art of living together." If anything is certain it is that emphasis of class distinction has caused us irreparable injury, and if we are ever to get right we must learn to act as true neighbors, considering one another in all things.

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WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING



Essentials of Civilization

The essentials of civilization are justice, security, toleration and knowledge.—London Times.

The Kultur Whetstone

The German Army, we read, "is keeping its swords sharp." It will cut itself.—Wall Street Journal.

Summary Treatment

Austria makes a strong appeal for the friendship of the world by threatening to hang profiteers.—Brooklyn Eagle.

They Are Punishing Themselves

"Punish the home brewers!" urges a zealous citizen. Does he think they aren't being punished?—Duluth Herald.

A Detroit Opinion

Speaking of immigration, Europe made its own bed and now wants to sleep in America's.—Detroit News.

A Wise Word to the Pessimists

If you put your mind on it, it is as possible to find reasons for being an optimist as for being a pessimist.—Canadian Finance.

Japan and China

Before China Japan is trying to pose as Santa Claus, but China obstinately continues to yell for the police.—Chicago Daily News.

A Need of These Times

An inventor has produced an automatic pitchfork for use on the farm. What the world needed was an automatic pool-player for use in the city.—Brantford Expositor.

The Tragedy of China

Chinese civilization goes back several thousand years beyond that of the Occident, but that fact does not prevent the Chinese from starving to death.—New York World.

A Question

The United Farmers of Alberta have passed a resolution against the cigarette. Well, where do they expect to find such another market for their alfalfa?—Hamilton Spectator.

Super-indignant "Supermen"

When it comes to protesting, those German "supermen" can beat the world as noise-makers with their loud mouthings of "righteous indignation."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

We Live and Learn

It has been announced at a convention in Winnipeg that ice cream is a food. And in our youth many of us were led to believe that it was the height of dissipation.—Toronto Telegram.

Rapid Transmission

A wireless message has been sent right across the United States in six minutes. Almost as fast as a bit of scandal.—Lethbridge Herald.

Canadian Curlers Won in Scotland

Curling was invented in Scotland, but it is apparent that quite a number of improvements have been added in this country.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Belgium Is Busy

So little is heard of Belgium these days it may signify that the Belgians have no political geniuses who have found a better way to restore prosperity than by working.—Vancouver Province.

Too Much Political Vehemency

Several people were killed and a number injured during a fight at a public meeting in Italy. Some of those meetings are getting too public.—Victoria Colonist.

Cities Waxing More Populous

Americans can now contemplate with all due seriousness the startling fact that more than half the population of the United States now lives in cities.—Kansas City Star.

They Are No Amateur Oppressors

The Czar never really understood the proletariat, and naturally could not be expected to oppress that

Trading With The Publisher

means larger trading with the Public. Your announcements should appear regularly in "The Western Home Monthly."

New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn

Learn to Play or Sing. Every Step Made Simple as A B C

TRY IT ON APPROVAL

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Unless Satisfied



How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission, "I can't sing," or, "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to simply mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music in your spare time at home with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C.

My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note.

No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time-tried and proven. Over 250,000 successful pupils—from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

To prove what I say, you can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If, for any reason you are not satisfied with the course, or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now

I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post card.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Have you tried

LIFEBUOY SHAVING STICK?

class of people as intelligently and effectively as Lenin and Trotzky are doing it.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Must Work to Eat

Fortunately or unfortunately, it begins to look as if it were true in various parts of the world that those who do not work do not eat.—Toronto World.

Empire Theorizers

Those people who are forever thinking up plans to keep the Empire from falling apart are like the small boy who tinkers with a watch until he puts it out of business.—Winnipeg Free Press.

There Is Real Work to be Done

One of the two men who started out from Halifax to walk across Canada to Vancouver has quitted after walking two hundred miles. The other one should quit, too. And they both should find something useful to do.—Regina Post.

The Outcome in Russia

In Russia three years of Marxian Communism combined with unexampled tyranny have brought death by starvation to millions of people. In the remote provinces all signs of government have disappeared, and untold misery is widespread.—London Spectator.

The Bishop Is Inaccurate

We agree with some things Bishop Fallon says, but when he states that women "are trailing their skirts" to the picture houses we refuse to follow him. Skirts aren't being trailed nowadays.—Toronto Star.

The Agitation in India

While no one desires to minimize the dangers that surround the revolutionary activities that are so prominent in India to-day, it is quite wrong to imagine that they have sufficient strength or are likely to acquire sufficient strength to imperil the stability of the government.—Calcutta Englishman.

What a Prof. Glimpsed and Heard

A Syracuse professor says he has had a glimpse of heaven, a glimpse long enough to include hearing a few strains from the heavenly choir and a few minutes' conversation with St. Peter. Let us hope his subsequent return to Syracuse was not voluntary, else a good many worthy ambitions will undergo revision.—Buffalo Express.

If

Cuba, it is said, is sure of prosperity if the Cuban people will work and save, and if the government takes no unwise step. That's how sure.—Washington Star.

Ultra-careful Mr. Harding

That President-elect Harding, normal as he may be, is an extremely cautious man is, it seems to us, indicated beyond all doubt by snapshots of him at Point Pleasant, showing that he wears both belt and suspenders.—New York Globe.

No Prouder Name Than "Canadian"

A Columbia professor protests that the assumption of the name "Americans" by the people of the United States is offensive to other countries in the new world. Not to Canadians. The name "Canadian" is plenty good enough for us.—Calgary Herald.

Pot and Kettle in New York

Revelations at the building trust investigation in New York make it plain that in that city both labor and capital entered into a conspiracy to fleece the people who needed houses. In New York the pot had better stop calling the kettle black.—Boston Transcript.

Loss and Gain

Four hundred Manitoba couples are seeking divorce. But then, on the other hand, there are undoubtedly a great many more than four hundred Manitoba couples ready to get married. So why be pessimistic?—Brandon Sun.

Inflow and Outgo

In June of this year the decennial census will be taken. We shall then know how much our population has grown in the last decade. If one were to judge by casual reference to immigration statistics, which are regularly published, a very large increase should be shown. But during the war period and since, there has been some emigration. The Dominion government should, with the taking of the next census, bring out more clearly the movements of population inward and outward, and present a balance at the end of the year. The information would be useful to every student in Canada, and to business men in particular.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

No Socialists in U. S. Congress

The parlor Bolshevik is finding that his game is played out. Socialism makes no progress among the mass of the workers, or among any other class. It is really remarkable that the Socialist propagandists, with all their greatly increased activity and noise, their outpourings of vastly more printer's ink than were ever outpoured before in this country for the promotion of Socialism, should be having so little success. In previous Congresses there were a few Socialist members. In the new Congress there is not one.—Springfield Republican.

Trees Along the Roads

It has been suggested that the unemployed could be found useful work planting trees along the main roads. France commenced tree-planting her highways over four centuries ago, and now has the most beautiful roads in Europe. Over 24,000 miles of French roads are lined with some three million trees, the work of caring for them being entrusted to the Ministry of Public Works. Those of us who learnt to love those tree-lined roads during the war would like to see the highways of old England beautified in the same way.—London Chronicle.

Buy Alberta 6 Per Cent Gold Bonds

Invest Your Savings in Canada and Keep the Wheels of Industry Moving

When you lend the Government of Alberta your money you receive 6% interest payable by coupon half yearly 1st May and 1st November, with the principal due and payable 1st May, 1930.

Why You are Offered these Bonds

The Government of the Province of Alberta desires the advantageous financing of its public utilities, and if money is borrowed outside the country, it means that many dollars are wasted in exchange rates. Therefore the sale of the present issue of Alberta Gold Bonds to citizens of the Province of Alberta and Canada at large, means that the government will effect a huge saving in their financing, since interest payments now going outside will be kept at home, and our own people receive the benefit.

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5%

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Provincial Treasurer,

A Safe and Attractive Investment for All Classes

These Gold Bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1000 and are priced at par.

Not only do they earn a high rate of interest but the investment is absolutely secure because the combined general resources of the Province of Alberta are your security.

The Time to Buy is Now

Send for application form, or mail your cheque to the Deputy Provincial Treasurer; or you may purchase these bonds through your local bank, or from any recognized bond house in the Province of Alberta.

W. V. NEWSON,
Deputy Provincial Treasurer

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EDMONTON : : : ALBERTA.



LUXURIES, CONVENIENCES AND NECESSARIES

There is much written and said about the wonders of railroads and steamships and telegraphs and telephones and wireless and aircraft in "annihilating distance." We hear a great deal about the wonderful developments of machinery and of scientific processes in "increasing production." But does this apply to the primary needs of man? A watch can be made now with one-tenth the labor that was required a hundred years ago. But does this apply to a potato, a pig, or a hen's egg? And here comes the important point. Such increased efficiency as has been introduced in agricultural and mineral and other primary production has to be weighed against the total increase of population and the immense increase of city population in comparison with the population engaged in working on the land. For millions of people to crowd into the cities, as they have been doing for many decades, is not the wisest and best way of utilizing for the true progress and welfare of humanity the advances of science and invention and business organization. But that is what the great majority of human beings are doing. And if enough of them keep on doing it, the result will be that though many will have more and more of the new-fangled conveniences or luxuries which they regard as necessities—things which their forbears never dreamed of having—it will not be made any easier for the vast majority to obtain a sufficiency of the things which are elementary supplies and come nearer to being the real downright necessities of life—and first and most important of all, the food for which the world must depend upon the workers engaged in agricultural industry.

SAFEGUARDING THE GATEWAYS

The predictions of those who foretold that after the war there would be great numbers of people from Europe eager to come to Canada are being fulfilled abundantly. The number of immigrants entering the ports of this country is greatly in excess of what it was a year ago. In view of this, it is reassuring to learn that every care is being taken to safeguard every gate of entry to Canada. New provisions of the immigration laws require the passing of a literacy test—about which there is still some discussion—and the possession by the immigrant of a sufficient sum of money to keep him for some time at least from becoming a public charge. This country needs population to develop its resources. But Canada's greatest need is by no means a great number of people. It is of supreme national importance that no immigrants should be admitted who in some national crisis in the future may be found to be not in sympathy with Canadian ideals and purposes. Newcomers seeking to make new homes on Canadian soil must be of the sort who will make good Canadian citizens and whose sons and daughters will be worthy of the land of their birth.

THE MINERALS OF MANITOBA

The striking expression was made use of recently in an editorial in the Winnipeg Tribune that "a dipperful has not yet been taken out of Western Canada's resources." Few realize that it is literally true that only a beginning has as yet been made in developing the agricultural resources of the Prairie Provinces. And to consider mineral resources, there are two things that can be said with absolute certainty about the mineralization of the northeastern part of Manitoba. One is that no man can make even an approximate estimate of the value of the minerals in that area. The other is that it is one of the most richly and variously mineralized areas on this continent. Nobody knows yet its exact boundaries. It is an exceptionally difficult country in which to prospect—difficult in every sense of the word, and most of all in the geological sense, because of the lack of upheavals revealing stratification. In other words, it is a region in which Nature has well concealed her mineral treasures. There is no telling exactly where they may be found.

AS TO THE BOOZE PROBLEM

Was there ever in the world a subject about which so many people talked so much every day as everybody now is talking every day about the liquor question? It appears to be pretty plain that in the United States, as in our own country, there are many evil features of the transition period through which both countries are now passing on the way to a final solution of this question and the establishment of the best possible system of state control. But nothing could be plainer under the sun than that the great moral reform which is most briefly summed up as the "dry" movement has come to stay. Never again will the bar become an institution. Civilization has moved beyond that stage. Innumerable wives and children will have reason to be thankful. Attempts to regulate the liquor traffic were made over a course of many years, and the result of all the experiments was to prove that the liquor traffic was incapable of being made decent and law-abiding. Always it was secretly digging under the law, or insolently breaking over any bounds which the community set to it. And so, not out of sour, narrow-minded resentment of other people's pleasure, but out of bitter experience of an unmitigated social evil, which was constantly growing more powerful, grew the sentiment in favor of doing away with that traffic, root and branch. It had become a huge cancer invading the fabric of sound principle and good living which home and school and church were at such pains to weave into the character of youth. Thirty, forty, fifty years ago, temperance crusading used to be entirely religious in character; the great temperance crusaders were gospel revivalists. The "dry" move-

The Philosopher

ment in recent decades has been based on hard practical reasons and considerations of efficiency and the public safety. If the greedy liquor interests had been half awake, they would have seen the doom coming upon them. They thought they were all-powerful in politics. Never again will votes be bought and sold at such bargain prices as in the days of the open bar and of flowing streams of alcohol in election campaigns.

SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE CHANGED

The essential and fundamental facts of all economic science are plain before every man's eyes, if he will only see them and not allow his vision to be distorted by spectacles of theory which he chooses to fix in front of his eyes and look through. Both capital and the reward of capital there must be, if there is to be any industrial progress or progress of any kind. If two men on a primitive prairie are bringing adjoining patches of land into cultivation, and when they reap their crops, the one spends on enjoyment all the money he gets from his, while the other saves part of his return and buys the means by which he or another can bring another patch into cultivation, it is solely by this latter man that production is increased. And it is so solely because he uses part of his product as capital on which he necessarily expects a return. So he grows rich, while the other remains poor. What is important from the public point of view is that the man who thus grows rich is benefiting the country, and cannot help doing so (no matter what his character, or his motives), while the man who remains poor is for whatever reason the man of the parable in the gospel, who keeps his talent hidden in a napkin, and is "an unprofitable servant" to the community. All capital has its origin in saving; and no new enterprise or undertaking can be undertaken without capital. These are plain, elementary facts, which no amount of theory, whether of Marxian or any other kind of Socialism, or of any other "ism," can do away with.

YOUTHFUL OFFENDERS

One of the most disconcerting pieces of official information which has ever been issued from Ottawa is the statistical statement which has just been published showing that boy criminality has increased by no less than 300 per cent during the past twenty years. One-fifth of all the criminality recorded in the Dominion during the three years 1917, 1918 and 1920, which are the latest three years covered by this latest statistical report from the Dominion Government, was charged against offenders under sixteen years of age. The increase in juvenile criminality in Canada is thus seen to be out of all proportion greater than the increase in population. Stealing in its various forms, more or less serious, accounts for 22 per cent of the total of juvenile offences against the criminal code which come before the authorities. What are the causes for this mass of juvenile criminality? No doubt they are many various. But may not most, if not all, of them be summed up by saying that these youthful offenders have not been brought under right influences? How many of us who are decent and respectable citizens would be what we are if we had been left as delinquents in our childhood, without any training in right living? It is true that there are conditions now which there were not a few decades ago which may be said to make it easier for a youthful delinquent to go wrong. But is it not also true that there are conditions and agencies which there were not a few decades ago to help a youthful delinquent from going wrong? The question is, Is the provision of influences working for good as ample and effective as it should be? Is each and every one of us doing his duty in this regard? These are searching variations of that ancient question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

THE GREATEST OF MULTIMILLIONAIRES

Said a friend of The Philosopher's, after reading that remarkable book, Andrew Carnegie's story of his own life, "It wouldn't be true, of course, to say that Carnegie's success came about by accident, but accident played a great part in it, all the same." He added that in writing the book, as he did, for publication after his death, Carnegie undoubtedly told the truth. "But can any man tell the story of his own life?" asked The Philosopher's friend. It is not an easy question to answer. No man, wrote the wise Bacon, is a competent judge in his own case. As for Andrew Carnegie he arrived at the possession of piled-up millions largely because he was born to distressing poverty, was intensely practical, and had his abilities sharpened in the hard school of life. No youth similarly situated in the world to-day would find such opportunities to seize as Carnegie found in the United States of sixty years ago. Competition was less keen then than it is now. There were not the scientific colleges and technical training schools there are now; and so it was that able, competent young men were scarce. The development of the natural resources of this continent

was really not yet begun. None of the great industrial organizations and combinations of capital had yet been thought of. Railway building was in its beginnings. So the shrewd, energetic, able young Scotchman, highly efficient, keen, quick, optimistic and a genius at organizing and managing and planning ahead made his stupendous success. All the world knows that he spent hundreds of millions of dollars in founding libraries in every country under the sun. He also poured out millions on institutions designed to keep the world at peace; among them the magnificent Palace of Peace at The Hague, in Holland. The outbreak of the world war is said to have broken his heart and hastened his death. The closing paragraph of the book, which was written in 1914, begins in a pessimistic strain; but the book ends optimistically with an exhortation to "watch President Wilson, to whose genius nothing is impossible, because he has Scotch blood in his veins." But Mr. Wilson, like Andrew Carnegie himself, since had to learn the lesson that every man has his limitations.

MIRACLES AND MATTERS OF COURSE

The people who fume and fret over a delay in getting a telephone connection never give a thought apparently to the time before there were telephones. The Philosopher was in the office of a friend in Winnipeg recently, who manifested great impatience because he had to wait a little while at the telephone. "You are annoyed about a small delay," said The Philosopher philosophically, "instead of dwelling on the miraculous helpfulness of the telephone. How did people get on without it?" The answer to that question is that the people of that time got on without it because they did not expect the things which the people of this time expect as a matter of course. Such is human nature. Even if the greatest conceivable of miracles could be performed by some development of spiritualistic communication with the unseen world, people would demand that the miracle be repeated. And if it were repeated a few times, they would soon regard it as a matter of course, and would plan and scheme to put it to practical use, so as to make money by it.

A LITTLE HEROINE

Surely a high place in the records of heroism should be held by the name of twelve-year-old Ada Foulkes, the daughter of Colonel Foulkes, who was stationed at Kohat, in the Northwest Territories of India. A party of Pathan raiders galloped down from the hills to that little outpost in the middle of the night, entered the house in which Colonel Foulkes lived with his wife and daughter, brutally murdered him and seriously injured Mrs. Foulkes, whom they attempted to carry off, but left when they saw she was on the point of death from her injuries. The little girl "dashed straight at the murderers and hit out at them with all her strength," telling them to "go away," all unheeding of her mother's exhortation that she should run and hide. An alarm being raised, the raiders galloped away. The little girl did her best to attend to her mother's injuries. Thus she was found by those who first entered the blood-spattered house where she had struggled with all her childish strength against the savage murderers of her father and her mother. What words could do justice to the heroism of that child whose fearless, loving heart gave such proof of true human greatness?

RE-SURFACING A HOLY SYMBOL

Among the things which The Philosopher reads about with amazement in the newspapers nowadays, one is that in certain cities in the United States it has become the fashion among some wealthy women whose wedding rings date from the years before the era of modern extravagance to have them plated with platinum, so as to be in the fashion. The gold rings with which they were wedded are regarded by them now as being too plain for the present era and hopelessly out of fashion. The old, plain circlet of gold was good enough for the brides of the past. As for platinum, there are many who do not think it is at all comparable with gold for beauty, but, of course, it is more costly than gold, and the beauty of costliness is highly esteemed now. Not that The Philosopher would presume to criticize a bride for preferring a platinum gold ring to one of gold. That is her business. But plating a ring worn for years, to change its surface from gold to platinum, is a wholly different matter. A wedding ring is a symbol which stands for what is most fundamental in human institutions, the family. It does not seem right that the holy of holies should be whitewashed, to make it appear something which it is not.

THE U.S. AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The inauguration of a new President of the United States in the first week of this month brings to the front again the whole question of what the United States is going to do about the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations. The first five signatures to the Treaty were those of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Robert Lansing, the Secretary of State, Col. House, Henry White and General Tasker Bliss. And yet through the course taken by the Senate at Washington in refusing to ratify the Treaty, the United States is still not a party to it and not a member of the League of Nations, and is still technically at war with powers with whom the other Allies, by that Treaty, made peace. As the Winnipeg Free Press said recently of the signing of the Treaty by the five representatives of the United States, "there has never been in history a more ironical incident." If the United States Senate had not blocked the ratification of the Treaty, the world would to-day be nearer a peace basis than it actually is.

Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

Since last writing for the page I have been in old Ontario and visited Orillia where I went to high school, and while in Toronto succeeded in replacing some, at least, of the "Ryerson Red Readers" in vogue when I went to school. My own set had come to grief in a fire in 1904.

I succeeded in securing the third, fourth and fifth readers and the "Spelling Book, a Companion to the Readers."

All over the West there must be men and women who were at school in Ontario in the late sixties and the seventies who are familiar with these old readers and have kindly thoughts of many of the selections in them. To these readers how familiar will be the titles "The Little Hero of Haarlem," "Anthony Canova the Sculptor," "The Lost Camel," the "Vision of Mirza," "The Chain of Destruction," "King Nidias and the Golden Touch," and Ballentyne's adventures with a bear, his buffalo hunt, etc., which formed the staple of the third reader! More than me could, I fancy, trace their interest in the great West to these stimulating tales of Ballentyne's.

The preface to Reader No. Three tells us that the first division of the book is easy stories and anecdotes which teach useful lessons, and this is true; in the second part the anecdotes of natural history certainly stimulated some of us to go further in that study—the story of "The Beaver" is a good example of this. By the way, I wonder how many of my readers remember that they encountered the word "supereogation" for the first time in this story and laboriously looking up the meaning found it to be "doing more than duty requires," and never realized until long afterwards that almost every lesson in the book contained some outstanding word not previously used. Ah! Egerton Ryerson knew his ground when he compiled or supervised the compiling of these readers.

Out of the fourth reader three selections have always remained most vividly in my mind and I wonder how many of my readers have clear recollections of the same. The are "The Natural Bridge," "Three Scenes in the Tyrol" and the "Coal Fields of Nova Scotia."

The Natural Bridge and the Scenes in the Tyrol had the dramatic appeal but the Coal Fields of Nova Scotia had the peculiar appeal of the unknown. A child on a hardwood farm in Ontario had little opportunity of learning about coal and the statement that the Nova Scotia mines had once been huge swamps at the mouth of rivers brought up the speculation as to whether or not the Saugeen River, the biggest river then known to the child, might not one day turn the Melancthon and Proton swamps (familiar hunting grounds for lady shoppers) into coal mines, and how long would it take, and what would they be like, etc., etc., ad lib; for there is no end to the speculations of childhood. The discussion on the coal-fields brought home to the teacher of the Spring Hill school the fact that practically none of her pupils knew from sight and handling what coal was, and in fact many of the natural resources of Canada in mines and fisheries were but names to her scholars, and this led to the investment, after many meetings of the trustees and much discussion on the pros and cons of the venture, to the spending of twenty dollars on a series of large cards with illustrations of birds, beasts, trees, mines, etc., and small specimens of products obtained from them fastened at the sides of the card.

This was regarded as so momentous an event that a special evening meeting was arranged at the school house, parents and friends invited, and "Teacher" (blessings on her memory!) gave a talk on the resources of Canada with the cards passed round for examination. Who can say what grew from those small seeds of learning? That township when it celebrated its jubilee had 50 professional men and women to its credit, doing work of value in their own and other communities, and nearly all

of them belonged to the period after the "Coal Fields of Nova Scotia" in the fourth reader drew attention to the world outside that backwoods community.

But I am wandering somewhat away from my subject. The fifth reader tells us in its preface that the design has been to supply students of the fifth form with specimens of the work of the best English authors, and glancing through the book this has certainly been lived up to. The lesson which deals with "Trench's Study of Words" is the one I remember most distinctly. It opened up a vista for further study which has never closed.

The poetical selections in all of these readers are good, and from them we learned the Address to a Waterfowl, Gray's Elegy, Bryant's Prairies and many another that I am sure hundreds of men and women all over the West can recall at will.

If the present generation had to master the contents of the spelling book which accompanied the readers they would not perpetrate the outrages in spelling which are so common today. By the time you memorized the long lists of words pronounced the same but spelled differently, the lists which taught when to use "i" before "e" and "e" before "i," the rules for punctuation, and last but not least the Latin roots, you had a pretty fair equipment.

I turned over the old spelling book and came on "Damno. I condemn?" and recalled the unholy glee with which we said "damno" when we wanted to be real wicked, and excused ourselves to the grown-ups when accused of swearing on the ground that it was part of our Latin roots we were repeating.

By the way, if anyone has a third reader of this series they are growing scarce and valuable, and Albert Britnell of 815 Yonge Street, Toronto, will pay real money for them.

OUR CANADIAN ROCKIES

Made by a mighty hand, more wondrous as years go by,
Majestically they stand outlined 'gainst the Western sky,
Like sentinels on guard, silent and motionless,
As if they would retard all untoward progress.

Awe-inspiring and grand in their stern solemnity,
As if born to command, they stand there fearlessly,
Nor fiercest gale that blows nor sun's most piercing rays,
Disturbs their calm repose or mars their peaceful days.

Towers are they of strength, yet touched by the gentlest breeze,
Their rocky, rugged length softened with shrubs and trees.
Capped with their snowy peaks, garnished with glistening stream,
As if each mountain seeks its ruggedness to redeem.

Yet in these giant hills a quiet beauty lies,
And in their shrubs and rills, a charm that never dies,
Though seasons come and go and years roll on apace,
Their beauty doth but grow, naught can their charm efface. May Mason.

Not Well Informed

"During his early days in Sheffield Dr. Henry Coward, the English musician, organized a quartette from the men employed in a warehouse. Anxious to make a little money, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, he approached a showman who was visiting the city and suggested to him that a party of singers would be a great addition to his show.

"Kin ye sing?" asked the showman.
"Yes, sir, very well."
"Have ye dress suits?"
"Yes, sir."
"How much will it cost?"
"Five shillings each per night will satisfy us."
"I know," said the showman, "but how much is that? How many are ye in this quartette?"

GOOD TASTE IN DRESS



The adoption of a mode of dressing that is genuinely artistic and becoming depends upon a woman's understanding of physical beauty. She must understand what it means to stand erect without conscious effort; that erect carriage is essential to dignity and grace of movement; that the appearance of proper height is largely a matter of suggestion. The proper proportions of correct corsetry unfailingly give the impression of graceful height. She must know the necessity of absolute freedom for the muscles of respiration, and that any garment that handicaps free breathing, mars her speaking voice and undermines the entire system.

There is a tendency to overlook the individual solution of the problems of dress. Particularly this has been true in the selection of corsets. But, as more and more women have come to a better understanding of those

unvarying principles of beauty and good taste that must be the foundation of all becomingness in dress, Gossard Corsets have found an undisputed place in the wardrobes of the world's best dressed women.

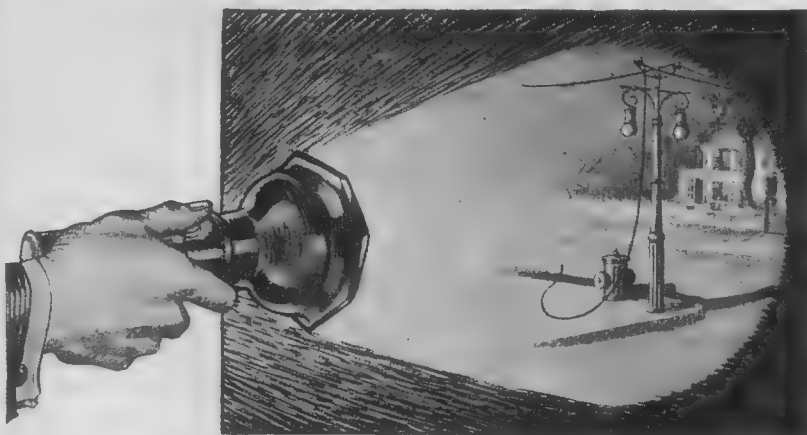
If you have never worn a Gossard Corset you will marvel at the artistry that has anticipated your needs with models that seem to have been created for you alone. There is not a type of figure so unusual or difficult to fit but can be gently persuaded into graceful lines and proportions with the proper Gossard Corset. And to this grace of outline, these original front lacing corsets add the comfort and beauty of unrestrained movement expressed in poise and distinction of carriage; a correct support that induces proper breathing and protects the organs of nutrition; and a wearing service far beyond the life of the average corset.

GOSSARD Front Lacing CORSETS

will be found always at the best stores where your complete satisfaction is guaranteed by the expert services of trained corsetieres. That Gossard Corsets are consistently priced within the reach of every woman is but another evidence of our desire to serve.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
366-378 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Can.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS MEET EVERY
NEED FOR EMERGENCY LIGHT



**"Death Lurks in Darkness.
Eveready Means Safety in Home,
Factory, Travel—Everywhere"**

Says Mrs. L——, of London, Ont., and wins a \$500 Prize

The Eveready Flashlight \$10,000 Cash Prize Contest developed some very interesting thoughts on the urgent need for Eveready Flashlights in every field of human activity.

The tenor of the entire 309,462 contest-answers was as pointed out by the judges in making their decisions, that Eveready's greatest usefulness lies in the broad field of danger in darkness.

The moral to be drawn from the contest, then, is that wherever there is need for a safe, portable light, an Eveready Flashlight is the answer.

Do you own an Eveready Flashlight? It is "loaded" with a fresh, strong, Eveready Battery — actually ever ready for any and all emergencies?

There's an electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods or auto-accessory store near you.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, LTD.
TORONTO and WINNIPEG

**EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHT**

The Light That Says "There It Is!"

BLUE RIBBON TEA

¶ If a vote were taken in Western Canada as to which is the best tea, BLUE RIBBON would win in a walk. The BLUE RIBBON family comprises half the entire population of Western Canada. It is an enthusiastic family and adds many to its membership every day.

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

PIONEER WOMEN IN CANADA

Our contest for stories of pioneer women continues until March 15th. Then a contest will be opened for Pioneer Men in Canada. The stories must be strictly Canadian. One interesting description of pioneer life in Minnesota was sent in, but we could not enter it in the contest.

A PIONEER OF THREE PROVINCES

The story of Mrs. Isabella Platt, of Innisfree, Alberta, written by Mrs. W. A. Bruce, Minburn, Alberta.

There are many women, both in Ontario and this Western country, whose life history would be well worth writing, but I am going to write of the one whose history I know best, my mother, who, though she is not one of the real early settlers of either the East or West, nevertheless, has manifested the pioneer spirit, and is to a certain extent a pioneer of three provinces.

Of her girlhood days I will not say much. She was born in the year 1862, near a little place called Marsville, in the county of Dufferin, Ontario, and there spent her youth. Being one of a family of twelve she grew up to know what work was, and born at a time when manufactured goods were not in use like they are to-day, many things had to be made in the home that we would not think of making now, and could not if we would.

Therefore, my mother learned how to card and spin wool, to make yarn and cloth, and to weave carpet, to make cheese and make soap, and maple sugar, besides learning many other things that have as yet not gone out of fashion, such as baking, ironing, washing, scrubbing, mending, preserving fruit and curing meat and many other household jobs, but these tasks have been lightened by many labor-saving devices, not heard of in those days.

When about nineteen she and my father were married, and moved to a home in the township of Luther. Here they both worked hard with very little returns for their labor. Their farm was a bush one, like many others at that time and required a great amount of hard work before it could be got ready for crops. Great trees had to be cut down, burned and hauled out of the way for which they had their old-time "logging bees." Then the stumps had to be pulled out also, and the roots and stones picked off before it could be even plowed. It was partly cleared when my parents moved on, and finally they got a nice amount of land under cultivation, my mother helping outside all she could besides doing her household work, and part of it was heavy enough, such as washing men's heavy shirts and clothes, made black from the work they were engaged in, and having to do them with a tub and washboard. Finally, they put up a large bank barn, like so many others seen all through Eastern Ontario. Those barns are nearly all the work of the earlier settlers and hard heavy work it was, where men had to tug and lift, at times more than they were able, in order to get those great beams in place.

But to resume my story. As I said before, they worked hard but with little returns. Crops were poor and prices low, and finally they decided to try their fortune in the West, so in the Spring of 1896 they moved to a place near Oak Lake in Manitoba, taking their family with them.

It was quite an undertaking leaving for the West at that time, it seemed an unknown place, and many at the station wept as they bade them good-bye as though they never expected to meet again.

After a five days' journey on a colonist train they arrived at their destination, and in a few weeks' time moved on to a farm some miles out. It was a rather desolate looking place with no neighbors in sight, but one, and this one moved away in a week or so. There was also an Indian reserve just a few miles away which wasn't much of a comfort. The house was a mere shell, but as a stranger passing through remarked, "You have a good roof," so it was not so bad.

During the summer my father bought a farm forty miles distant and had to be there a month or two to do some breaking and put up buildings to have it ready

to move on in the fall, as the place we were on was just rented. So my mother had to stay alone with her family while he was gone and it required some courage to do so, for besides the Indians an occasional tramp came along asking for food, for we lived right near the railroad.

In the fall we moved in wagons to our farm passing through Souris, which was about midway, and though the trip was quite interesting to us children, it wasn't much of a picnic to my mother. In this neighborhood they met some of the pioneers of that part of Manitoba, people who had come in several years before and are still living there. One neighbor woman when she first came in had lived there several months without seeing another woman.

My parents remained two years in this place, one of which they saw their crop cut to the ground with hail. My mother's health then began to fail, so they moved back to old Ontario, and the change of climate together with the meeting with old friends in a measure restored her health.

But like many other men, my father, after having once farmed in the West, could not settle himself contentedly in the East, so in a few years they came West again, this time trying another part of Manitoba, but they just remained one summer as my mother's health began failing again.

Some will think this would have discouraged them from ever coming West again, but when Northern Alberta began to be settled they again made the trip to a new country, my father coming the year before to see what it was like, and if he thought it would agree with my mother's health. Seeing that it was different from Manitoba and more like Ontario they decided to move out, and once again experienced the discomforts and inconveniences of farming in a new country. My father has since passed away and my mother still makes her home here. Though her health is not very good she is ever ready when she is able to lend a helping hand in case of sickness or need, and a few years ago, like many others, did her bit in sewing for the Red Cross. At the present time she is again visiting friends in old Ontario.

A PIONEER WOMAN

By Mrs. Ella M. Sparrow,
Kinley, Sask.

This is the story of a pioneer woman in Ontario. She was born about 1820 in the County of Norfolk, England. Her name was Annie Crown.

She came to Canada when quite young and was thirteen weeks making the voyage. Romance flourished, and a young man who was a fellow-passenger, afterward became her husband. Thirteen weeks would give ample opportunity to become well acquainted, and they must have improved the time, and embraced —er—th opportunity.

His name was James Tuck. He had a humor of his own, and he used to tell the children that he thought their mother was the ugliest girl on the boat. One of his stories of pioneer life was that he used to walk to a grist mill, carrying wheat on his back, in a sack, and carrying the flour home. There was no road, as of course they had to make roads before they could use them.

They settled about seventy-five miles north of Toronto, then Little York, and it was a vast forest. They had to clear a space to build a log-house. There they lived for many years, a whole life time, and raised a large family.

She never graduated from a hospital, and never had a nurse's certificate, but she took to nursing naturally, and went near and far among the settlers and was an angel of mercy in many homes.

It was with a feeling of relief that a neighbor would see her portly form enter the sick room, knowing that the loved one was in capable hands. Many, many babies she ushered into the world, for doctors were not available then. She would leave the young mother comfortable and happy, with her baby nestled safe by her side, in spite of her fine disregard for all the antiseptics, and other requirements of our nurses of to-day.

As the sons and daughters grew up, they married and settled near by, for

they seldom met people from afar, so naturally they married those with whom they grew up. The daughters soon learned all branches of pioneer work, both indoors and out, and soon lessened the many duties of their mother.

Gardening, sewing, spinning, knitting, making rag carpets and patchwork quilts, dyeing, curing meat, making maple syrup, and their own tallow candles, besides cooking, churning, washing, etc., made up a very busy life.

One of my earliest recollections is of the day they celebrated their golden wedding. I was only four or five years old, but I remember them trying to make the old dog lie down for the photograph they had taken. Children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, gathered at the old home for the occasion, I remember, the little garden-gate, the garden path, with old-fashioned flowers growing on either side. Back of that a garden with small fruits, strawberries, raspberries, red, black and white currants, and rows and rows of gooseberry bushes. Didn't they prick small fingers, though?

Of a very energetic nature, Grandmother played no small part in the organization and support of the West Elro Baptist church. This was a small frame building, sun-painted a very inconspicuous and enduring grey, and nestled in among the sand hills. I have been told it was the oldest church in the convention.

The pastors received very little money. There was not much money in pioneer days, but the settlers made donations of substantial home-cured hams, potatoes, butter and eggs, and such things as they produced at home.

They raised funds by strawberry festivals, and what an opportunity for the young people to have a good time. It could not have been a great success from an economic standpoint, but oh! the strawberries and cream!

The young folk were not satiated with pleasure, and the lassies did not need georgette frocks nor silk hose to complete their happiness.

Some of the grandsons and granddaughters of this old pioneer home, among them, the writer, have been pioneers in the West. A good number also went "overseas," and did their part for home and liberty.

Grandfather died about '96, and grandmother about 1911, and they sleep side by side in the little cemetery, beside the old church. Nearby is the home they wrested from the forest, and which they both loved so dearly.

MY DREAM

The peaceful country hillside gently holds
The fairest dream begot of youthful love,
To-day the warm spring earth his form
enfolds;
Not so his soul—God holds it safe above.

Wee baby eyes look into mine and smile—
Twin stars—they smile at me on starlit
nights,
Rejoicingly, I claimed his soul awhile—
To-day he waits for me in heavenly
heights.

There every dream is born, O heart of
mine,—
From God's own vintage every dream
arrives—
They are the purple grapes, the red, red
wine
New-made by Him! Such dreaming He
contrives.

To bind us to the Source of things divine,
(The dreams of life, my love, how sweet
they seem!)
I quaff a Faith more potent than old wine,
And know that God is Keeper of my
dream!

Beulah Vick Bickley

A Politician of Resource

The Earl of Morley, on his return from Jamaica, remained a while in New York, and at a dinner there he told—apropos of self-confidence—the following story about a young English statesman.

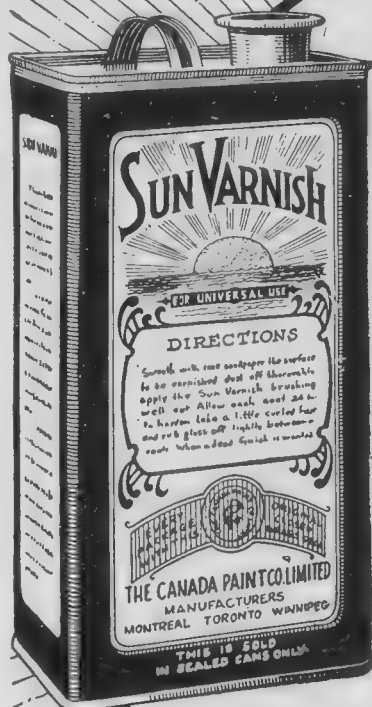
"This youth," continues the version in the Washington "Star", "ought to get on. He works hard, and nothing troubles him."

"He wanted recently to push a bill that had little support from his own party. A friend, however, said to him in a warning voice:

"But suppose, my boy, this bill should cause your party to throw you overboard?"

"Well, in that case," he replied, "I'm quite sure I'd have strength enough to swim across to the other side."

SUN VARNISH



For all Interior Woodwork except Floors

A superior varnish with a brilliant lustre and a glass-like transparency that brings out all the natural beauties of the wood.

If the radiators leak—if the rain comes in the open window, it won't hurt anything covered with Sun Varnish. Nor can hot soapy water, alcohol or alkali mar the beauty of a Sun Varnished surface.

For finishing Hardwood floors there is nothing to equal SUN FLOOR VARNISH. An elegant varnish that dries out stone-hard, wears like iron and will never crack, chip or show heel marks.

Ask the C.P. agent in your town to estimate quantity required for the job you have in mind. He carries a complete stock of C.P. Products, and can take care of your every paint and varnish requirement.

"Save the surface and
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Real Oil Value in this



THE first thing you want to know about any purchase you make, is whether you get value for your money.

En-ar-co Motor Oil is one "buy" about which you may feel safe. En-ar-co is guaranteed to eliminate friction, to lubricate all bearings efficiently and to resist the high temperature encountered in the cylinders of every make of engine, automobile, truck or tractor.

En-ar-co Motor oil is scientifically refined. Our scientific refining process entirely eliminates all substances foreign to perfect oil. It takes out all free carbon. It removes all impurities and it leaves only pure, clear oil—oil that lubricates better, lasts longer and therefore costs less than ordinary lubricants.

En-ar-co is best and cheapest because you do not need to use as much of it—and because it gives longer life to every kind of motor.

Try En-ar-co. Find out all about it. Let us tell you about its economical possibilities.

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Throughout Canada at Service Stations and Garages you will see this "Boy and Sign" sign. It marks a reliable dealer in Gasoline and Oil. Buy from him with every assurance of procuring the best service and satisfaction. If you do not know the En-ar-co dealer in your community, write us direct.

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You may explain, without obligation on my part, why EN-AR-CO products are better for my use. A 3c. stamp is enclosed for a free Auto Race Game.

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W.H.M.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR A LIVING?

There are multitudes of young men who are asking to-day, with much solicitude and anxiety: "What shall I do for a living?" We do not think that there has ever been a time when it was more difficult to answer this question. Society is divided into two classes—the workers—and the non-workers. The workers are, again, divided into two classes—those who work with their hands, and those who work with their brains. The latter distinction is not as clearly marked as the former, for manual toil is generally supplemented by some activity of mind, and mental labor by a certain amount of bodily exercise. The man who hammers stone must use his judgment in order to strike in the right place; and the man who hammers his brains must use his hands in order to record his thoughts.

In the choice of a vocation there are five great mistakes to be avoided. The first is crowding into what are called "the professions," or mercantile life, or some other employment where there is little manual labor, on the supposition that this must promise to the young man a comparatively easy life. There are none who work harder than some who are supposed not to work at all.

The second mistake into which young men are liable to fall—and this is worse than the first—is that of trying for a place in some of those branches of business where there is the possibility of achieving a great fortune at a stroke, with the strong probability of not making a penny. This is simply "running for luck," with the prospect of breaking your neck in the race. The few who succeed every one hears of; the multitude who fail pass out of sight and are forgotten.

The third mistake is that of rushing from the country to the large cities without any reasonable prospect of finding remunerative occupation. If all the groans and sighs which come from the stores and offices where our clerks, and salesmen, and book-keepers congregate, could be heard through our country towns and villages, there would not be the same eagerness to join the crowd who haunt the city streets. If there be a fair chance of your attaining a comfortable living in any honest way, stay near home, and build upon a sure foundation, even though the structure rise somewhat slowly. Wherever and however they may begin life, as a general rule, men will gravitate to their true level. If it be in you to burst the narrow bounds which at first restrict your steps, you will be quite certain to do it, sooner or later.

The fourth mistake to be noticed is the prevalent notion that to work with the hands can never be as honorable as it is to work with the brain. If indeed a man is nothing but a tool, or a part of a machine, he cannot expect to take an elevated place in society. But suppose the hand and the head work together—as they always will, to some extent, just as soon as you rise out of the region of mere servile toil—how does the matter stand then? Here is a practical farmer, who is also a student of scientific agriculture, and brings his knowledge to bear upon the improvement of land, the increase of crops, the perfecting of seeds, economy in labor—under his skilful hand barren wastes are redeemed, so that the earth will always be more fruitful because he has lived and labored, and his culture makes the human race richer as well as his own household—could any one ask for more honorable employment? Here is a young mechanic who has learned his trade thoroughly and well, and starting in life as a skilled, accomplished workman, he brings his mind to the watchful study of every progress in his work—contriving, experimenting, inventing, and gradually rising from his inferior position till he becomes a master workman, a contractor, the head of a grand establishment, "saying to this man go and he goeth, and to that man come, and he cometh." Is this not better and more honorable than to be a feeble advocate at the bar, or an impecunious member of any other profession?

And lastly, it is very sad when one finds that he has chosen a line of life to which he is not adapted. It works badly, whether the peg is too large or too small for the hole.



The Chaffless Coffee

The delicious Aroma is retained in the vacuum-sealed tins.

Ask your grocer for Gold Standard

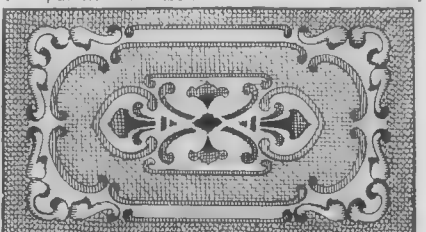
Gold Standard Mfg. Co. Ltd. Winnipeg



A woman from Manitoba writes: "I have taken first prize for years here for my rugs and I know a woman who took first prize at Brandon Fair, and six first prizes at other places with rugs made on your patterns."

Another woman writes: "I have on my floors now rugs made with your patterns eighteen years ago."

You, too, can easily make these beautiful rugs with rugs you have in the house now. All you need to buy is a burlap pattern and a hook. Send for our free design sheet, showing 64 patterns in 6 sizes.



This beautiful pattern stamped in colors on strong burlap, ready for working, (No. 266) size 1½ yd. x 30 in. Price by mail, 85c. We pay postage. These home-made hooked rugs will add beauty and comfort to your home for years.

Special Offer Let us send you a nice selection of three of our prettiest patterns: One burlap pattern, 1½ yd. size, reg. price...85c One burlap pattern, 1½ yd. size, reg. price...75c One burlap pattern, door mat size, reg. price 35c and absolutely free one special steel rug hook. Also easy directions for beginners and latest design sheet. All for \$1.95. We pay postage.

Why not do it now, while the Free offer is on? JOHN E. GARRETT, 4 Kempt St. New Glasgow, Nova Scotia

Over the Breakfast Table

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mack

To take up one's abode in a foreign country entails something in the nature of a painful experience. Fortunately the average person is short-sighted in that he never anticipates what he is destined to undergo in the process of uprooting himself even temporarily from his native soil. Undoubtedly a natural adaptability modifies things, but even to the least sensitive of us it is a rude shock to discover that our point of view is not that of the outside world, that the high honor we have accredited our own national life is ridiculed as an egotistical illusion on our part and that our cherished ideals are thrown back at us in flippant scepticism.

Yet the experience is a useful one if we but choose to make the most of it, for by a strange paradox while we must seek the truth about our individual selves at home we must go abroad to have the necessary light cast upon our national weaknesses. Not that we should believe all we hear. God forbid. The foreigner is apt to be harsh in his criticism and if we took his judgment verbatim we might lose faith in our own national integrity; but at least it should clarify our vision and pave the way for greater service.

No one can, for example, live across the border without being conscious of what might be emulated to advantage and what should be scrupulously avoided in our own country. We are wont to accuse our southern neighbors of "wordiness." Sometimes we use a less polite term which means the same thing; and we say it disdainfully as though proud of laying no claim to it ourselves. But is the accusation laid against us not true, that we are too phlegmatic where patriotic expression is concerned?

In the United States much emphasis is necessarily laid upon the duty of patriotism and the obligation of adopted citizenship. One thing is overlooked and that is that patriotism is in the last analysis a matter of affection rather than education, and our affection is something intimately personal yet peculiarly beyond our control. To those of us who belong to an ancient race patriotism is a matter of instinct rather than conscious volition. And that is well in an old land, but what of a new?

"Do you vote?" I asked a young man across the breakfast table the other morning. In a somewhat supercilious tone he replied that politics were "too dirty" for him. How flippantly we all use that expression, "the dirtiness of politics." Good or bad as they may be the management of our country is surely of concern to us. And if we refuse to soil our hands in just so far do we add to the "dirt." It is on the same principle as that of the woman who refuses to do the necessary scrubbing in her house on the plea that she is too refined for that kind of work.

Five years' residence abroad has stimulated my interest in the prosperity of my own country. Indeed when I crossed the border a few months ago I was imbued with a keen anxiety to measure its progress step by step. It has cost me something to acquire this, a matter upon which I shall not dwell. But when I suggest to my friends that they buy "home-made goods" they look at me with mild amusement. "They are cheaper and better made in the States," they tell me. "You get the style down there," some remark. "Perhaps you do," I think to myself, "but what is the matter with manufacturing 'the style' up here?"

Have you ever thought of how they made the great prosperous country to the south of us? They began with one Big Idea and they have carried it out, loyalty to themselves. It is the way everything is done. The successful man is alert to his own advancement in little things as in big. That is the secret of his career. And the prosperity of a country is in exact ratio to the efforts of the individual citizen to promote its welfare.

"Not as much in it," a woman said as she picked up an American magazine in preference to a Canadian one. I smiled as I thought how willingly she would make a great sacrifice for her country, and yet how she had overlooked this little bit of service so easily rendered.

How many of us realize that just as our home is what we make it, so is our country what we make it? Has it a literature of its own, a voice whereby it speaks its thoughts to the world? Yes, dear woman,

the magazine on the news stand contains just what you put in it. What you ask it will give you—in time. Its sustenance comes not from the editorial staff but from the purchasing public. I verily believe there have been more promising magazines started in this Dominion which have found an early and undeserved grave than in any other part of the world, and in no little measure did each one carry the nation's destiny with it.

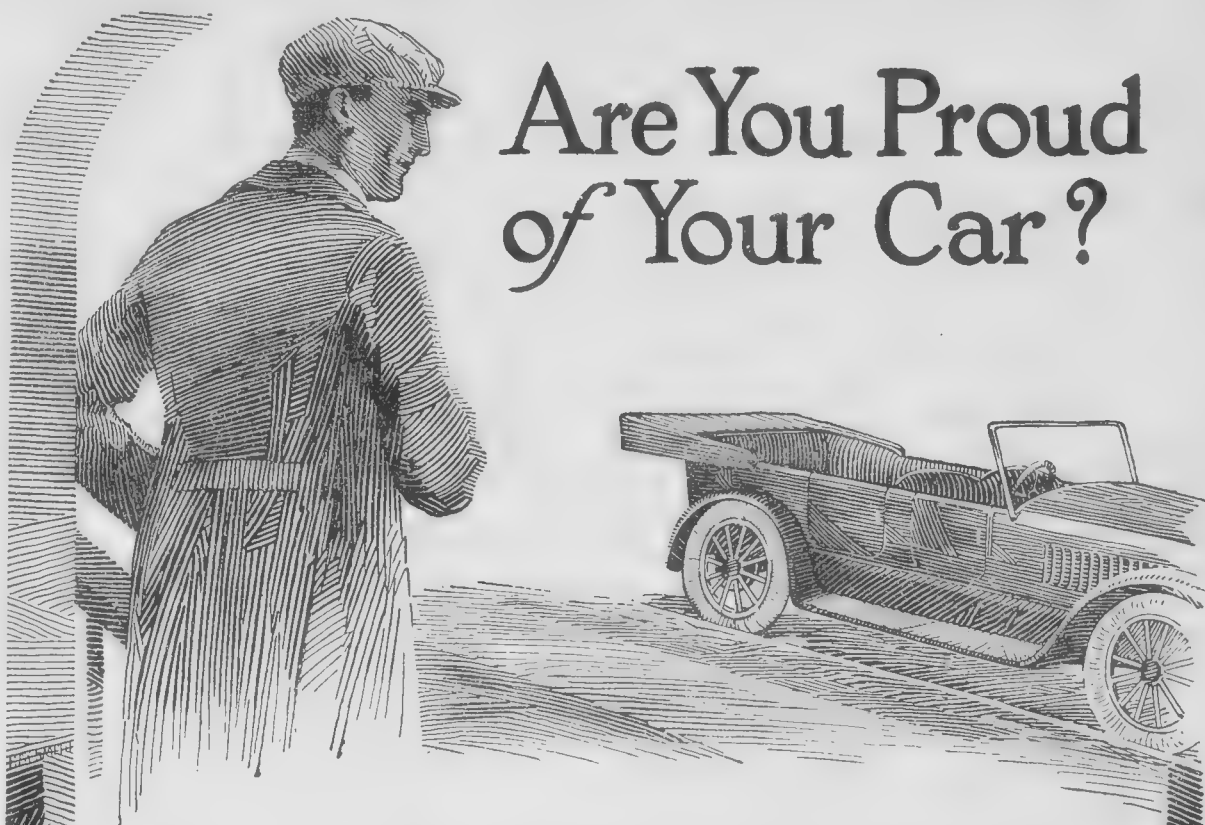
What, after all, is the greatest charm of our country but its buoyant youth? Some two years ago I heard a man say, as he addressed a great patriotic gathering in an American city, that he claimed "the greatest honor in the world, the honor of being an American citizen." Yes, it was the greatest honor to him, and I would not deny him or his audience their gratification in believing it; but my thoughts travelled back to my own land—a land so pregnant with great things to be, a land of marvellous beauty and romance, where every man is yet a pioneer hewing the destiny of his country as he goes.

Frederick's Thoughts

A young mother went up-stairs one evening to be sure that her son was safely sleeping. As she paused at the door of the nursery she saw her husband standing by the side of the crib, gazing earnestly at the child.

As she stood still for a moment, touched by the sight, tears filled her eyes, and she thought, "How dearly Frederick loves that boy!" Imagine the shock to her feelings when he suddenly turned toward her and said:

"Amelia! It is incomprehensible to me how they can get up such a crib as this for three dollars and sixty cents."



Are You Proud of Your Car?



THE measure of pride you take in your car is determined very largely by its outward appearance.

It may be a perfect marvel as far as performance is concerned and yet look like a dilapidated taxi.

Perhaps you realize that the car does need a new dress and you hesitate only because of the expense involved.

Why not paint it yourself? A Dougall Da-cote finish applied by yourself some afternoon will give you excellent results and, while not equal to professional work, will be a whole lot better than the old dingy, shabby coat.

Da-cote is made in black and white and eight popular colors. It flows on smoothly and dries overnight. If your local dealer does not stock Da-cote write us for color-card and we will send you the name of a merchant who can supply you.

The Dougall Varnish Co. Limited

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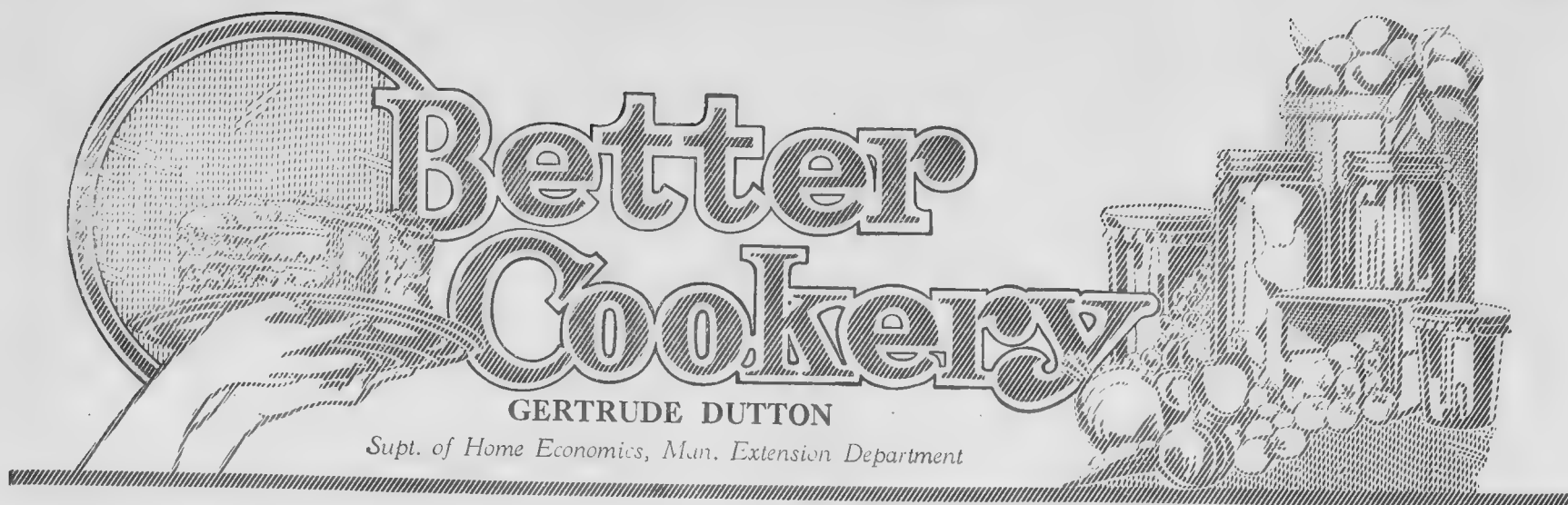
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READ THE COLUMBIA ADVERTISEMENT IN COLORS ON INSIDE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE



When There is Illness in the Home

Very few families are so fortunate as to escape illness. Good feeding is very essential in maintaining health. Sometimes, in spite of wise unremitting care for the diet, by the mother, sickness will creep into the household. Special diet will have to be provided for the patient. If the case is serious enough to need the care of a physician, he will prescribe the proper diet. His directions should be followed implicitly. But quite often the home nurse is at a loss to know just how to carry out his orders. She must obey the doctor, please the patient, and not overstrain the family pocket book. In many minor ailments where it is unnecessary to call a doctor, some modifications of the family meals are necessary. There is no magic diet for any disease. Energy requirements of the body are almost as

They may be enriched by the addition of eggs, cream or milk.

Milk is the most valuable food for a sick person. It is easy to digest, and contains all the essential food elements. It may be increased in usefulness by:

1. Changing its flavor.
2. By altering the relative proportions of protein, fat and carbohydrate.
3. By combining with some substance which prevents the formation of large or hard curds in the stomach.

Some people prefer the acidity of buttermilk or the tang of kumiss, coffee, tea or cocoa may be added for flavor. Malted milk is a valuable addition. Cereal gruels may be added, and raw eggs, making an egg-nog, which may be flavored in different ways. Three quarts of milk per day will cover the energy requirements of the average man in bed, or two and one half quarts of milk

7 p.m. 1 cup tea made with a half-cup milk and 2 tb. cream.

11 p.m. 1 cup hot malted milk.

Soft or Semi-solid Diet

Any of the fluid diets with the addition of a considerable variety of simple dishes, such as toast softened with water, milk or broth, custards, whips, souffles, junkets, blancmange, gelatin jellies, ice-cream, ices, meats, fish and green vegetables are omitted.

A typical menu:

7 a.m. 1 cup hot milk.

9.30 a.m. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grape or pineapple juice. 1 cup thick gruel with rich milk. 1 thin slice toast with butter.

12 p.m. 1 cup broth with white of 1 egg. 1 thin slice toast with butter.

2.30 p.m. $\frac{2}{3}$ cup chicken souffle. $\frac{1}{2}$ thin slice toast. 1 cup lemon jelly with 1 tb. whipped cream.

5 p.m. 1 cup milk flavored with tea or cocoa. $\frac{1}{2}$ slice of thin toast.

7.30 p.m. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bouillon. 1 egg omelet. 1 cup junket.

10 p.m. 1 cup gruel or malted milk. 1 thin slice toast.

Light Diet

Care must be taken to avoid overtaxing the digestion. Surplus amounts of energy food will no doubt be needed to replenish depleted cells and restore lost weight. The main points to remember are to limit the diet to foods which will not disturb digestion and to see that building foods are liberally supplied.

Acute Indigestion

During an attack it is best to refrain from food, or to take only broth, tea, white of egg or modified milk for a day or two, then a semi-solid diet, followed by a light diet. Sugars should be avoided. Under feeding is better than over feeding for a few days.

Intestinal Putrefaction

Protein foods should be limited. Milk, eggs, cheese and vegetable proteins may be substituted for meats. A liberal use should be made of green vegetables and fruits.

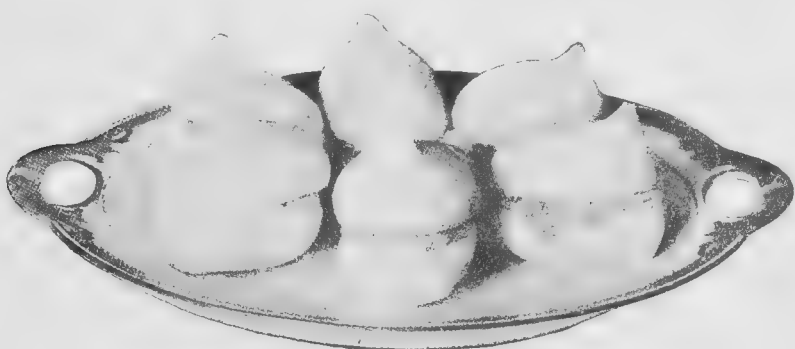
Food in Fevers

No food should be taken which cannot be readily digested and absorbed. A liberal supply of liquid should be given. The energy output is very high, requiring considerable fuel food to counter-balance it. A fluid diet is safest and easiest to give, as a rule milk is ideal, combined with cream, milk sugar, cereal gruel, or some proprietary food.

Typhoid

The patient's life depends on implicit obedience to the doctor's orders regarding diet. Typhoid causes ulcers in the intestines, which makes it imperative that nothing should be given that will cause irritation. There must be nothing indigestible. After the first disturbance of digestion has subsided, the power of the body to utilize more food will gradually increase, till a sufficient amount can be safely handled. It is now possible for a typhoid patient to actually add weight during his illness.

Milk, cream and lactose can be given in quantities to yield 3,000 calories per



Meringues

great as in health, in some cases, as of fever, may even be greater. In a short illness, the body may be depended on to supply sufficient energy for a few days. The rest given the digestive tract may be valuable, such as in attacks of acute indigestion. But in illnesses liable to prove lengthy, it is very necessary to supply full food as nearly as possible in accordance with the energy output, to save the patient from being very much weakened and having to undergo a long period of convalescence. The diet should be easy of digestion. Of all diets, fluids are the easiest to digest. These include:

1. Broths and clear soups.
2. Beef juice and tea.
3. Cereal gruels.
4. Milk.
5. Raw eggs combined with other fluids, such as water, milk, fruit-juices, cocoa, etc.
6. Cream soups of various kinds.

Clear soups have very little fuel value, but are agreeable to take, comforting when hot, if they contain meat extracts stimulate the flow of gastric juice. They can be made the carriers of extra nourishment, such as eggs, cereal flours, etc.

Beef juice is made by pressing the juice from slightly warmed beef. It is expensive, and is not as attractive in flavor as broth or beef tea. But it is a very easily digested protein.

Cereal gruels are very useful, as they are neither stimulating nor irritating, and are rapidly digested and absorbed.

and two eggs. The addition of cream will lower the bulk.

Albuminized beverages are combinations of egg white and various fluids, such as milk, broth, orange, lemon, pineapple or grape juice, or even water. They are soothing even in cases of great irritability of the digestive tract.

Cream soups are really devices for making milk acceptable. The chief reliance for nourishment in fluid diet is upon milk and eggs.

Liquid diet should be administered in small amounts at frequent intervals.

A typical menu:

7 a.m. 1 cup coffee with a quarter-cup milk.

9 a.m. Albuminized lemonade.

11 a.m. 1 cup broth.

1 p.m. 1 cup gruel made with milk.

3 p.m. Albuminized lemonade.

5 p.m. 1 cup tea with a quarter-cup milk.

7 p.m. 1 cup broth.

9 p.m. 1 cup gruel made with milk.

11 p.m. 1 cup broth.

One in which more attention must be paid to supply a large amount of energy, would consist of:

7 a.m. 1 cup milk.

9 a.m. 1 cup milk flavored with coffee essence.

11 a.m. Albuminized orange juice.

1 p.m. Cream soup or broth with egg.

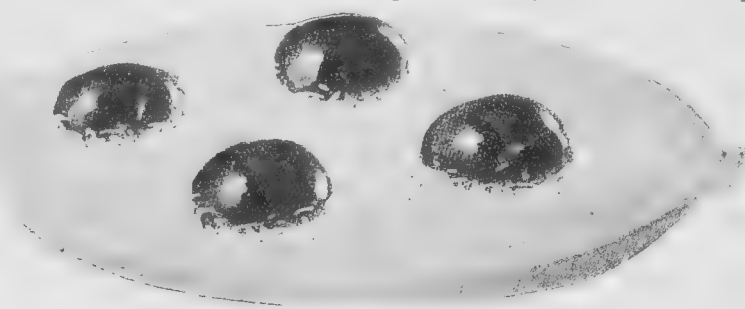
3 p.m. Grape juice egg-nog.

5 p.m. Gruel made with milk.

Meals should be simple, and served with strict regularity. The appetite must be tempted by the attractive appearance of the tray.

Diet in Minor Illnesses

A light meal is always in order when one is weary, as it passes quickly into the circulation, relieving the sense of fatigue. Hot milk or hot malted milk, if taken when one is very tired, may prevent a heavy cold or attack of grippe. If it should be contracted, give first a light laxative diet of low fuel value; hot lemonade, broth or gruel with toast, mild stewed fruits and vegetables, for a few days, till the cold seems broken, then one with a little higher fuel value than normally used to aid the body to complete recovery. Butter, cream, bacon, olive-oil, milk and eggs will give this extra food.



Peach Dainties

day. Variety may be obtained by using coffee, gruel, junket whey and egg in some cases. Later he may have broths, milk soups, custards, ice creams, gelatin jellies, cereals, apple sauce, rice, mashed potato.

Tuberculosis

The digestive tract must be kept in good condition, and a gain in weight brought about. Butter, cream, olive oil, milk, eggs, beef, and chicken may be used very freely.

In diabetes, carbohydrates are to be used very sparingly.

Energy-giving Foods

Milk, cheese, eggs, meat, poultry, fish, dried legumes, nuts, cereals, bread, crackers, macaroni and other pastes, cakes, cookies, puddings, potatoes, sugar, molasses, syrup, honey, candies, preserved fruits, butter, cream, cooking fats, oils.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Contains no alum

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. It possesses elements of food that have to do the building up of brain and nerve matter and is absolutely free from alum or other injurious substitutes.

MOUTH INFECTION

For many years doctors have known that rheumatism and other general diseases are sometimes caused by chronic inflammation of the gums, especially of the tooth sockets, but until recently only an occasional physician put the knowledge to practical use—often to the great relief of his patient. Within the past two or three years, however, all physicians have come to realize the evils that may follow suppuration within the mouth—oral sepsis, as it is called. Perhaps they make a little too much of the condition now, but there can be no doubt that it is responsible for a great deal of avoidable illness. The mouth disease that is most often responsible for general ill health is Rigg's disease (Pyorrhea alveolaris), but other forms of inflammation, such as an abscess at the root of the tooth, can also do mischief. The abscess may cause no pain or apparent inflammation, yet it may do a good deal of harm if the pus it forms passes into the blood stream. Among the many diseases which in certain cases can be traced to inflammation of the gums or tooth sockets are dyspepsia, rheumatism, anaemia, high blood pressure with resulting headache, or even heart and kidney disease, constipation, and asthma. Possibly we may include ulcer of the stomach or intestines, gallstones, and appendicitis.

Of course, all these conditions are more frequently owing to other causes, but it is well to remember that they can originate in an ill-kept mouth. Too often, unfortunately, we see broken and decayed teeth, loose, and covered with tartar, in the mouths of persons who are in other respects careful in regard to personal hygiene. When the physician examines such a mouth, he usually finds the gums swollen, with a blue line along the edge of the teeth, and a very slight pressure will force out pus from between the teeth. As long as such a condition is present, it is not much use to treat obscure general symptoms of ill-health. Thorough treatment by a competent dentist is the first thing to insist on.

THE UVULA

The soft palate is a fold of mucous membrane that covers the hard palate and continues backward from it; there is a small hanging projection from it that is called the uvula. The soft palate and the uvula are often inflamed during the progress of some general disorder, like scarlet fever, measles, or diphtheria; they can also set up very disagreeable symptoms of their own without the presence of any general disease. Most people know how painful an acute catarrhal inflammation of these parts can be when each act of swallowing feels as if a knife blade were being driven into the throat. A glance into the throat at such a time shows it to be red and swollen. When the connective tissues under the surface are also involved—the pain is almost unbearable, and it is sometimes difficult even to breathe.

In ordinary acute catarrhal inflammation, the symptoms do not last long, and the attack can be relieved by the kind of treatment that relieves inflammation elsewhere. A soothing and astringent gargle will relieve the pain of swallowing very quickly.

One of the most troublesome results of chronic inflammation of these parts is a relaxed uvula. That condition causes a feeling of fullness, so that the patient makes constant efforts to raise what feels like a foreign body in the throat. There is also a disagreeable sensation of dryness. If the uvula becomes so far relaxed that it touches the base of the tongue or the larynx, severe and exhausting attacks of coughing are likely to occur. Some sufferers cannot lie on the back without actual danger of suffocation, and have to sleep propped up on pillows.

Those whose throats easily become inflamed should be very careful to live hygienically. Crowded and overheated rooms are injurious to them, and they should always sleep in a room that is filled with fresh air. Attacks can often be traced to errors in diet, and men who smoke too much or who drink liquor freely are especially susceptible to throat complaints. The sufferer should seek a dry and bracing climate if possible, and increase his weakened power of resistance by tonics, rest and feeding. If in spite of all treatment the relaxed uvula continues to cause irritation, it can be shortened

Home Doctor

POTT'S DISEASE

Pott's disease is the name given to tuberculosis when it attacks the vertebrae. The vertebrae are the segments of bone that form the spinal column, and they actually support the weight of the trunk. As the disease progresses, the segments attacked are weakened by the decay of the bone until they can no longer support the body properly. The diseased part breaks down, and the spine is sharply bent. This produces the deformed back characteristic of Pott's disease.

If the trouble arises at either end of the spinal column, the deformity may be slight; but if it begins in the middle, it is likely to be very great. The disease may occur at any time from infancy to old age, but it is the most common in the period of childhood from the third to the tenth year. It is the most serious of all tuberculous affections of the bones or joints.

The early symptoms of Pott's disease are pain and stiffness. At this stage the trouble may be mistaken for a strained back, or rheumatism, or lumbago, until the awkward attitudes that the weakened back compels the patient to take, are noticed.

It is important that parents should insist that their child be thoroughly examined whenever it suffers from any pain or weakness in the back that does not yield readily to rest and simple treatment. The pain and weakness may be due to other and slighter causes; but if the disease exists the method of examination the surgeon employs will make the diagnosis clear, although the deformity may be too slight for the parents to notice.

The treatment for Pott's disease is largely mechanical, by means of surgical appliances intended to support the spine, and thus to prevent deformity. Furthermore, the child who is suffering from this form of tuberculosis needs the careful treatment that all tuberculous cases require. It should have the most nourishing food, and be kept constantly in the open air, day and night.

THE REST CURE

It is always easier to recognize the need of a rest cure than it is to put the cure into operation. First of all there is the difficulty of deciding just where and how to give it. Then it becomes necessary to persuade the patient to take it, and every rest-cure patient is a problem by himself, and usually a difficult one. It is quite possible to be in urgent need of the rest cure and at the same time to be more obstinate, vociferous, and unmanageable than all the rest of the family put together. That is why physicians advise against attempting the rest cure in the home. It is very likely to fail there in the case of the patient, and to succeed only in making patients of the other members of the family; for worn-out people are hard to handle, although they may be perfectly tractable and reasonable when they are in a state of health.

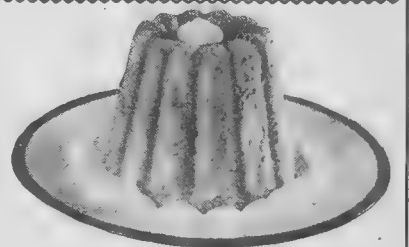
That is the reason that a good sanatorium is the best solution of the problem. The patient is at once removed from his oversolicitous family, and becomes simply one case among other cases—although he may be tactfully recognized as a very "interesting" one. Furthermore, a life of gentle but inflexible rule and habit is established. The days glide by, and they are made to glide and not to drag, which is, perhaps, the most valuable secret of the system.

But unfortunately, many people who need the rest cure cannot afford to go to a sanatorium. In those cases, we must strive to attain as far as possible the atmosphere and methods of the sanatorium. Break the day up into periods, and let them be punctually observed. Try to get the patient into a mood of willing obedience to some one person, even if you have to persuade the doctor to play the ogre for that purpose. Let the meals be a succession of mildly exciting picnics. Admit one visitor a day—no more—as a concession and a treat. And if you can possibly find the money, have a professional massage the patient at regular intervals. Remember that an impatient, intractable and thoroughly bored person

Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Great Recipe from "The Green Gabled Farm"

RECENTLY I lunched at a little green gabled farm house in an apple orchard, where I enjoyed a most unusual apple dessert in which I recognized Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Of course, woman-like, I asked for the recipe, which is Knox Apple Charlotte, and give it here-with, together with a recipe for a Rice Mold which was sent in from the South.



APPLE CHARLOTTE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 cup boiling water
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoonfuls
1 cup cooked apple pulp 1 lemon juice
Whites of 3 eggs Lady fingers or stale cake
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain; cool slightly and add apple juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers, or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

One package of Knox Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different meals, or make in all twenty-four individual servings.

RICE MOULD with PINEAPPLE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water Few grains salt
1/2 cup scalded pineapple juice
1/2 cup sugar 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup cooked rice 1 cup whipped cream
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple and two egg whites used in place of the whipped cream, if desired.

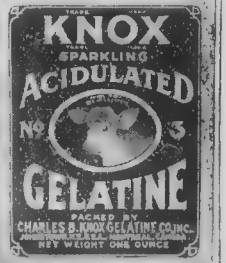
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and one that is very tempting and dainty

ORANGE JELLY

(Seven to Nine Persons)

1 envelope Cox's Gel- 1 cup (1/2 lb.) sugar
atine 1 1/2 cups (3/4 pint)
1 1/2 cups (3/4 pint) water
orange juice 1 lemon

Grate rinds of two oranges into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar and water and dissolve over fire; add orange and lemon juices and strain into a wet mold. Chill in a cool place and turn out when firm.

This jelly is sometimes served in orange shells as follows: Remove a small piece from top of orange; scoop out pulp with a small spoon; chill shells and fill with jelly. Cut in halves or quarters when firm.

Jellies, puddings, desserts, salads—all are made richer and more delicious by the use of Cox's Gelatine. Pure, unflavored and unsweetened, Cox's makes an excellent base for many delightful and unusual recipes. You will recognize Cox's by the distinctive checker-board box. Look for it at your grocer's.

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Jottings About Constantinople

By Evelyn Miller

Constantinople is really three cities situated on three points of land, connected by bridges. Originally it was built on seven hills, like Ancient Rome, by Constantine the Great, in 330 A.D. and partly on the site of Ancient Byzantium.

It is a beautiful and wonderful city; its great size fills one with amazement. The banks on the Bosphorus are crowded with great Mosques, high towers, houses, gardens and minarets, while in the background are dark sombre hills, some bare and others covered with gloomy cypress groves.

The Dome of S. Sophia dominates the whole city as it glitters and gleams above the closely packed houses. Before the Great War the harbour was crowded with shipping, and flags of every nation fluttered gaily in the breeze. The intense blue of the sea, the green shady

islands and snow-covered mountains of Asia in the distance, the sunlight casting golden shafts on the old houses, built on the water's edge, the dazzling white palaces and the hundreds of glittering domes, old fortifications and ancient walls, make a picture some people declare far more beautiful even than the Bay of Naples.

It is a city of contrasts; grandeur and squalor march side by side; riches and poverty rub shoulders on the thronged bridges, while the bazaars, which extend for miles, contain the most beautiful costly jewels, embroidery and carpets, while the most utter rubbish is there for sale too. A woman once said, "She never knew where all the old English ball-dresses disappeared to." Well they are to be seen in the bazaars, where quantities of soiled, tawdry old clothes delight the Turkish women, who have

very little sense of the fitness of things or the value of them. Even the ladies of the Sultan in the gorgeous gardens of the palaces, walk carelessly on the flower beds, and do as much mischief as a host of naughty children.

The dogs of Constantinople are the scavengers of the city, for all refuse is thrown out of doors into the street. These dogs are mangy, unhappy looking creatures, but if you once throw them a biscuit or some meat, they always remember and greet you as a friend. The Turks always believe they know when the plague comes, for they sit and howl when the destroying angel visits a house, and oddly enough they are generally right.

There are many cemeteries built right in the city and on the shores of the Bosphorus, and they always have dark, melancholy cypress groves planted there, for the Turks believe that the aromatic scent of the cypress voids off the ill effects of the dead being placed amid the living of the city.

The various streams that run into the

Bosphorus are called by the Turks "The sweet waters of Europe," and abound in fish, and here the Turkish ladies walk in spring and early summer, while in a green field by the "Sweet waters of Asia" they walk on Fridays and Sundays in late summer and autumn. Peacocks swarm by the "Sweet waters of Europe," for they were beloved by a former Sultan, and they certainly add a charm to the beautiful scene, flaunting their gorgeous plumage on walls and houses and in the gardens.

The Mosque of S. Sophia is the last piece of mediaeval Greek architecture, and is so huge it can be seen all over the city. The dome is the largest in the world, and is supported by arches of the most beautiful proportions; some of the pillars are of green jasper from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; others are of porphyry from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. The fountain of S. Sophia is very beautiful. The walls of the Mosque are of the richest marble.

It was a Christian Church when Constantine built it, but was made a mosque when the Turks conquered Constantinople in 1453 under Mohammed, who, when he came within sight of the city walls, spread his sacred carpet on the ground, and turning towards Mecca prayed for the success of his enterprise; and he did conquer the city after a terrible slaughter of the Christians, many of whom were killed in S. Sophia.

The story is told, and firmly believed by the Greek Church, that the priest, who was celebrating the Holy Eucharist when the first infidel entered the church, disappeared through a brick wall with the holy elements and the Cross in his hand, and that when the Christians retake Constantinople he will return with that Cross.

Oddly enough there is an old legend that when a Constantine and a Sophia reign in Greece, as they did until June 1917, and as they do at present, the true faith will triumph and the Eastern and the Western Churches would be united under the Holy Cross, and the Crescent would be wiped out.

The door by which Christians are allowed to enter S. Sophia is the North porch, and in the time-worn Mosaic can still be traced the words, "I am the Light of the World," and shows our Lord on His Throne with the Gospel in His Hand.

S. Sophia in a very short time could be made a Christian Church once again.

The Mosque of Sultan Ahmed I has six minarets, and is a magnificent building. In it all the official celebrations and great processions take place at the annual festivals. The Mosque of Mohammed I built in 1463-69, is also very handsome. His "turbah" or tomb is close to his Mosque, and contains the two most valuable priceless possessions of the Faithful. One is a Koran, all copied by the Sultan and signed by him, and the other is the sacred tooth which was knocked out of the prophet's mouth at the Battle of Ohnd.

The enormously high tower of Galata keeps watch and ward over the city always, to send out the alarm when fires break out, and in this tower is still to be seen the old tocsin which used to send the alarms, but it is broken and rusty now. This tower is so high that the people declare that the cats who live there have never touched the ground, and they frequently eat the doves which fly round the tower and coo softly in the noon-tide heat.

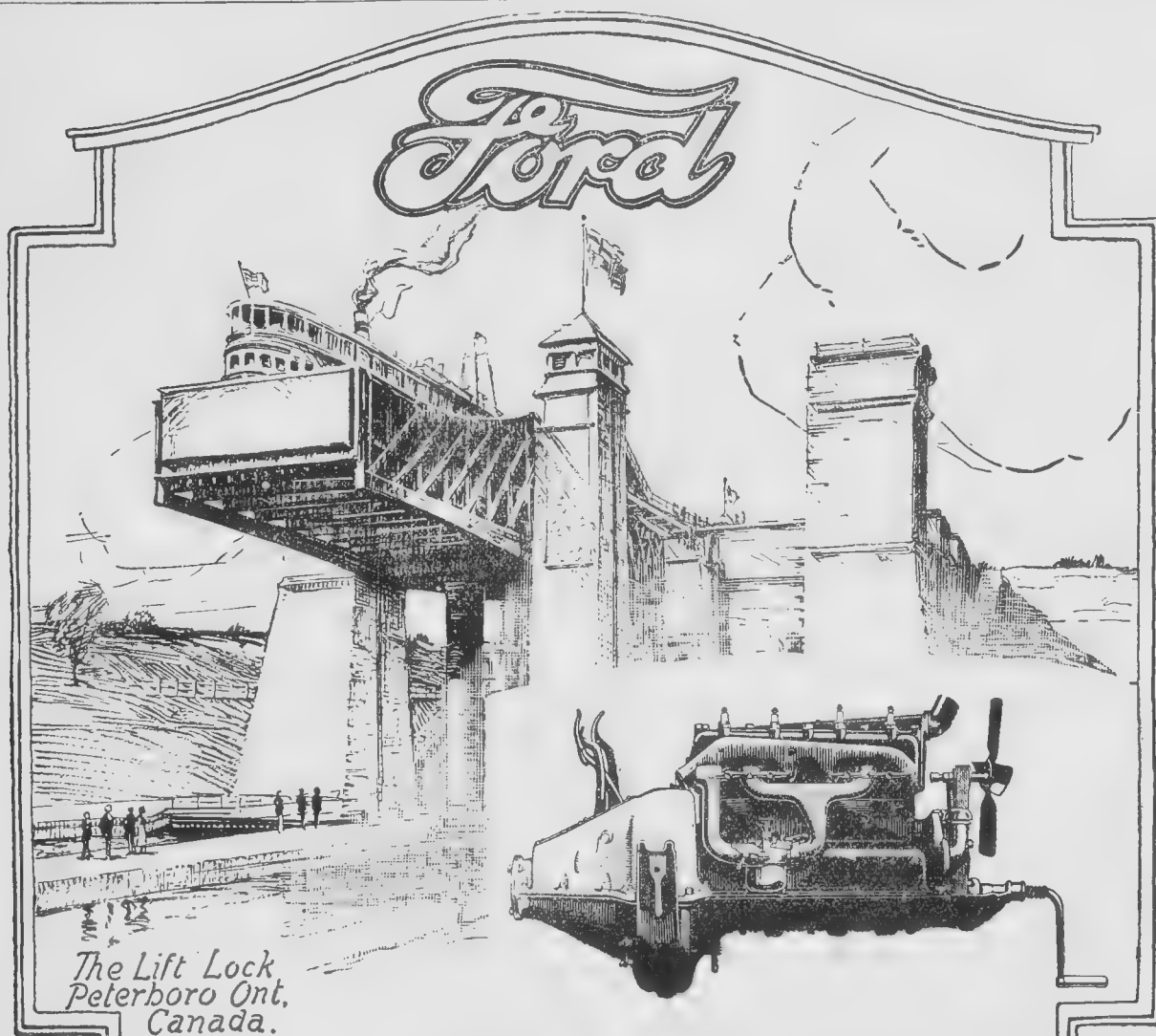
Bits of the old chain, which in ancient times the Greeks spanned across from the Golden Horn to Galata to keep their enemies out, is to be seen in the vestibule of the Church Saint Irene; for 1,000 years it kept out invading ships.

The English Embassy is at Pera, and inside has some fine rooms with some beautiful copies of old pictures, some priceless cabinets and some rare china. Here too is the English memorial church erected in memory of those who fell in the Crimean war.

The Golden Horn is the seat of the Admiralty.

The old Seraglio is very beautiful, with lovely neglected gardens and fine council chambers, museum, mint and famous treasury, full of priceless gems, gorgeous gold embroidered vestments and ancient arms.

A new Sultan never occupies the residence of his predecessor; he must have a new one and go on building, or he believes he would immediately die, and this is why there are so many gorgeous palaces, heaps of which are in decay.



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FORESTALLING THE MOTH

By Julia W. Wolfe

In the spring of the year when your furs and woollens are put away for the summer, are you careful to shut the moth out? Simply hanging the furs in the air for a day or two and then placing them in a dark closet will never keep them out. If they stay away it will be entirely a matter of good luck, and not of good management.

If your fur is very worn, why not renovate it yourself and thus take out your fur in the fall all ready to wear?

First set to work with a fine tooth-comb and comb the fur carefully. Then brush it with a brush which has been dampened just the slightest bit. Allow it to dry and then put a sheet of clean brown paper over the furry side and iron with an iron which is not hot, merely warm. Shake it out and your fur will look almost as if it had been "reglazed."

Whether your furs need touching up or not, do be sure to comb it, for in that way you will get out any moth cocoons or eggs which may be in the fur. And do not forget that sunshine is good for furs, too. However, do not hang your fur out for several days. You are thus inviting the moths to come and make their winter home in your neck piece. An hour in the sunshine is long enough and in that time the moth is hardly likely to establish himself.

Conserves attract moths. There, if you have been in the habit of hanging winter coats in a closet which is near your conserve closet, discontinue the practice.

Now, if you have a roomy closet to spare, your coats, etc., will be perfectly safe in them, providing you entirely cover them. The best way to do this is to use bags. Old sheets, pillow-cases or flour bags make excellent cover-bags. Seam them up in skirt fashion and draw them together at top.

Remember to air this closet at least once a month.

When laying away your winter quilts, they will be quite safe providing they are entirely covered with newspapers. In order to make sure that they are covered, do not simply lay a quilt in the box or chest in which you lay your covers, and then a newspaper, etc. Wrap each quilt separately in a newspaper and tie it carefully.

If you have not already a rack in this closet, why not have a rude one built in? They are great conveniences. After you have washed the rack with carbolic water and allowed it to dry, place a hot stove lid upon it. Upon the stove lid scatter a tablespoonful of powdered sulphur, which, by the way, is much better than the sulphur candle. Then shut the door very quickly and tightly and do not open it until the following day. When you open the door you can feel entirely assured that there is never a day live moth in the place. Then fold blankets, portieres, etc., wrap in newspapers, lay upon the shelf or rack and then tightly close the door and leave it closed until the following day.

DISCIPLINE

By Margaret Steele Hard

Not long ago I was startled to hear a small neighbor remark to my equally small daughter, "I don't think father and mother are very good parents. Father's too severe and mother's too easy."

The whole matter of discipline seems to have been put in a nut shell by this youthful judge; for as one observes parents, he discovers that they are generally of one of these types.

The severe parent is perhaps less prevalent. His severity is born either of fundamental misconceptions regarding children and their needs, of selfish desire to restrain and curb, so that his own freedom may suffer no annoyance or inconvenience; or most deplorable of all, it is the result of his own ill-temper.

Let us illustrate these types of severity. First, the child who is denied some harmless pleasure, for example.

"Mary, don't get water in that teapot! I can't have you dripping water all over the house. What? Well, pretend there's water in it—it's just as good." But it isn't, as any little girl with a teapot can tell you.

Contrast this severity which is caused by lack of imagination and sympathy on the part of the parent with the severity of the second variety, that which is selfish in its origin.

"Ellen, stop romping, and behave like a lady!" But Ellen is ten and should not be asked to be a lady. In fact no one would be more distressed, than her mother, should the child suddenly arrive at that stage of maturity. It is simply that her mother is disturbed by her activity.

And lastly, consider the exhibition of infuriated parenthood, from which we turn our eyes as from unspeakable shame.

"Come here this instant, or I'll give you such a whipping you'll never forget it! Stop that yelling, do you hear? Stop that yelling!" and the admonishing voice of the irritable parent reaches a scream as he slaps and jerks about the frightened child.

The opposite extreme of the deplorably uncontrolled parent is the "easy parent" who is generally the mother. She suffers from shortsightedness. She seems to forget that in a very short time her boy or girl must live in a world that will not so readily excuse and cajole as she; that

Sarah's whims and Richard's petulance will not be looked upon by the general public as odd, little outshoots of human nature; but as weeds, pure and simple. Nor does she seem to realize that faults in a little child, steadily nurtured, instead of being outgrown become in growing!

"Sarah, what can mother get for you—don't you like your dinner, dear?" and mother, weary after preparing the family meal, snatches a bite here and there between trips to and from the pantry as she brings such food as Sarah's whims demand; while Sarah watches with sly eye, fully aware of her power.

"What conclusion does one gain from observing parents with their children? That the indispensable qualities for parenthood are understanding sympathy coupled with firmness. Not uncontrolled demands for obedience, not sudden spasms of discipline, but steadfast reasonableness which creates confidence and love when it goes hand in hand with an eager

desire to live understandingly in the child's world.

For, after all, discipline is very much like a salad. Its perfection depends upon the proper combination of ingredients, given in right proportion. There must be sufficient oil to assist in soothing too severe a tang of vinegar, but not enough to neutralize, just a dash of pepper and mustard; and finally the hand which mixes it with the tender green—that is the touch of personality which perfects it!

The Dislike Became Mutual

From "Current Opinion" comes the story of Ed Cook, a butcher with considerable native wit. One day, just before dinner, when his shop was full of customers, a man whom he did not like very well came in, and asked for a dime's worth of dog-meat.

"All right," said Ed. "Will you have it wrapped up, or will you eat it here?"



My Nerves Were So Bad at Times that I Could Not Keep Back the Tears

WHEN the nerves collapse there is such a feeling of utter helplessness that strong men, as well as women, cannot do otherwise than weep.

The average physician is sadly at a loss when consulted by a nervous patient, and we have from such an eminent authority as Dr. Richard Cabot the statement that half the ordinary practitioners' work is with derangements of the nerves.

Think of the headaches, backaches, neuralgic and sciatic pains, the sleeplessness, indigestion and tired, depressed feelings that give the doctors their business, and you will realize the truth of this statement of Dr. Cabot.

The conditions under which people have lived during the last few years has meant enormous strain on the nervous system. The fear, the worry, the anxiety have wasted nerve force at such an enormous rate that persons of nervous temperament have been unable to stand the strain—the result is nervous collapse.

Recovery must necessarily be slow, and the average doctor, accustomed as he is to treating symptoms only, finds difficulty in bringing about restoration, and often fails to realize the helpless and discouraged condition of his patient.

Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies in condensed and easily assimilated form the vital substances with which Nature rebuilds the starved and wasted nerve cells it stands out to-day as the greatest of nerve restoratives.

A careful reading of this letter will give you an idea of just what you may expect from the use of this treatment, because it describes an average case:

Mrs. S. Sharp, Midland, Ont., writes:—"About eleven years ago I had a serious nervous breakdown, and was so bad at times that I could not keep back the tears. I also had a queer feeling in the back of my head; sometimes it seemed to be going backwards. I could not do any sewing, and finally could do no work at all. I tried other remedies and doctors' medicine, but they only gave me temporary relief. Last fall I commenced using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and had not taken very many until I found I was getting better. I kept on taking them, and am at present greatly improved. I am now able to do my work, and they have strengthened me splendidly. I can highly recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for nervous trouble of any kind."

The next step is to make the test of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in your own case. If you are careful to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on the box you buy you will be sure that you are getting the genuine. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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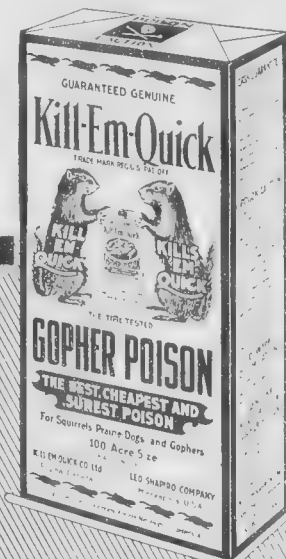
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About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

SELECTED LINES OF HORTI- CULTURE

THE time is now at hand when we are planning to launch out into our gardening campaign and by steady application in spite of the vicissitudes of the climate hope to register an advance in horticultural possibilities. It is only by observation and records that we are able to establish precedents, and eliminate methods and varieties that are not suitable for cultivation in this country.

Horticulture is one of the strong links to home and where there is a well cared for garden, there is a tie to home and one that is very lenient as a tie inasmuch as it is the bond of attraction. In the case of a new settler in a rather lonely shack, as soon as the garden stuff appears in the spring there is a new line of thought in place of occasional longings for more congenial surroundings. As the vegetables take root and the flowers appear, so a spirit of ambition becomes contagious and the settler feels to have taken root to his home. This is especially the case where the flowers and vegetables of the old home are introduced to the new and are found to prosper, thus demonstrating a lesson in the accommodating of oneself to new surroundings.

In the West, each year shows additional achievements in horticultural effort and the gardens of to-day would have been considered probably as impossibilities by the settlers of the early days. Horticulturalists have great opportunities for benefitting the country generally and when reports go out of the horticultural products of this country and reach other countries there must be a certain mollifying influence on the "winter reputation" of this country.

In the planning of a garden by a beginner it is just as well, if possible, to go on from the last milestone as to go over the rough road of inexperience, therefore the few ideas as to varieties may be of use as a guide toward that end.

In potatoes, the following varieties may be recommended: Wee McGregor, Empire State, Early Bovee, Early Ohio, Hamilton Early.

The following peas have proven desirable varieties: Rivenhall Wonder, Early Pilot, Gregory Surprise, Thomas Laxton, Sutton Excelsior, American Wonder, Gradus, Premium Gem, Strata-gem, Telephone.

Tomatoes: Alacrity, Earliana (Sunnybrook Strain) Chalk, Early Jewell.

Garden corn is a very popular garden product and in order to get a rotation of ripeness the following varieties are recommended in successive order so that the table may be supplied without long intervals. Squaw should be planted for an early corn, then either Malcolm or Malakoff for medium, then after the former two have ripened, Golden Bantam, the best of all, will be ready for the table. A meal from the Golden Bantam will usually end the popularity of most of the other strains of garden corn for it is tender, sweet and generally a most desirable corn. Fordhook Early and Pocahontas may also be planted to try out.

In regard to carrots, Half Long Chantenay and Improved Nantes are to be recommended.

No one would think of planting a kitchen garden without including cabbages. This vegetable thrives in the soil and climate of this country and there have been many magnificent specimens produced when conditions were not favorable to any great extent for other lines of vegetables. The presence of cabbage on the table helps to make a well-balanced meal. The following are varieties that have given general satisfaction: Early Paris Market, Copenhagen Market, Early Jersey Wakefield, Kildonan.

Onions are ever useful in the flavoring of various dishes and will keep well if kept dry. The following are good varieties: Large Red Wethersfield, Danvers Yellow Globe, Extra Early Red, Yellow Globe, Red Globe, White Globe.

Flowers for Beautifying the Home Grounds

We are recommending the growing of flowers in this article not as a hobby only, but as an essential to farm life. They are a refining influence and though they entail more labor in addition to the growing of vegetables, if they are productive of a little happiness in the farm family, the producing of them is well worth the endeavor.

There is no need to have a lavish display but it is more to the point to have a rotation of bloom so that flowers are in evidence as much as possible throughout the season. One might plan to have bulbs such as tulips, in bloom as the first color in the flower garden. By the time the tulips are over, Irises would be ready to bloom and these perennials are very easy to grow as they are extremely hardy, need no winter protection and some of the blooms are exceedingly handsome. As there is a rapid increase in the root system they may be divided and fresh plantations made so that each year a greater display will be possible. To follow the irises, a few plants of peonies would bloom about the right time and they are among the most beautiful flowers that one could have in a garden. We cannot pass from the subject of the flower garden without a recommendation in favor of sweet peas. The latter are easily grown and by selecting varieties of various colors a very striking effect may be produced. They are particularly well adapted for the decoration of the interior of the home as it is advisable to pick them frequently for the benefit of the vines. By the means of a line of stakes with two or three strands of twine between them like a wire fence, a pretty hedge may be made and the strings will provide the means of climbing and giving them an opportunity to attain their full height.

There are a great number of varieties of sweet peas that are of first class quality but the following short list will give a good range of selection.

Captivator Spencer (red, tinged with purple).

Nora Unwin (pure white).

Rose du Barri (rich rose).

Lady Griseld Hamilton (pale lavender).

Mrs. C. W. Beardmore (creamy white, pink edge).

Elfrida Pearson (salmon pink).

Charles Foster (pink, mauve and rose).

Queen Victoria (primrose).

Florence Nightengale (deep lavender).

Decorator (rose, salmon shade).

As some varieties of sweet peas continue to bloom very late in the season they serve as a last link in the rotation of bloom and it will take a killing frost to bring to an end the color scheme in the home grounds.

Trees

In selecting trees for the protection from wind, the furnishing of shade and the beautifying of the home grounds, a good deal of serious consideration must come into play. The fact must be considered that the trees are to be your neighbours for a good many years and it is therefore essential that the trees be of the most desirable kind. If the trees are chosen and planted in haste one may perhaps in the future be in a position to "repent at leisure". The first planting of the trees should be the foundation of a permanent plan around the farm house, for if, in future years there is any uprooting or changing, there will be a loss of growth and the plantation will not be growing up to schedule.

Apart from the ornamental part played by trees and their usefulness as windbreaks, there is the question of fuel to be considered. A plantation of cottonwoods started this year may play an important part in solving your fuel question some years hence. There is in the average farm a place where a plantation for fuel trees may be established, and once this is accomplished the farm will be on a more self-supporting basis.

A good hedge round the home grounds ensures more privacy and is far more picturesque than the best of fences. The best hedge plant is by all means

the Caragana or Siberian Pea Tree. This, as its name implies, is of Russian importation and it is extremely hardy. The seedlings should be placed a foot apart in the row and when it has about three feet of growth it may be trimmed very neatly and will form a tight hedge. It produces a pretty yellow bloom. Another very striking hedge may be obtained by the use of the Ginnalian Maple. The leaves of this latter turn a rich red in the fall and make a relief to the general run of colors. The Laurel Leaf Willow is of striking appearance as it has shiny deep green leaves in contrast to the ordinary dull green of the average tree.

In regard to individual trees for ornamentation it is a good plan to refrain from crowding. The right idea is to have a few handsome trees that will be a host in themselves than a number of very ordinary looking trees that simply make the place look scrubby.

A few trees of outstanding beauty should be used to harmonize with the surroundings. A splendid tree is the Mountain Ash. It has rose-like leaves and its bark is a rich brown and very smooth. In the fall the clusters of berries it produces turn a bright red, the effect being very striking. These berries—sometimes called Roman berries—are a very attractive decoration for autumn festivals, etc. They are sometimes used for flavoring preserves. This tree is hardy in Manitoba and it is advisable to get Manitoba stock when ordering, as that from the East may not be as hardy.

The Colorado Blue spruce is another beautiful tree and its presence in the home grounds gives an air of distinction and refinement. It is described in glowing terms by tree experts. It has a decidedly blue appearance and a greyish shade as well, but in the autumn it turns a dark green. In the spring, the lower branches begin to throw out a new growth of brilliant color and eventually the whole tree has changed from dark green to pale blue. The Birch, especially the Cut-Leaf Birch, is of very striking appearance. Its almost pure white bark stands out in bold relief to the green background of the other trees, etc.

A windbreak of common Spruce on the east and west of the home grounds is to be strongly recommended.

MAKING A START IN POULTRY KEEPING

It is to be presumed that there will be many beginners in poultry keeping this spring as the Dominion wide publicity given this industry by the egg-laying contests has aroused considerable interest among those who have hitherto been unaware of the capabilities of the average hen or pullet.

Of course, one of the first questions of a beginner is in regard to the breed of fowl to keep, and while it does not appear to be good policy to be too arbitrary in this point, the best advice is to select a breed best suited to the particular conditions of the district and keep that breed pure. Where eggs are the chief consideration, one of the light breeds, such as Leghorns, are to be recommended, while for general utility, such breeds as the Rocks or Wyandottes will be found to give good satisfaction.

Day old chicks may be purchased in the spring and should be secured from a reliable source and see that they come from good utility stock and do not be too particular about the finer exhibition qualities as long as the chicks are from birds possessing good qualities for egg production and are of good and vigorous proportions.

Good housing is an important thing and has not received the attention productive of the best results, in former years. The houses that lack good lights are to be avoided. Such houses are often old buildings that have been passed on to the poultry without much alterations or general improvement. In addition to light, ventilation and cleanliness are most essential.

Colony houses of the movable type with cotton fronts are giving very great satisfaction and in spite of supposition, the birds stand the winters well in such houses. The cottonfront gives them the benefit of fresh air and sunshine, both of which are very old established

health tonics. The advantage of the houses being movable is that by means of horse power and in the case of small colony houses, man power, they may be moved to new green runs as the pickings get used up in the vicinity of the house.

There should be hoppers containing various supplies that should be accessible at all times. These hoppers should contain respectively, oyster shell, charcoal and water. Buttermilk is another splendid feed that may be given them.

In the case of permanent houses it may be said that such houses are better divided by a partition so as to keep the pullets from the hens. It is recommended that where a permanent house is used, a yard should be made on the south and another on the north side. The hens may be allowed the run of one yard while the other is being cultivated, or while a crop is being grown.

Hens need shade in the hot weather, whether free range or yards is used. Sunflowers can be planted in clumps or in rows as is most convenient. The seed is sowed much the same as corn, being put in either with a drill or with a hoe. In a few weeks the plants will provide shade.

I SAW THE SPRING COME RIDING

By Ralph M. Jones

I saw the spring come riding,
Ere winter yet was done;
The pallid little flakes of snow
Began to leap and run;
For lo, a million grass blades
Were flashing in the sun!

I saw the spring come riding,
And oh, her face was sweet!
And shining little raindrops
Did gallop at her feet:
Ten thousand little drops of rain
In shining armor neat.

I saw the spring come riding,
And none might say her nay:
So all the birds began to sing
A merry roundelay,
As minstrels sing in balconies
Along the Queen's highway.

I saw the spring come riding
In Lincoln green arrayed:
Her yellow hair lay down her back
All in a gleaming braid;
Nor have I seen for many a day
So gay a cavalcade.

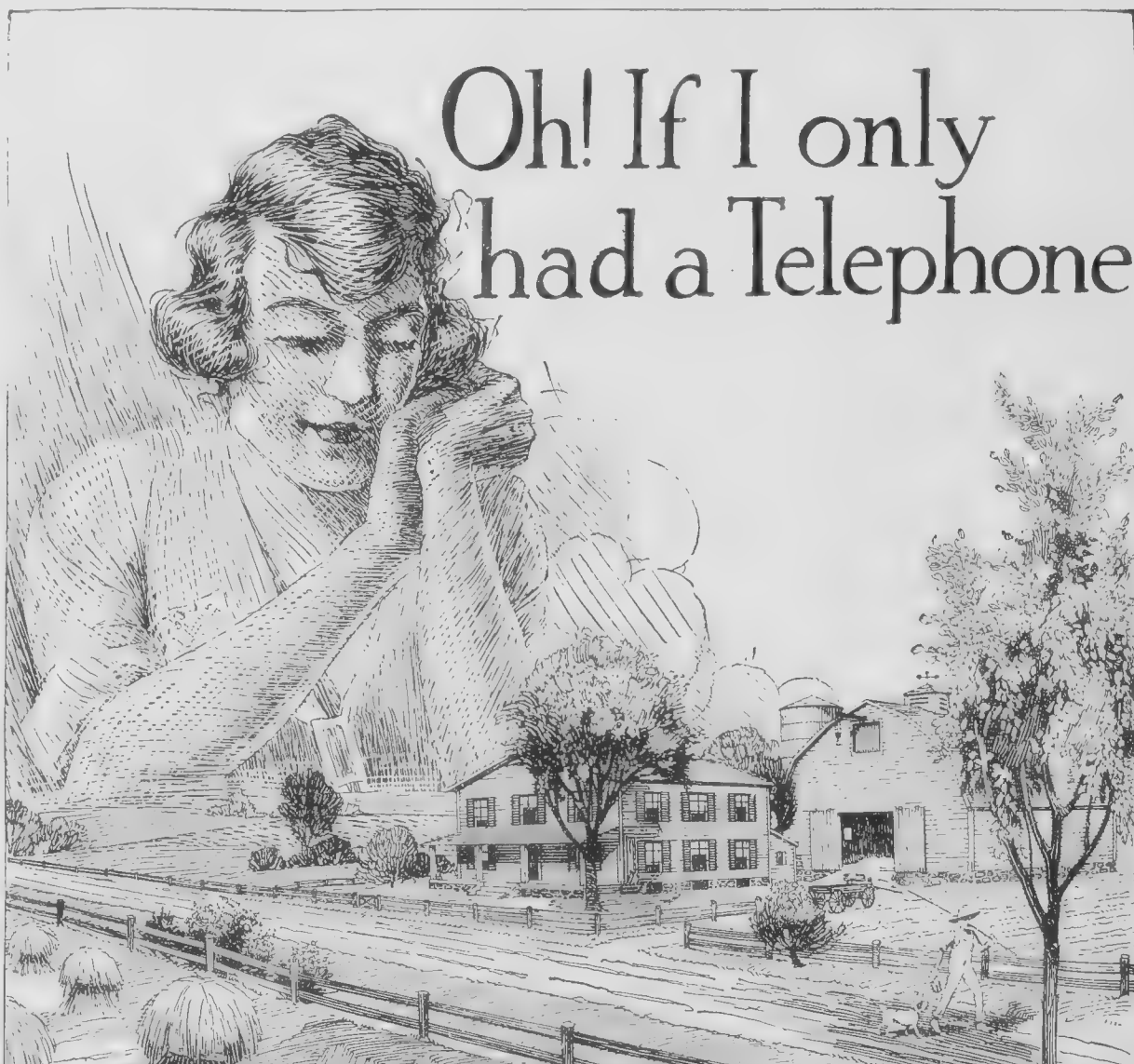
THE FLEDGLING

Reba Ray

O Son-boy, let me hold you
And smooth your curly head;
Let Mother-love embrace you
And kiss those lips so red
O Laddie, let me press you,
My Baby, to my breast;
Too soon the world is luring
You from the Mother nest,
Too soon you've grown to manhood
And wander far a-field,
For Life is loudly calling
And Mother-arms must yield.

O Son-boy, let me hold you
Against this aching heart,
For Life and Love have won you,—
Our paths lie far apart.
But, Son-boy, kneel beside me
One moment, while I pray
The God of Love to guard you
From evil by the way,
And when your journey's over,—
The sun sinks in the West,—
His Heavenly peace enfold you
And bring you home to rest.

Procrastination is a virtue—when put off until to-morrow.



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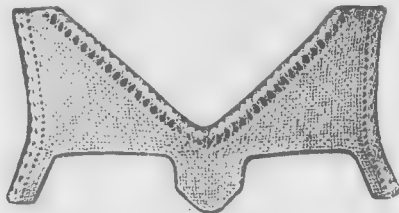
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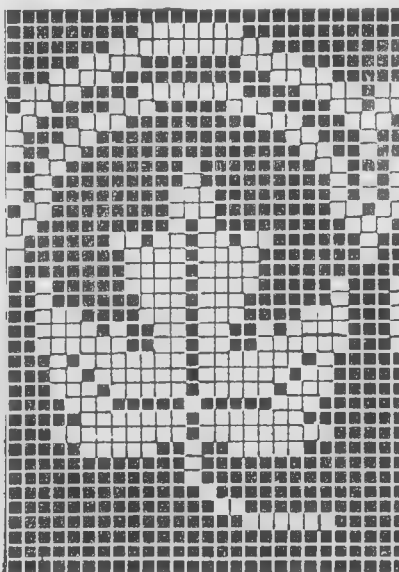
Filet Yoke

A filet yoke, somewhat unusual in shape, trimmed around the neck and armholes with mile-a-minute, has a tiny conventional flower motif in all-over design. The materials required for making are: Two balls of No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton and a steel hook, size 11.

Chain 17, t c in 7th st from hook, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 3, same st, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 3, skip 3, d c, ch 3, skip 3, * t c, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 2, t c in same st, ch 2, t c in same st* (from * to * will be called a shell after this); ch 2, skip 2, t c (this makes 1 sp), ch 5, turn. 2nd Row—T c in last t c of shell, ch 2, shell in center sp of previous shell, ch 5, shell in center of next shell, ch 5,



turn. 3rd Row—Shell, ch 3, d c in centre of ch, ch 3, shell, ch 2, t c in last t c of shell; two more sps, ch 5, turn. 4th Row—4 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 5th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c in ch, ch 3, shell, 5 sp, ch 5, turn. 6th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 7th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 4 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn. 8th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 9th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 9 sp, ch 5, turn. 10th Row—5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 11th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 4 sp, 1 gr, 6 sp, ch 5, turn. 12th Row—5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 13th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 13 sp, ch 5, turn. 14th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 15th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 4 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 gr, 2 sp, ch 5, turn. 16th Row—1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. 17th Row—Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 17 sp, ch 5, turn. Repeat like the 10th row, only after the first flower is made make 5 sps and make another flower; continue until there are forty-six rows made, finish beading, ch 5, turn. (This finishes one point for the back.) Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, t c in last t c of shell, ch 3, turn. Shell, ch 5, shell, ch 5, turn. Shell, ch 3, d c, ch 3, shell, 1 sp, ch 5, turn. Make another point the same as the last one, this completing one-half of the yoke. The other half is made the same and joined at the front and back. For the underarm, make twenty-five rows of four spaces deep and join. Finish around each armhole with a mile-a-minute edge to match the beading.

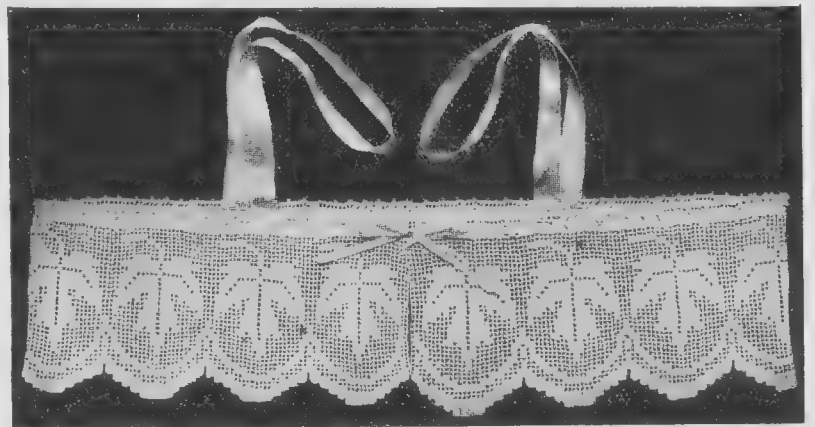


Block Pattern for Maple Leaf Yoke

At the centre front make 19 sp. 2nd Row—8 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, ch 5, turn. 3rd Row—9 sp, 1 gr, 9 sp, ch 5, turn. 4th Row—8 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 8 sp, ch 5, turn. 5th Row—19 sp, ch 5, turn. 6th Row—4 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 4 sp, ch 5, turn.

Work for Busy Fingers

Crocheted yokes on undergarments always look dainty. Now is the time to start on yokes for summer time, and you can't choose any prettier patterns than are illustrated here. . . .



DIRECTIONS FOR MAPLE LEAF YOKE

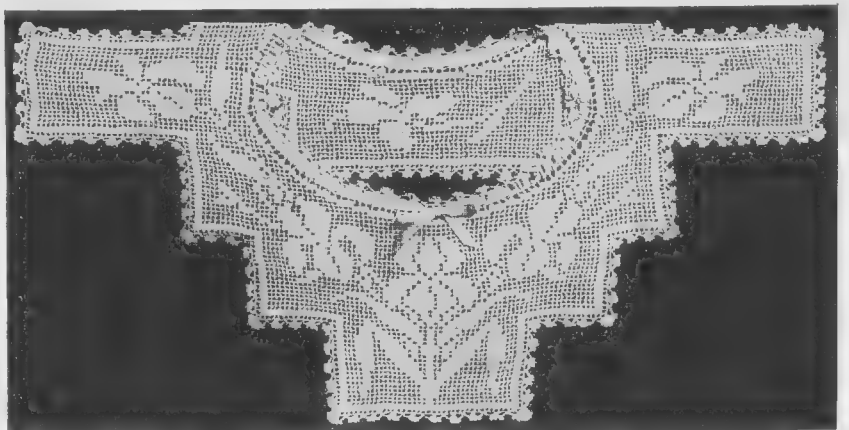
Materials—Mercer-Crochet, No. 100.

Ch 95. 1st Row—20 sp, 3 bl, 1 sp, 2 bl, 1 sp, 3 bl, turn. 2nd Row—Ch 9, make 2 bl in ch and 1 bl over last bl of last row, continue to follow design.

Edge

1st Row—3 s st in each sp all around.

2nd Row—Ch 5, d tr in next s st, * ch 3, d tr in 5 s st, d tr in next s st. Repeat from *. 3rd Row—5 s st in each sp all around. 4th Row—Ch 5, * tr in 3d s st, ch 2. Repeat from *. 5th Row—3 s st in each sp with a p every 4th sp. Pattern repeated 15 times and open in front.



DIRECTIONS FOR LILY YOKE

Materials—Mercer-Crochet, No. 60. No. 12 Steel Hook.

Commence at bottom of front, working crosswise.

Ch 122. 1st Row—39 sp. 2nd Row—1 sp, 37 bl, 1 sp, follow design, adding meshes to form the square points; when they are added at one side it will be necessary to take another piece of crochet cotton and make a chain for a

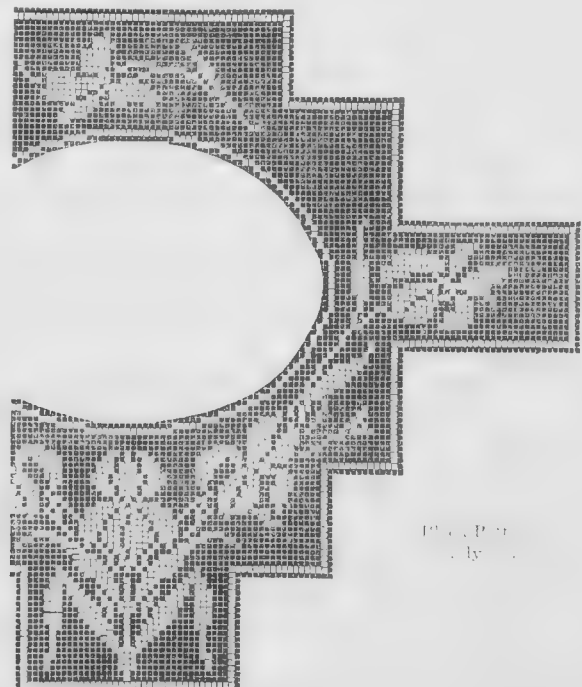
foundation on which to make the sp.

Edge Around Lower Edge

Fasten in sp, * ch 3, tr in 2d sp, 1 p, tr in same sp, 1 p, tr in same sp, ch 3, s st in 2d sp. Repeat from *.

Neck

1 row sp, beading, as follows: * 1 d tr over tr, ch 2. Repeat from *. Edge around neck like bottom.



7th Row—5 sp, 1 gr, 7 sp, 1 gr, 5 sp, ch 5, turn. 8th Row—Same as 6th row. 9th Row—19 sp, ch 5, turn. 10th, 11th and 12th Rows—Same as the 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows. Then decrease each row 1/2 sp on each end until there are 7 sps left. Finish around the lower edge with 3 d c in each space.

Mothers' Section

FRIENDSHIP

By Mrs Nestor Noel

"I count myself in nothing else so happy, As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."

Men are capable of strong friendships, and when we choose examples to prove this, we quote Jonathan and David, Castor and Pollux and other names of men. This does not say that there is no such thing as friendship among women; but if there be, women's names in this respect, do not come so easily to our minds. This is strange, because a genuine friendship between two women is one of the joys of life.

Women are capable of great friendships. What is more, a woman can have several friends at the same time! In order to have friends, we must, first of all, show that we know how to be friends. This is not so easy as it seems. Words do not constitute friendship. Something much deeper is required.

I knew a woman once who was so capable of friendship that, in the village where she lived, every other woman said: "Mrs. F—— is my great friend." At first I was inclined to doubt this. It seemed as if it could not be! As I came to know this woman better, I also claimed her as my friend! It was then that I began to realize in what her friendship consisted. All the women I met had some tale to tell: How she had saved the life of a first baby. How she had helped another in a pecuniary difficulty; how she had prevented a girl from going wrong; how she had reconciled a couple on the eve of divorce!

These are only a few of the countless ways in which she proved herself the friend in need. Her heart was very large, and in speaking with her, one could not help noticing how much she cared for all these people to whom her friendship meant so much. Humanly speaking, she was capable of loving several people at the same time. It was a natural instinct with her.

There are those of us who would like to be as this woman was, but natural as it seemed with her, it might not be so with us! Friendship requires a great deal of cultivating. It is beautiful as the most exquisite rose; but it is just as tender, and one slight blow can shatter it to pieces!

If we look back at our girlhood's friendships, where are they? They could not stand the test of time.

Girls make friends quickly and their friendships require a considerable amount of directing on the part of their parents. We all know the evil that is done by bad books. I consider this as nothing to the harm that is done by bad companions. Parents should encourage their children to bring their chums round to their homes, so that the mother can see if those with whom her girls associate are fit to be friends.

The word "Friend" is so easily spoken by a young girl. It takes a wise mother to point out the essentials of real friendships and to divert her girl's attention from those would-be friends who are worthless. The fact that girls are changeable is a help to parents. Where there exists an undesirable friendship, the mother has often only to substitute a better one. A girl has a vacancy in her heart for friends. This vacancy must be filled by another girl; therefore, a mother should study the characters of the comrades her girl meets, and, by every means in her power, encourage the right sort. She must not seem to do this. Her efforts must appear unconscious or her daughter will think her friendships are being over-ruled and naturally she will resent this. It requires a great deal of tact to be a mother! Did this never strike you before? Parenthood is assumed so easily by those who never consider its responsibilities. Yet, it seems to me, that, if there be one thing for which parents ought to be responsible, it is for the friendships their children make. Sometimes I think it pays to change our neighborhood when we can, to get our children away from undesirable friends. Of course, we cannot all do this; as most of us have our homes. I cite it as an extreme case, where it is possible!

When a woman speaks to her girls in those "heart to heart" talks which should be a daily occurrence, she should not confine herself to mention only

Obedience, Charity and the like. She should mention "Friendship," and if she, herself, be blessed with one or two real friends, she should point them out as examples. She might dwell on the honor which should exist between friends, the give and take, and the unselfishness necessary on both sides.

True friendship is as rare as it is beautiful; yet, I am inclined to think, it is not as rare as we imagine. It has a way of hiding itself. It chooses no class. One thing, however, is necessary. Perfect friendship exists best where there is equality. This should be considered when we introduce our girls to other girls. If one is over rich and the other works hard for a living, this puts a strain which few friendships can stand. I have noticed that friendships of this kind seldom last long; but what a waste of precious energy to have allowed them to start!

Friendship is a tax on our endurance, and we never know when it may call on us. It has a habit of doing so at inappropriate seasons, though I do not think it exactly chooses them. The calls of friendship are spontaneous, and if we answer them too leisurely we lose the charm which makes friendship perfect.

I consider friendship a necessity in this world! It may not appear so to all, but those who are bereft of friends are surely in a bad fix. The human heart craves for friends, just as it does for love. This is why people often make friends of dogs and cats! I do not blame them. Certainly a dog is a reliable friend, and this cannot always be said of people, always. Not to be reliable as a friend is really not to be a friend at all.

We want to be happy. We want all the extra happiness which our lives can hold. Therefore, let us have friends and be friends where we can. And, whilst we are still with them, let us see to it that our children meet those with whom they may find real friendship. It will help them in their work, in their play, in their joys and in their sorrows. The pleasures of friendship far exceed the little pain required on our part, in order to have and to be a friend.

EDUCATION THROUGH STORIES

By Frances Angevine Gray

The average child, by the time that he is four or five years old has developed a craving for stories. If he is attending a kindergarten this instinct is developed and at least partly satisfied there. But even in that case he has the right to his half-hour at home when mother or father read or tell him stories, either at bed time or any other more convenient time.

How many parents realize that this little half-hour each day, if carefully planned for, may be made an important introduction or addition to a child's education? And this does not mean that the material chosen need be one bit less attractive to the child. But if a mother instead of merely picking up at random any one of the child's books—which may be good, bad or indifferent—and reading mechanically merely to satisfy his demand, gives the matter just a little thought, the "story time" may be made very valuable as well as entertaining.

There is a vast treasure of fables, folklore, fairy stories, poetry and myths of all lands and ages to draw from, which will furnish the child's imagination and give him an instinct for the worth while things in poetry and all literature.

The librarian of any large library will be glad to furnish a list of the very best juvenile books to be read to small children. But there is a great deal of material for fascinating stories, history, nature study, manual training and other subjects which is not in such convenient form, but any mother who is interested can find it with the help of the librarian or by consulting the tables of contents in bound volumes of the best children's magazines; she can retell the material thus gained in a simple form suitable to her own child.

It is worth while for any parent to give some time and study to planning definitely the ground to be covered, for if all the reading develops some general scheme and is not purely haphazard, a very great and telling addition to a boy's or girl's education may be made with very slight effort on the part of the parent.



You May Suffer

If you leave that film on teeth

The cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it now. You can see it, perhaps, in cloudy teeth.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The tooth brush used in old ways does not remove it all. So most people have suffered from some film attack, and tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Children's Cosy Corner

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SOMETHING TO LEARN

A Nonsense Chronicle

There lived—no matter where—
A man whose name—but then
I need not that declare.

He—well, he had been born,
And so he was alive;
His age—I details scorn—
Was somethingty and five.

He lived—how many years
I truly can't decide;
But this one fact appears,
He lived—until he died.

"He died," I have averred,
But cannot prove 'twas so,
But that he was interred,
At any rate, I know.

I fancy he'd a son,
I hear he had a wife;
Perhaps he's more than one;
I know not, on my life!

But whether he was rich.
Or whether he was poor,
Or neither—both—or which,
I cannot say, I'm sure.

I can't recall his name,
Or what he used to do;
But then—well, such is fame!
'Twill so serve me and you.

And that is why I thus
About this unknown man
Would fain create a fuss,
To rescue, if I can,

From dark oblivious blow.
Some record of his lot:
But, ah! I do not know
Who—where—when—why—or what.

In this brief pedigree
A moral we should find—
But what it ought to be
Has quite escaped my mind!

very fine piece of raffia, going over one strand and under the next. When both the back and the front have been woven cut away the cardboard around the edge, leaving just the raffia mat. Sew over the edges with colored raffia. You may use the colored raffia for weaving the last rows, too, if you like.

SOMETHING INTERESTING TO KNOW

The Wandering Jew

The little green plant which grows in water or earth, in winter or summer, and seems to bear a charmed life, and to continue to live where no other plant will, got its name from an old story, the main facts of which follow here:

On January 1, 1644, Michob Ader, calling himself the "Wandering Jew," appeared at Paris and created an extraordinary sensation among persons of all ranks.

Ader stated that he had lived for 1600 years, having been originally an usher at the court of judgment in Jerusalem, where all criminal cases were tried, and that, because he had thrust Jesus out of the hall, saying, "Go, why tarriest thou?" the Messiah answered, "I go, but tarry thou until I come," thereby sentencing him to live until the day of judgment. He claimed to have been in Rome when it was burned by Nero; to have witnessed the return of Saladin after his eastern conquests; to have been in Constantinople when Soliman built the royal mosque; to have known Tamerlane the Scythian, and Scander Beg, prince of Epirus; to have seen Bajazet carried in a cage by order of Tamerlane; to remember the caliphs of Babylon and of Egypt, the empire of the Saracens and the Crusades. However, he admitted that he had not witnessed the sacking of Jerusalem, declaring that he was then in Rome at the court of Vespasian.

The pretensions of the Wandering



"STARTING OUT ON A LONG JOURNEY."

Calendar design, by James Smith, Cupar, Sask.

SOMETHING TO MAKE

A Mat for the Teapot

Get a piece of cardboard 6 inches square and some raffia, natural color, and a little of any bright color you like. You will also need a large darning needle, a pencil, and something to help you make a 5-inch circle. Draw a 5-inch circle on the cardboard. Divide the circle into spaces so there will be an uneven number of points. Spaces $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart will make 25 points around. Number each point. With the needle pierce each point, also the point in the centre of the circle. Thread the needle with raffia. Sew through the centre hole from the back of the cardboard to the front. From the middle hole sew down at No. 3, and up through the middle hole. From the middle hole sew down through No. 4 and up again at middle hole from back to front. Continue in this way into each hole around the circle. The back will look exactly like the front. The weaving is to be done with stout strands of raffia, beginning at the centre. Tie a piece of raffia to the first strand when it gets short. Weave around the centre with a

Jew were supported by many persons who claimed to have seen him in various places throughout the world. Moreover, contemporary history bears out his contention by stating that he was tested by a number of learned men of the city and that "it was not possible to address him in any language with which he was unfamiliar." After securing a vast amount of notoriety, Ader finally disappeared, apparently without having made any attempt to capitalize his strange experiences and almost universal learning.

SOMETHING FUNNY

"Now, Jimmy," said the teacher, "I want you to make a sentence which contains the word notwithstanding."

Jimmy was puzzled for a minute, then he said: "My brother wore his pants out, but notwithstanding."

Auntie: "You must not whistle at the table!"

Bobbie: "I wasn't whistling at the table, Auntie. I was whistling at the dog!"

Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR
Try
"Viyella"
or
"Clydella"
Unshrinkable Flannels
for Baby's tiny night-dresses. You will find either wears wonderfully—and Baby will love their cosy softness.
Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvedge.
For sale at first-class shops.
WM. HOLLINS & CO., LTD.
(of England)
62 Front St. West, Toronto, Canada.
45 East 17th St., New York, U.S.A.
M-3

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879
A Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds
The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat. It is simple to use, you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed. The soothing antiseptic vapor makes breathing easy, relieves the cough, eases the soreness and congestion, and protects in epidemics. Recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs, Nasal Catarrh and Asthma. Cresolene has been used for the past 40 years. The benefit is unquestionable. Send for descriptive booklet.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.,
Leeming-Miles Bldg.
Montreal

Catalogue Notice

SEND 15c in silver or stamps for our Up-to-date SPRING AND SUMMER 1921 CATALOGUE, containing over 500 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, a CONCISE AND COMPREHENSIVE ARTICLE ON DRESS-MAKING, ALSO SOME POINTS FOR THE NEEDLE (Illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches), all valuable to the home dressmaker.

FREE Rex Wonderor Rose Bud Ring
Set with rose bud or Rex sparkler. Your size for 15c, both for 25c. Warranted 8 years. Gold filled.
Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 2 Battle Creek, Mich.

A stranger, walking along a country road, saw some particularly large chrysanthemums in a garden. He knocked at the cottage door and exclaimed to the grower:

"Fine flowers, these. I'd like to know how you grow 'em."

"Oh, climate," replied the farmer.

"And those great cabbage. What makes them grow?"

"Just climate," declared the man seriously.

"H'm! Away in New York about all we grow is skyscrapers. Only last year a fifty-storey building sprang up like a mushroom. It grew up so quick that it had no stair or elevator."

And the farmer stared aghast.

"How—how do they get to the top, then?"

"Oh, climb it—just climb it."

—Master Harold G. Kemp.

A TONGUE TWISTER

An artist went to sea to see what he could see at sea to draw.

He only saw what all may see; the sea was all the artist saw.

Then when he saw he'd seen the sea, proceeded he his scene to draw.

And since I've often seen his scene—the sea the artist saw.

SOMETHING FOR THE WEE FOLK

The Wild, Wild Rabbit's Dinner

Once upon a time there lived a very very wild Jack Rabbit out in the woods. He had huge, long, flapping ears, and big, strong legs, and he could jump so far and run so fast that people laughed when they saw him scurrying along by roads and fences.

In his life he had seen a great many men with guns come out hunting "to get a little rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in," but he could run so fast that none of them had been able to get him, and besides, he was so white that when the snowdrifts were big and deep, he just looked like a big snowball against them, and as long as you couldn't see his bright little eyes or his wiggling little nose you would never have known he was alive.

One day he had been having great fun, hopping and running through the fresh snow and thinking in his own mind how glad he was he was a wild, wild rabbit and not a little tame one. But as the day grew older and colder he got such a funny feeling in his insides and he thought how long it was since he had eaten anything. The snow was very deep and there didn't seem anything in the whole wide world to eat. Then he remembered that down the road there was a farmhouse where he might find something. So off he started, running along the road like a very busy snowball. When he got to the farmhouse he nosed around and finally, up went his ears, for he heard a sound of munching, munching, and presently he looked through a hole in the shed wall and there he saw two little tame bunnies nibbling away—and what do you think they were nibbling? Why, a carrot, of all wonderful things! And the big wild rabbit's nose began to wiggle, wiggle, and up went his ears, and with a mighty hop, he landed right beside the two little tame rabbits, and it wasn't long before he had nosed them both away and was nibbling, nibbling, munching, munching at the delicious carrot. The poor little tame bunnies looked so scared, and their funny little tails went up and down, and they hopped here and there. Just then the door opened, and out of the house came a big boy. The wild, wild rabbit took one look at him—then he hopped a mighty hop again and off he went. And the boy chased him and a girl chased him, and another boy chased him, but he got back to his woods safely, glad he had had his dinner, but oh, so glad to see his trees again!

SOMETHING RECEIVED

Only one answer in time for the February Poetry Competitions! Lazybones all of you! I suppose your letters will come in too late for the prize. The winner of the button is Clara Catherine Wearing, North Battleford.

March

In the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.

Softly taps the Spring and cheerily,
"Darling, are you here?"

Till they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say.

Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

The button for the best calendar design goes to James Smith, Box 238, Cupar, Sask.

Letters have been received from Clara Guild, Briercrest, Sask. She would like to get letters from girls of 12 years old. Master Harold Kemp of Keeler, Sask.,

sends in a funny story, which you will find under "Something Funny."

Betsy Olson, Eddberg, Alta.

Receipts for the January Competition too late for entry were received from:

Esther L. Mackae, Chipman, N.B.

Donald Ross, Pathlow, Sask.

Margaret Frazer, Enderby, B.C.

May Stockford, Altamont, Man.

Beryl Robinson, Franklin, Man.

SOMETHING FOR YOU TO DO

Write a letter to the editor (and have it in before March 31st) telling what you would like to see in the Children's Cosy Corner. The prize for the best letter will be awarded in the May number.

A list of the birds that come to your neighborhood and where they build their nests. Letters to be in before March 31st. Prize to be awarded in May number.

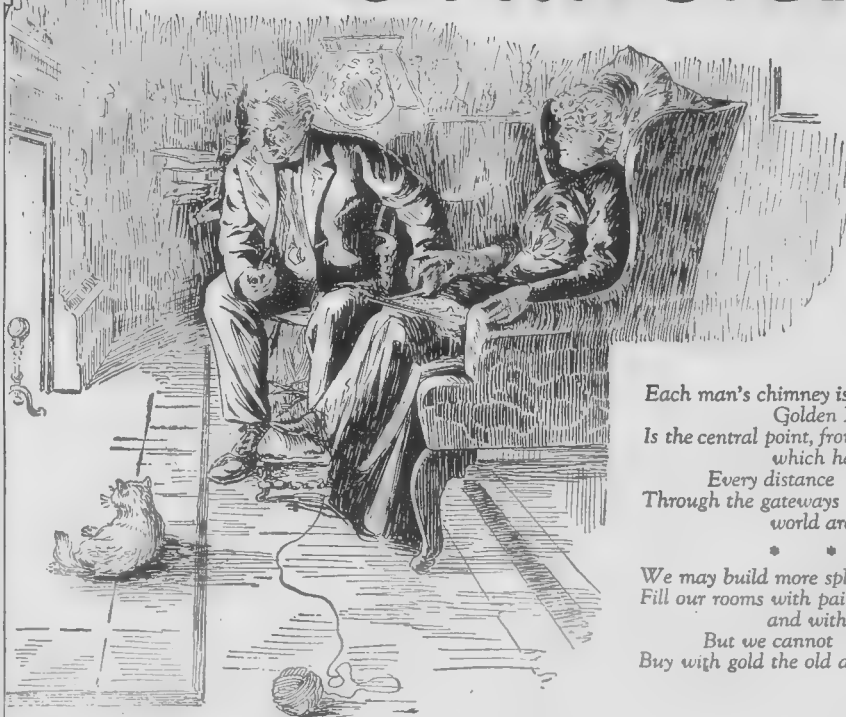
The negro preacher is noted for his enthusiasm and his picturesque—almost poetic—way of expressing things. In "Life in Old Virginia," J. J. McDonald tells about a new colored minister who was conducting a revival without much success. At last, however, he awakened his congregation by asking:

"Does yo' know what eternity is? Well, I tell yo'."

"If one of dem lil sparrows what yo' see roun' yo' garden bushes was to dip his bill in de 'Lantic Ocean an' take one hop a day an' hop 'cross de country an' put dat drop of water into de 'Ciffie Ocean, an' den he hop back to de 'Lantic Ocean,—jes' one hop a day,—an' if he kep dat hoppin' up 'twell de 'Lantic Ocean wuz dry as a bone, it wouldn't be break o' day in eternity."

"Dar, now," said one of the brethren. "yo' see for yo'se'f how long eternity is."

Milestones



Each man's chimney is his
Golden Milestone;
Is the central point, from
which he measures
Every distance
Through the gateways of the
world around him.

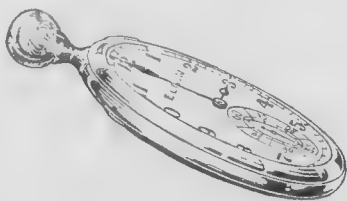
We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings
and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

—Longfellow.

THE older we grow, the more tenderly do we dwell on those "Golden Milestones" of which Longfellow wrote—unforgettable incidents which marked epochs in our lives.

Recall the memorable day when someone gave you a watch! Perhaps you were a schoolboy, a girl graduate, a youth leaving home to make your way in the world. Whatever the occasion, the long-coveted watch gave you a new sense of assurance and consequence.

The world does not change. To-day, just as fifty years ago, Elgin Watches are punctuating the years in the lives of young and old. And as the months of 1921 come and go, you will find here, little human stories of some of those "Golden Milestones" in other people's lives, which are being marked by that gift—unrivalled as a suitable token of the passing of Time—an Elgin Watch.



Elgin

Faithful Guardian of Time



BABIES COPPOLD.

"After-effects of Measles removed by VIROL."

791, Champgneur Avenue,
21st March, 1919. Outremont, Montreal.

Dear Sir,—As it may be a matter of interest to you, I am enclosing a photograph of my two little sons, aged respectively four years and one year and a half, which photo was taken in Montreal in July, 1918.

The photo may be interesting to you in view of the fact that the two boys have taken VIROL continuously from infancy on the advice of our doctor, and they certainly love their "candy in the tin," being the name by which they know the VIROL, and I really feel that their robust health and splendid development is due entirely to the regular use of your preparation.

When the elder boy was three years old he had an attack of measles, the after-effects of which trouble were speedily rectified by the use of VIROL.

I never lose an opportunity of recommending it to my friends.

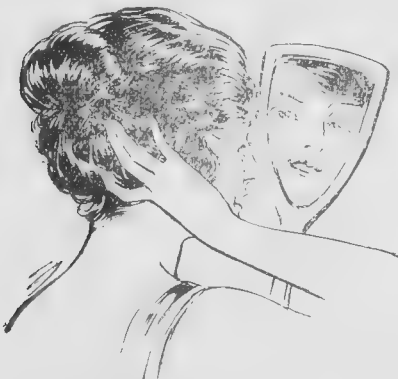
Yours truly,
Mrs. A. COPPOLD.

VIROL is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk; it is also bone and tissue-building food of immense value. VIROL babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOYRIL, Ltd.,
27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

S.H.B.



Your gray hair can be restored in 4 to 8 days

LET US PROVE THIS STATEMENT. Fill out and send the coupon—by return mail you will receive a free trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S famous HAIR COLOR RESTORER with special comb to apply it.

Test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray vanish! Note how clean and dainty is this clear, colorless liquid. How nice it makes your hair—how easy to apply. Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. But—don't take anything else—there is nothing just as good. Insist on the original MARY T. GOLDMAN.

MARY T. GOLDMAN, 198 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is black... jet black... dark brown... medium brown... light brown...

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Co.....



3178



3094



3512



3508

OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS—PATTERNS

There is every indication that the long waisted dress, belted or sashed will be a popular Spring model; but it is also conceded that the straight skirt, flounced and slightly gathered and joined to a loose fitting plain waist, means good style, good taste and comfort. On such dresses long sleeves are preferred, and the neck may be finished with or without a collar; slowly and surely the smart but not always comfortable high collar is giving place to one high in the back, but open in front above a square or oval neckline. Tailored suits still show straight skirts and close fitting coats, but the newest models, flare below the waistline, and some in sack shape are very effective with a plaited or circular skirt. For wear with tailored suits, a separate vest or waist-coat is a practical addition, these accessories are made in every conceivable material, coloring and design; some are frilly and soft, others severely plain or finishes with high stock collars. The circular skirt is displayed in some of the newest models; sometimes it takes the form of a tunic over a saant skirt foundation. The correct skirt length should always be governed by the height of the wearer. The usual length is ten or twelve inches from the ground, on dresses for afternoon and evening wear they are a few inches longer. On a short woman a very short skirt is not attractive. Skirts with plaits tend to increase the length, and so are becoming to short figures. A tall figure should avoid stripes, and "wear" tucks and other horizontal trimmings in which a short woman should not indulge. Of course there are women who look smart and stylish in most anything they wear while for others just the right "clothes sense" is required to produce pleasing and becoming effects. For the large woman plain solid colors are always safest and best, with a choice of attractive simple trimmings. Draped skirts are best for tall slight figures. One important consideration in choosing a garment is the length of time it is to serve us, and when one cannot afford to have many gowns, the choice should be along staple lines, with the material and style not too extreme. It is the collar that marks the new models, and it seems as if it has taken to itself the material left over from the short sleeves; there is some probability that many Spring gowns will have a "stock" of their own. Sleeves are a matter of choice. They may be very long, very short or half way between the two. They may be in mosquetaire or close-fitting style. One new model is gathered into a band at the wrist, similar to a bishop sleeve. Shoulders are extended and dropped to give cap effects; sometimes a wide armseye is simulated with trimming over a sleeve set in on a short shoulder or seamless kimono style. The bloused waistline is everywhere in evidence, and produces a youthful appearance; to be sure, there is no definite point for the waistline which has dropped several points below normal. To stout women this "no waistline, any waistline" privilege is a boon. The dress in Moyan Age, princess or chemise style is really the popular model to-day, and is endorsed by leading houses. It is most effective with collarless neck and short sleeves.

A Pretty Gown—Pattern 3512 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 7½ yards of 38-inch material. The width at lower edge of skirt is 1¾ yard. Printed voile was used for this model. The vest is of white organdie. Silk or crepe of a contrasting color would be equally effective. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Frock for the Young Miss—Pattern 3504 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Voile, batiste, organdy, challie, poplin, duvetyne, taffeta, silk jersey, charmeuse and satin are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Pretty Frock for the Little Tot—Pattern 3501 was employed to make this attractive frock. It is cut in 5 sizes: 1 year, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size will require 2¾ yards of 27-inch material. Poplin, pongee, gingham, chambray, dimity, lawn, batiste, also repp, flannelette, pique and crash are good for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Charming Popular Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3523 is here attractively illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for skirt and suspensors and 1¾ yard for the waist. Plaid or checked gingham, serge, taffeta, velveteen, percale, seersucker, kindergarten cloth, linen and repp are good for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Rest Robe in Slip-On Style. Pattern 3508 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 6 yards of 27-inch material. Blanket cloth, eiderdown, silk, satin, henrietta, corduroy, lawn, crepe, batiste and voile could be used for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Dress Style for the Little Miss—Pattern 3526 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. Serge, henrietta, tricotine, poplin, taffeta, linen, repp, gingham, kindergarten cloth, seersucker and percale are attractive for this model. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Frock for Mother's Girl—Pattern 3554 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. One may have this without the plastron and with long or short sleeves. The skirt and over blouse show attractive style features. Serge, taffeta, satin, velveteen, linen, check, suiting, plaid, woollens and mixtures may be used for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A New and Attractive Gown—Pattern 3498 is here depicted. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3¾ yards of 40-inch material for the dress and 2¾ yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe. Serge, duvetyne, tricotette, chiffon crepe, crepe de chine, satin and linen are attractive for this design. Braid or bands of embroidery would be pleasing for decoration. One could have a pretty dress in this style of serge and satin. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple Dress for Work or Leisure—Pattern 3504 cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure is here shown. For comfort, convenience and attraction, this model has much to recommend it. The lines are simple, and the garment may be made for service, or as a "porch" or "afternoon" dress. Foulard, taffeta, serge, gabardine, crepe de chine, voile or poplin would be nice for a "dressy" dress. Developed as a work dress it would look well in gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale. Size 38 requires 6¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 2¾ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



3523



3506



2932



3128



3501

CATALOGUE NOTICE—Send 20c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date Spring and Summer 1921 Catalogue, containing over 500 designs of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable to the home dressmaker.

A Pleasing, Comfortable Coat Style—Pattern 3521 was used to make this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 2½ yards of 44-inch material. Velvet, taffeta, pongee, duvetyne, poplin, serge, broadcloth and linen are attractive for this design. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Very Attractive Gown—Waist pattern 3518 and skirt pattern 3513 are here combined. The waist is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this dress in a medium size will require 3½ yards of figured material 32 inches wide for skirt, cuffs and vest and 4 yards of plain material for tunic, sleeves and waist portion. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1¼ yard. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Popular "Cover All" Apron—Pattern 3361 was employed to make this design. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 6¾ yards of 27-inch material. Striped seersucker with facings of white pique would be good for this, or one could have percale, gingham, drill or lawn. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Practical "Easy to Make" Apron—Pattern 3497 is here depicted. It is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material. Gingham, drill, alpaca, sateen, lawn, percale, chambray and jean may be used for this style. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model—Pattern 3128. Cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years, is here portrayed. For a 3-year size, 3 yards of 27-inch material will be required. Serge, khaki, gingham, linen, velvet, and corduroy are nice for this style. The blouse could be of different material than that of the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Smart Blouse Style—Pattern 3359 is here depicted. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3¾ yards of 38-inch material. Serge, satin, taffet, faille, velveteen, crepe, crepe de chine, tricotine and lingerie materials will be attractive for this model. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress—Pattern 3178 supplies this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 6 yards of 36-inch material. Striped seersucker, chambray, gingham, percale, linen, and drill, sateen and flannellette could be used for this style. The sleeve may be finished in close-fitting wrist length or with cuff at elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Frock for Party or Best Wear—2952. You could make this of dimity, dotted Swiss, voile, handkerchief linen, soft silk, challie, or gabardine. Lace or embroidery or hemstitching will form a suitable finish. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or, short and loose. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3½ yards of 38-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A Popular Dress Style for the Growing Girl—Pattern 3506 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size will require 1½ yard of 36-inch material for the guimpe, and 2½ yards for the dress. A guimpe may be of silk, crepe, lawn, batiste or voile, the dress of gingham, chambray, percale, drill, poplin, pongee or repp, or of serge plaid suiting or velveteen. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



3497



3361



3518



3513



3354



3521



3526



3359



3506

Set up the form
Set off the costume

EACH P.C. Corset is designed from a living model, and always gives fullest expression to the beauty of the attire, be it walking habit, sport suit or evening gown.

The boning is lithe, supple, elastic, so that it does not harshly press but gently caresses the body into its shape.

Front lace, back lace, white and flesh.

Corsetiers in leading stores everywhere will gladly fit you with a P.C.

Write for folder showing the new P.C. styles fitted on living models.

PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO. LIMITED
QUEBEC CITY, QUEBEC

"P.C. Corset"
RUST PROOF
GUARANTEED

RAMSEY'S

Now READY

Spring & Summer Catalogue

THE SHOPPERS GUIDE TO ECONOMY

is now ready for mailing. If your name is not on our mailing list, send coupon to-day for this MONEY-SAVING CATALOGUE, for it faithfully illustrates and describes merchandise of quality at pre-war prices—Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hardware, Paints, Wall Paper, Harness

Everything for the Farm Home

Don't Delay
Send Coupon
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SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Name _____
Post Office _____
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Health

There is no person in the community that OXO cannot help, building up health, increasing vitality, and promoting general well-being.



GOOD NEWS For Our Readers!

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FOR ONE YEAR

The Weekly Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR, AND

A Stamped Cushion Top

ALL
FOR **\$1.25**

This is the Big Offer of the Year:

Two dollars' worth of good reading material while the cushion top, which is stamped ready for embroidering, is of an exceptionally pretty and dainty design.

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DATE.....

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

I enclose \$1.25, for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year, and the Stamped Cushion Top.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WARNING

Several fraudulent agents are at the present time operating in the Western provinces. Subscribers, before paying money to canvassers, should satisfy themselves that the agents are fully authorized to accept orders.

Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG, MAN.



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Write for booklet and circulars, terms, etc.
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Color Sells Butter

Add a rich "June shade" to the splendid taste of your butter and get top prices. Try it! It pays!

**Dandelion
BRAND
Butter Color**

gives that even, golden shade everybody wants. *Purely vegetable.* Harmless. Meets all laws. Small bottle costs few cents at any store. Enough to color 500 lbs.

A Home-Made Gray Hair Remedy

You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and ¼ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

Correspondence

Sod-Buster Wants a Homestead

Greetings, Editor and Readers,—I have just been reading some of the letters from correspondents and found them all very interesting. I hope, dear Editor, that you will have no objections to another maverick drifting along with your cheerful crowd. In the years gone by, I was quite a hand at writing to the different clubs and my pen name was Sod-Buster. Sometimes I would sign myself by my old nick-name "Cayuse Mac," but I was better known among my correspondents as the former, so I reckon I will have to use either one of them. (Just a minute till I flip a dime and see what is what.) There it goes—two out of three in favor of Sod-Buster, so I will stick to that old name, yep.

I suppose some of the members will be wondering what my occupation in life is. Well, to be quite frank, I am a Mountie, and stationed at a detachment along the boundary line. I patrol along the border and enjoy the crisp air and scenery. I note that there is also another ol' hoss, namely Holster Pete, hanging around the home corral. Well, ol' timer, I was shore some tickled to see your war-talk in print. It shore brings back some of the ol' times to see some ol' range talk in print. I note you have punched cattle in B. C. Am I right? Personally I have never drifted that far, my range was in the southern Saskatchewan districts, and there along with some o' pals, namely Gumbo Joe and Overland Red, are still drifting around up West somewhere, and I never manage to strike their trail. I hope we will all meet once more at some future date. Time will as usual tell.

Would some of the members residing in the Grande Prairie or Peace River districts please write me and give me an idea as to where I could locate a homestead. I would appreciate such information as I intend to locate a quarter-section somewhere and I am not particular where as long as the land is good. So for now I think I had better close this epistle as there will be other members who will no doubt want to express their views on the numerous discussions in print, so I will sign myself as of old.—Sod-Buster.

In the Shadow of the Rockies

Dear Editor and Readers,—I, like many others, have often thought of writing a few lines to "The Western Home Monthly" Correspondence Page, but never succeeded until now.

I live on a farm near the foothills of the Rockies and certainly enjoy their beautiful scenery. I think they are prettiest in the early summer mornings when the sun peeps at them over the eastern horizon.

If any of you were taking a trip from the Rockies east for a few miles you would first pass along a road bound on both sides by bush with occasional glimpses of valleys of grass, grain or herds of cattle grazing on its surface. Then as you go on you pass from bush land to open prairie with its large fields of golden wheat and other cereals. My home is situated on a hillside amongst the latter. I like the days I spend with my brothers, sisters and friends down by the river in fishing season or when the wild berries are ripe. We almost always leave home in the early morning and when twelve o'clock comes we spread our lunch on the ground amongst the trees and then as you may all guess, we enjoy ourselves amongst the goodies we help our mothers prepare.

I have four brothers and three sisters and as mother is not well, I am kept pretty busy keeping house. In my spare time I crochet, read and play the piano. Every chance I get I go for a horse-back ride and to a dance occasionally.

My sister just a year and a half older than I am is taking her last year in high school. While I am helping at home this year, I hope to continue my studies next year. I am a very young girl but would like to hear from some of the readers. My address is with the Editor.—Hazel.

A Newcomer

Dear Editor and Readers,—Would you mind making room for one more who

enjoys your delightful magazine. I enjoy your Correspondence Page very much.

I am another farmer's daughter, so find lots of work to do, but I don't mind that. I don't see any letters from any city girls. What's the matter? Don't they find time to write or are they too taken up with pleasures? The lonely bachelor seems to monopolize most of the page; maybe that is why he is lonely. But perhaps they have nothing else to do the long winter evenings.

Although I live in a district where they have dances about once a week, I never attend because I don't dance. Neither do I skate or partake in any other kind of sports. Perhaps you think I lead a tame existence, but not that; I am very fond of music and can sit for hours at a time at the organ amusing myself, and you can't pry me away from a good book. I also enjoy crocheting, knitting, and take a few rides in old "Tin Liz." Although my brother has had her four or five years I have never tried to drive more than once. No, no, I didn't have an accident, but I just don't care to try any more. I think I'd rather enjoy driving those Kentucky horses of "A Mountain Lad's." I like all animals even down to the dirty little pig. I am always called the old maid of the family because I like to have a lot of cats around.

I live in the eastern part of Saskatchewan. The country is quite wooded around here so we have really never had a crop failure. The frost quite often touches the grain but never to a total loss, so I think we are quite lucky here, don't you?

Would like to hear from anyone who cares to write.—Samanthy 24.

A Photographic Suggestion

Dear Editor and Readers,—This is my first letter to your interesting Correspondence Page, and I hope to see it in print. Although I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have always been a constant reader.

I live alone on the farm in central Alberta on the open prairie. I think the letters very interesting and it gives everyone a chance to express their different views. I am very fond of reading at which I spend a great deal of my spare time. I like other sports such as skating and dancing. There are quite a few dances near here which help to pass the long evenings.

I have a small kodak which takes very good snaps. Perhaps I could exchange some with "Primrose No. 2" as she seems very interested in photography. I would like to hear from A.L.C.H. or any of the other readers who care to write. My address is with the Editor.—Smiling Bachelor.

From the Sunny Okanagan

Dear Editor and Readers,—Here I come again to have a chat in this cosy corner. It is some time since I last wrote to the page, but since then I have read letters in the W. H. M. with much interest.

We are living in Alberta now. We moved from B.C. early last spring and must say I find quite a difference here. After living amongst the mountains for twelve years one misses them in coming to the prairies.

Shake hands, "Peaches," I hailed from the Sunny Okanagan Valley too. I enjoyed reading November's letter as it was very good. "Just Guess" and "Fault Finder" must be crackerjacks in bringing up children. I have nothing to say in regard to the subject as I do not know anything about it.

City and country life seems to be the chief topic for discussion. For my part I prefer the country, but I have nothing to say against the city as I have spent vacations there and enjoyed myself immensely.

Well, "Steve," you appear to me to be very young to be wanting a "fair chauffeur," but as that is your own affair I wish you the best of luck. I gained some nice correspondents when I last wrote, but when we moved I lost their addresses.

As my letter is getting long I will sign myself as before.—"Moon Winks."

A Lover of Nature

Dear Editor and Readers,—I have found this Correspondence corner both interesting and instructive and must say that the idea of gaining correspondents through this medium has rather appealed to me. I have very few letter-writing friends, but am hoping to gain a number in this way and will be very delighted if my wishes are fulfilled.

I am a great lover of nature and all natural things. I have lived in the city but find it a very artificial, lonesome place where one lives on pretence a great deal of the time. I love the hills and the woods, the forests and the fields, the sky and the sea, the sunset and the moonlight and all the countless glories of nature. To me there is something living, breathing, speaking in nature. When I am lonely it comforts me and when I have done something wrong it seems to reprove me and I am not happy till I am again in harmony with its fathomless spirit. Oh, I love it, the wonder and glory of it all.

I am in my early twenties, an Irish Canadian and a Protestant. I will be glad to hear from anyone who cares to write.—Eileen.

Has Teaching Ambition

Dear Members,—I note quite a few of the letters are from school teachers. I wonder if one of you would be kind enough to write me. There is a school to be built near us and I was thinking of applying for post as teacher, as I understand I can for either six or twelve months. There will only be a few scholars, mostly from six to eight years, who have never been to school, and one girl (14) who has not attended school since she was 10. I am not a teacher, but am fairly well educated and could teach all right, I think, but I am English and I believe the Canadian way is slightly different. I wonder if some teacher would be good enough to write and tell me the usual routine for such little tots. My address is with the Editor.—Hope.

From the Banks of the Fraser

Dear Editor and Readers,—I am coming with the hope that you will find a place in your column for me. I live in the country and think there is no place like it. Our home is on a hill from which we can see the lovely "Fraser River." It is indeed a beautiful sight.

I have just finished reading the November number of the W. H. M. which I can honestly say I enjoyed very much. Edith Bayne's story, "The Secret of Saddle Gap," is the one I enjoyed most and was glad to see you are promising more of her stories.

I am a girl going on for eighteen. I am staying at home helping mother with her house-work. I am fond of fancy work, reading, cooking and all things around the house. I also like music, but am sorry to say I cannot play very much. I do not go out much at nights as it is lonely coming home, so if some of the readers care to write, I will promise to answer all letters.

I hope you will excuse so many "I's," but then it is an introduction and I suppose you would all like to know what I am, what I do or where I live.

Hoping I will get a lot of mail and wishing the W. H. M. every success.—Stay-at-home.

A SUMMER PASTIME

(Worse than Blowing Bubbles)

There is a pest, gives you no rest,
Comes every summer-time.
They buzz and crawl, on every wall
Into your milk they climb;
Through all your food they're parading,
Kitchen and pantry invading.

Chorus:—

You're for ever swatting house-flies,
Nasty house-flies every day.
Grim by you stand, swatter in hand
Flattening all that come your way.
When you think you've fixed 'em,
Killed off all in sight,
In the morn you'll find a thousand
That have hatched out over night!

Oh! what a game, it's all the same,
However hard you try
To clear them out, there is no doubt,
That they'll return bye and bye.
To kill one batch you are striving,
But still they keep on arriving.
—Isobel Wilson.



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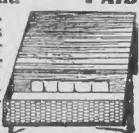


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Why Not a Walled Garden?

By G. E. Altree Coley



WHILE there is no question that our great Northwest is a mine of wealth, there is equally no question that the farmers—and the farmers' wives—who stay there and face its rigorous climate, deserve all they get. Anyway, this is what I thought as I watched some prairie people, just arrived from "forty below," wander around my garden by the mild Pacific and look wistfully at the snowdrops and violets that smiled cheerily at them from under the lee of bushes that were beginning to burst into leaf.

We who love gardens all have to contend with the weather in some way or other. If we live where apples are hardy and peaches are not, we at once set our wits to work to arrange some way by which we can grow peaches just the same. Therefore it is with the sympathy of fellow-feeling that I offer some suggestions to those who have the same problems which differ in degree but not in kind from my own.

The first object of a gardener is to entrap as much sunlight and keep out as much cold, as possible. He proceeds to accomplish this in part by screening his garden from the wind. A belt of trees or bushes will do this, but a wall will do more. It will reflect the sunlight back upon the ground and will absorb some of the heat through the day and so warm the air in its vicinity through the night. A walled garden fifty feet square will give two hundred feet of wall space on which to train trees or shrubs that are not hardy enough to grow in the open. It means that one can grow fruit in one's own home, and none else tastes half so good, that otherwise it is impossible to have.

Such a garden should be placed on the south side of the house which will give a good beginning as a wall. In fact there shouldn't be such a rich possibility as the south side of a house, barn or shed wasted in the whole of Canada. Something will thrive there better than it can anywhere else. The best wall for a garden is of brick. It absorbs more heat than stone and holds it better than wood. Where brick is scarce either of these other two materials can be used while concrete is equally useful. If stone or concrete is used, upright pieces of wood should be built in at intervals to hold the screws upon which wire may be stretched to support the trees trained against the wall. Better than this would be a wall of concrete with a facing of brick on the garden side into which nails may be driven as required. The wall should be eight feet high on the north and west if that is the direction of the coldest winds, and six feet on the south and east. The wall is best finished with a cornice projecting four inches beyond the surface of the wall, for even this will give added protection to the trees, a matter of importance particularly at blossoming time.

Inside the wall a border six feet wide could be made all round the garden and inside this a path four feet wide. A combination of fruit and flowers would be the best use to which to put the precious bit of ground. In this way the walls could be used for fruit and any tender shrubs or vines that the owner craves to possess while the middle space thirty feet square could be planted with such hardy shrubs as the flowering currant, lilac and honeysuckle, with hardy perennials surrounding them. A border of grass two or three feet wide would add immensely to the beauty of the garden even if the space is too precious to have a proper lawn.

The border under the wall facing south could have part of its space used for frames in which violets, hyacinths and other spring flowers could be coaxed into bloom. If the frames are made of concrete and placed near a shed in which the mats and other coverings necessary on cold nights can be stowed away, everything can be kept quite neat, which is essential in a garden.

The trees on the wall will depend upon the climate as to variety. It is safe to say that trees will do well in such a position that would be hopeless to attempt away from such shelter. Even where they will grow in the open, training on a wall much improves the flavor of the fruit. The choicest sorts should be placed against the southward facing wall, and even that facing north can be used for gooseberries, currants and morellos. The

trees can be set fifteen feet apart and until they have grown enough to require all the space between, it can be utilised for the smaller bush fruits.

Success in all this depends almost wholly upon the skill and interest of the gardener. Hooks may be fastened to the coping of the wall on which to hang curtains that can be let down on cold nights. Flued walls, and lean-to cold-frames against the wall, are other means by which the unkindness of climate can be averted. But great care and considerable experience is required if too great a contrast exists between natural conditions and the artificial. It is best on the whole to be content with a garden that is not too much in advance of the ordinary season. If one can walk in such a sheltered spot and exult over crocuses and daffodils while there is still a remnant of winter without the walls, a great deal has been gained.

The Doukhobors

By N. M. McClung

Cont'd from page 4

cases the women were induced to do Red Cross work, and their splendid contribution of jams and jellies for the soldiers' hospitals in England, was greatly appreciated. This was from the colony at Brilliant, in British Columbia.

Of a deeply spiritual nature, the Doukhobors, with their patience, industry, contentment, make a great contribution to the social life of Canada, but first it is necessary to win their confidence and establish the kindest relations. They are shy of us. They believe us to be worldly minded and wicked people, outside of the true religion. No doubt they pray that they may be delivered from our influence, and we must hand it to them that prayer has been answered.

They have escaped the evils of our social life, tight lacing, high heels, immodest clothes, painted faces, cigarettes, nerves, liquor, race-suicide, competitive business methods.

But we think we have many things to offer them. We could show them how to be more comfortable in their homes, with more air, less flies, fewer smells. We believe we could bring joy into the lives especially of their women and children, and show them many ways to find self-expression. But how to pierce that thick gray wall of religious prejudice, remains one of the unsolved problems!

When the first "musical soloist" was added to the year's program of the "Bushby Entertainment Course," there were grave misgivings as to the way in which he would be welcomed. The misgivings had not been wholly put to rout when the musical evening came.

Mr. Lemuel Howe met the pianist at the little station, and solemnly drove him up the hilly road to the inn where he was to stay.

"There's a good many of us to whom a concert is a kind of venture," said Mr. Howe, as they neared the inn; "but there's two or three families that'll appreciate you if you do your best."

"There's the Lane girls, Hattie and Mattie, that have been in the choir for more'n thirty years, and there's the Bowker family."

"Do the Bowkers sing or play?" inquired the musician, with as much gravity as he could bring to bear on the subject.

"Both," said Mr. Howe, proudly. "I don't suppose there's any music written they can't sing, solo or chorus, and I reckon they've only to put their hands on an instrument to bring out all there is in it."

"Have they many instruments?" asked the musician, feebly.

"M-m," said Mr. Howe. "All kinds. I've been there to a social when Ma Bowker would play the melodeon, Pa Bowker the flute, Eddie, the clarinet, Susie the banjo and Gus the harmonica, concerted; and after playing a piece or two that way, they'd change off,—Susie'd take the harmonica, Ma Bowker the flute, Pa the clarinet, Eddie the melodeon and Gus the banjo,—and if you'd shut your eyes you'd never know the difference."

"That's what I call talent. And they've every one of 'em got a ticket for to-night."

WHERE PRAIRIE PEOPLE MAKE HOLIDAY

Vancouver Island makes a very special appeal to all-comers on account of her climate, which may be termed her greatest asset. It is the climate which attracts so many Prairie visitors for a winter sojourn, for here there is never zero weather, and very rarely snow, except for an occasional light fall, which melts as soon as it reaches the ground. In fact the climate of the southern half of the Island has been likened to that of Torquay in Devon, and the isles of Jersey and Guernsey, over which places we have the advantage in more hours of bright sunshine throughout the year, and less precipitation.

One particular reason that this island is becoming more and more the mecca of Prairie residents is because they find here an entire change of altitude. Southern Vancouver Island, encircled by the sea, nourished by the life-bringing salt breezes, has an atmosphere which is vitally tonic in effect upon those whose nervous systems have been tried by too many seasons in succession spent several thousand feet above sea-level. This is apparent after only a few weeks residence in Victoria and vicinity, and so much is it appreciated that every winter sees an increasing number of visitors from Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba sojourning on this favoured Island.

Victoria itself, which is the gateway to the Island, is a city of unique attractions. Set down in the midst of the young and bustling western towns, its old-world charm is the more apparent. Here no woodsman's axe has denuded the land of the trees, leaving the ground bare as a table, to be built upon, and regarnished with new growth. Instead one finds avenues and groves of oaks and maples centuries old, in the heart of the city. Looking down from aloft, airmen say that Victoria presents the appearance of a vast garden. Every home has its orchard and flower plot and grassy stretches. Every public building is surrounded with lawns, ornamental shrubs and trees. The old-fashioned lilac trees send forth their showers of colour and perfume from niches between buildings in the business districts, and not a stone's throw from the docks, where there is a procession of big and little boats going and coming all day long, lies in a garden for everyone to see, a pond of water-lilies, fed from a water-fall. Screen terraces are spread down to the very edge of the sea, and one's journey into Victoria from the Straits is all along verdant banks, where in the spring the broom lays a cloud of gold, and every season clothes with different coloured garment. It is these bits of enchantment that invest Victoria with so much graciousness of welcome. In most cities one must search for the beauties, but here the lovelinesses come in a throng to meet one, and they greet one at every turn. Victoria is called Canada's evergreen city, because winter does not mean bare gardens, and dry dead vistas. Though the maples and oaks and willows shed their leaves, the holly, the laurel, the madrona, the cedar, the yews, the ivy hedges, and the grass remain luxuriantly green, and chrysanthemums and roses are often blooming in the gardens at Christmas time.

Naturally people resident on southern Vancouver Island do most of their holidaying out of doors. There is never a day too cold, for a tramp over the hills, or along the sea, and even in midsummer the salt breezes keep the air fresh and cool. This all makes for good health and it is not surprising to learn that Victoria has the lowest death rate in proportion to her population of any city in America.

The presence of the second largest telescope in the world on southern Vancouver Island is another evidence of the superiority of the climate. Scientists spent two years searching Canada from east to west in order to locate the place which possessed the most equable climate and the best "seeing" atmosphere. They found it here, and the silver-domed Observatory on Little Saanich Mountain is proof positive of the fact.

It has become more or less of a habit with some Canadians resident on the Prairie, whose condition of health necessitates a change, to repair to California, in search of a lower altitude and a winter where there are no extremes. Victoria and southern Vancouver Island generally offer more and better inducement to those seeking rest and health than does California, unless one desires the excessive heat of San Diego or other points farther south. Add to this fact that they are within their

own territory; under their own flag; that they are surrounded by friends and compatriots with whom their interests are identical, and with whom they may have daily intercourse through the medium of the Prairie Clubs established in the Island districts, and that their money is accepted at par, and one can realize immediately why it is so many Prairie people are coming to Victoria and the Island to spend their holidays.

QU'APPELLE

By Hazel Bowie

Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle,
O'er hill and dell
The echoes swell.

I view thy charms, by night, by dawn,
Thou beauty of Saskatchewan.
Up o'er the hills, the rolling plain
Is turning gold with ripening grain;
And off, beyond, the prairies stretch
Far as the eye of man can reach,
But tho' the prairies may enthral,
I turn my back upon them all,
For lo out-spread before my eyes
The vale in quiet beauty lies.
I think that once, in days gone by
A mighty earthquake rent the sky,
And darkness covered all the earth
The while the valley had its birth;
And when once more the light of day
Had chased the clouds and mist away
There lay, in beauty, hill and dell
A place where fairies well might dwell.

Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle,
O'er hill and dell
The echoes swell.

The red man gave thee, so they tell
The mystery of thy name, Qu'Appelle,
But red and white together blend
To name thy lakes from end to end,
Katepwa, Mission, Echo, Sioux,
One after one a charming view,
Like jewels glistening in the sun;
In shadows when the day is done
The northern lights more radiant are,
The sun, the moon, and evening star.
And, as the twilight gently falls,
Again to me the valley calls
And echoes swell o'er hill and dell.
Qu'Appelle, Qu'Appelle.

YPRES

By John T. Ackerson

Myriad foemen pressing down
On devoted Ypres town,
Till the leaves are sere and brown
Canada holds fast.
"Break these few!" the war Lord said,
Be they living, be they dead,
Ere this autumn month is sped
My men shall have passed."

Can ye hold, ye Northern men?
Odds are full as one to ten!
Hark! Their ringing shout again—
"Aye! We can and will!
Marshal, O King, your driven slaves
Innum'able as ocean's waves,
We'll blast them even from their graves
Till they have their fill!"

Each Canuck minds the days of yore
With girl or wife on far, bright shore,
Perhaps he ne'er shall see them more
Save as a pale ghost,
And battle-morning sunrise sees
The gentle soldiers on their knees,
The winds bear up their litanies,
The Army takes the Host.

Clear-eyed boys and sturdy men
Face their God awhile and then
With their hearts at peace again
Turn them to the fight;
The Tyrant never reached his goal,
He lost his throne, he lost his soul,
And Canada keeps Ypres whole
By Incarnate Right!

DEAR ONE OF MINE

By Mabel Lockhart

Dear one of mine, you're far away,
Oh, how I love to dream of the day
When you will return to me and say
Dear one of mine!

Dear, all the sunshine went from the sky,
The flowers withered and seemed to die
That day when you came and said
"Goodbye,
Dear one of mine."

Dear one of mine, you will never know
How much I hated to see you go
Or, how I have loved and miss you so,
Dear one of mine!
It may be a year and it may be ten
Before I shall clasp your hand again
But I will be waiting until then,
Dear one of mine!

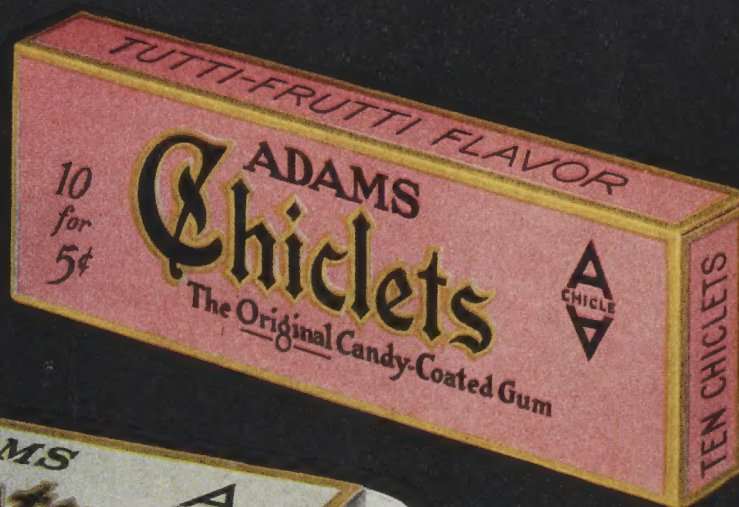
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